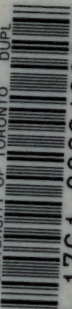
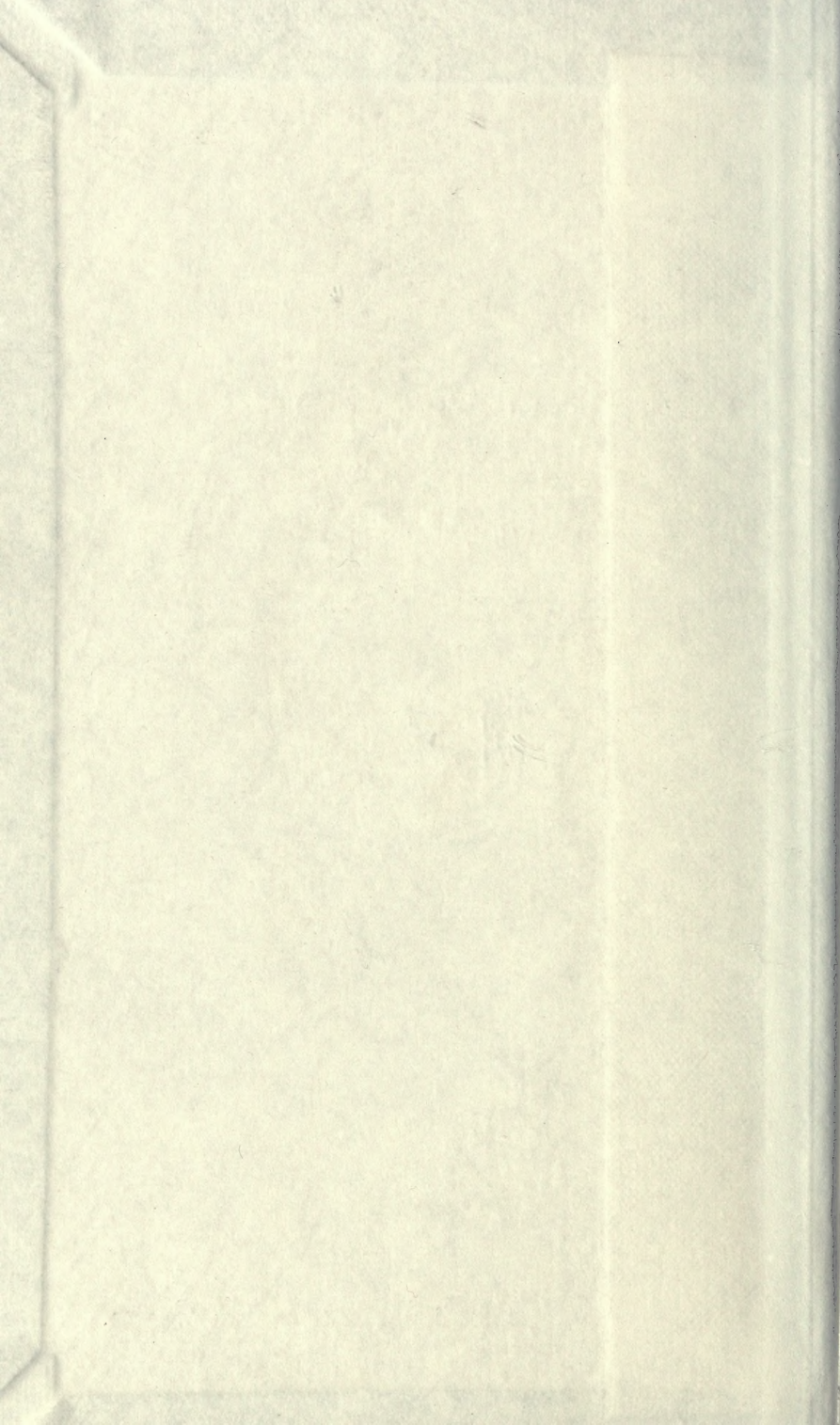
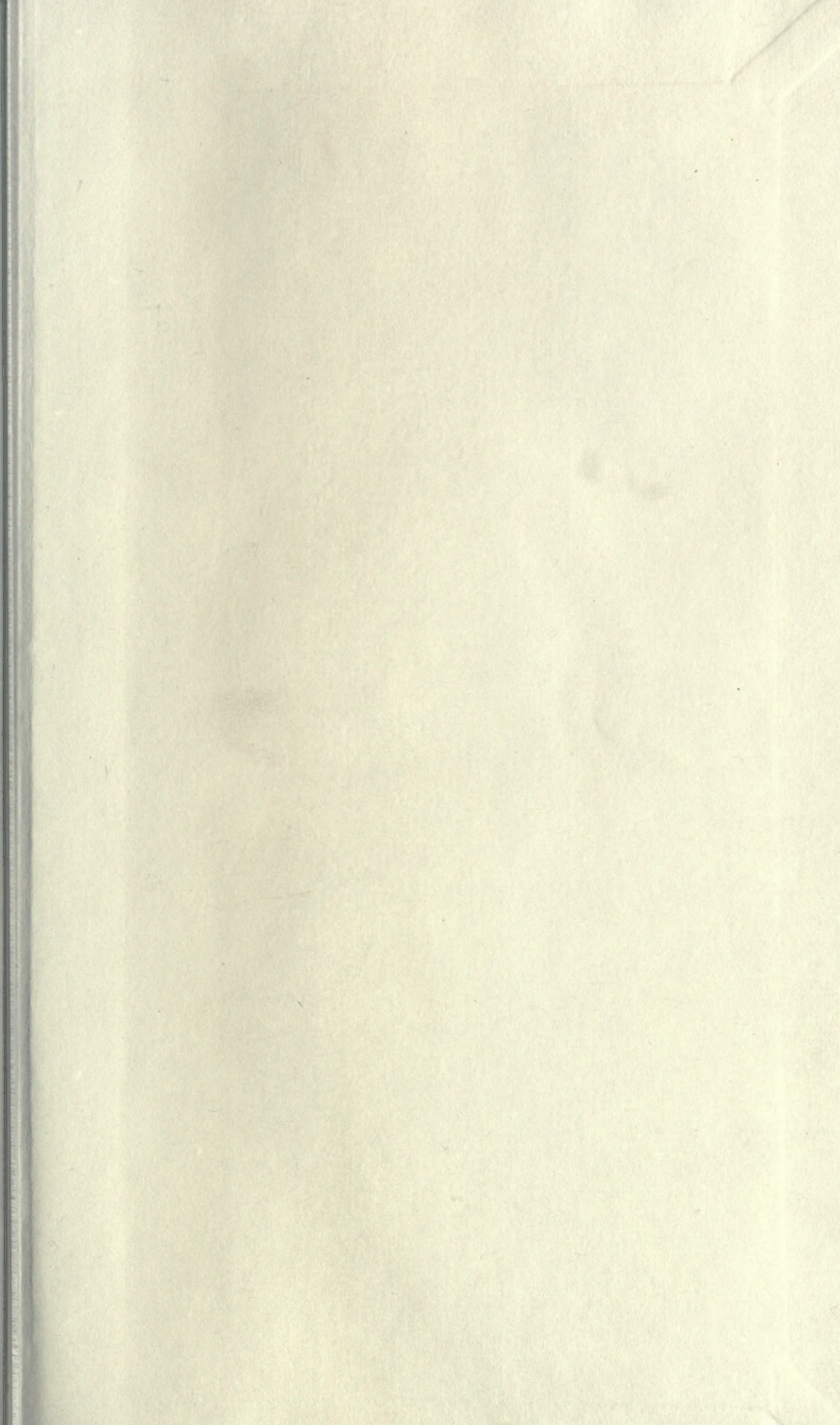


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461

h 96

In Romances that of hem ben maide
 That gestounes often dos of hem gestes
 At pangeyes and at giete ffestes
 Here dedis ben in remembrance
 In many fayr Romances
 But of the Northwest Wyght in Weede
 That eue by ftyod any ftede
 Spekes no man ne in romances yetis
 Off his batayle ne of his dedis
 Off that batayle spekes no man
 & here alle poves of emwashtes be gan

1633

145E

III

The Land Troy Book,

A ROMANCE OF ABOUT 1400 A.D.

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS. (LAUD
MISC. 595) IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD,

WITH

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY

J. ERNST WÜLFING, M.A., PH.D.,

AUTHOR OF 'DIE SYNTAX IN DEN WERKEN ALFREDS DES GROSSEN.'

- 2.
PART I (LINES 1-10,876).

WITH A PHOTOTYPE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MS.

Part II (lines 10877-18664)

Snarkship page 320A.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.

PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD.

1902

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no. 121-122

TEMPORARY PREFACE.

THE Laud Troy Book, of which I herewith offer the first part, was formerly thought to be a copy of the renowned poem of the monk of Bury; but it is another paraphrase of the Trojan war of about the year 1400. The Bodleian MS. containing it (Laud Misc. 595) is beautifully and distinctly written in one hand of about the beginning of the fifteenth century. No other copy of this poem has been found hitherto, but the Bodleian copy cannot be the original. The romance has 18,664 lines; it gives a description of the passage of the Argonauts, and of the first as well as of the second expedition of the Greeks against Troy; it is complete, as the end-lines show, though the return of the Greeks to their country is mentioned in only a few words. This part contains lines 1—10,876; the rest of the text is in active preparation for the press, and will, together with the 'Notes,' fill the second part; the third part will contain the Introduction and full Glossary.

J. E. W.

Bonn, October 7, 1902.

CORRECTIONS.

- P. 56, note 3. *Read 7647, 7650 for 7645, 7648.*
P. 63, l. 2126. *Read With-oute instead of With-oute.*
P. 115, l. 3892. *Read . instead of ,*
P. 119, l. 4008. *Read thre instead of thré.*
4009. *Read meyne instead of meyné.*

LIST OF WORDS

FOR THE EXPLANATION OF, OR OTHER QUOTATIONS FOR, WHICH
THE EDITOR WILL BE THANKFUL TO ANY SCHOLAR.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 19 Archeroun. | 6547 Lorynge (= <i>Lotharin-</i>
<i>gia</i> ?). |
| 203 off (= <i>though, thoff</i>), 922,
1996, 2558, 4696, 6001,
6386, 6423, 6727, 7175,
7276, 7304, 7308, 9060,
9661, and <i>oftener</i> . | 6600 wrene |
| 370 vmbre, cf. 4319. | 6754 plastre. |
| 1353 feute (= <i>army, men, peo-</i>
<i>ple</i>). | 6794 ble. |
| 2184 coldful (= <i>dolful</i> ?). | 6850 donne. |
| 2225 herues. | 7261 lade. |
| 3077 reuerted. | 7670 rebelnes. |
| 3112 ouerslake. | 8043 champes (<i>heraldic</i> ?). |
| 3598 prop. | 8058 erbe-de-bothe ; 9474
erbe-debois. |
| 4319 vmbre, cf. 370. | 8060 orfoyle-suand. |
| 4504 with bond and fes (<i>heraldic</i>
<i>terms</i> ?). | 8062 horrible. |
| 4718 wouerle (<i>heraldic</i>). | 8194 tacte. |
| 4770 aloute. | 8216 synfan (<i>musical instru-</i>
<i>ment, συμφωνία</i>). |
| 5177 stale (= <i>company</i>). | 8597 lotes. |
| 5698 vale, 7796. | 8628 bribours. |
| 5699 flot. | 8641 bire. |
| 5740 toptyre. | 8813 werei. |
| 5754 soille. | 8917 trayse. |
| 5930 ladde. | 9316 blank. |
| 5939 Real & Rok. | 9496 fauntelage (= Fr. <i>en-</i>
<i>fantillage</i>). |
| 6500 horettes. | 10096 aut. |
| | 10206 purful. |
| | 10717 3eled. |

TROY BOOK ;

LAUD MS. MISC. 595, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

¹ A	lle-mychty god in trinite,	[lf. I.]	1	Invocation.
	Sothfaste god in <i>persones</i> thre,			
	Fadir, sone, and holi gost,			Triune God,
	In whom is witte and myghtes most,		4	
	Be at this tale begynny[n]g			be with me
	And also at the endyng!			when I begin
	So ende oure tale and so bygynne,			and end this
	The ioie of heuene al for to wynne,		8	tale!
	Aftir oure lyff at oure laste ende,			
	To ioie of heuene alle for to wende!			
	Many speken of men that romaunces rede ²			There are a
	That were sumtyme doughti in dede,		12	great many
	The while that god hem lyff lente,			romances of
	That now ben dede and hennes wente:			the doughty
	Off Bevis, Gy, and of Gauwayn,			deeds of many
	Off kyng Richard, & of Owayn,		16	kings and
	Off Tristram, and of Percyuale,			heroes,
	Off Rouland Ris, and Aglauale,			
	Off Archeroun, and of Octouian,			
	Off Charles, & of Cassibaldan,		20	
	Off Hauelok, Horne, & of Wade;—			
	In Romaunces that of hem ben made			
	That gestoures often dos of hem gestes			sung at great
	At Mangeres and at grete ffestes.		24	festivals;
	Here dedis ben in remembraunce			
	In many fair Romaunce;			
	But of the worthiest wyght in wede			but of the most
	That euere by-strod any stede,		28	worthy hero,
	Spekes no man, ne in romaunce redes			and of his
	Off his batayle ne of his dedis.			deeds and
	Off that batayle spekes no man,			battles,
				nobody has yet
				sung.
	There alle prowes of knyghtes be-gan;		32	

¹ The tail of the *A* runs down to the last line of this page; this letter is in red and blue paint, and is six lines high (see photo). ² Erasure of two or three letters between *that* and *romaunces*, and of one letter after *rede*.

Such a battle
as that of Troy
never was, and
never will be
again ;

That was for-sothe of the batayle

[lf. 1, bk.] 33

That at Troye was saunfayle.

Off swyche a fyght as ther was one,

In al this world was neuere none,

36

Ne neuere schal be til domysday—

With-oute drede, I dar wel say;—

No neuere better men born ware,

Then were þan a-sembled thare;

40

Neuere was, ne neuere schal be

So many gode men at asemble—

I dar wel say, be my ffay,—

As were at that batayle of Troy.

44

On one side
were over sixty
kings and
dukes with
their armies :

¶ ¹For ther were, In that on side,

Sixti kynges and dukes of pride,

And sythen mo of gret feute,

With alle thaire folk and thaire meyne ;

48

And ther was the beste bodi in dede

That euere 3it wered wede,

Sithen the world was made so ferre,

That was Ector, in eche a werre,

52

Ne that neuere sclow so many bodies—

Fyghtyng In feld *with* his enemyes—

Off worthi men that doughti were,

As duke Ector of Troye there ;

56

For ther was neuere man that myght stand

A strong stroke of Ectores hand,

That he ne deyed In that stounde

With his dynt and falle to grounde,

60

But the strong Achilles,

That was best of alle that pres

Off the kynde of Gregeys,

As ze schal here how it weys.

64

Hearken now,
and hear the
sooth :

² **H**Erkenes now, and 3e may here
The werre sothe alle plenere :

¹ This sign is in blue paint, and so they are everywhere else in this MS. ² This capital is in blue and red paint, and so they are

this MS. ² This capital is in blue and red paint, and so they are everywhere else in the MS.

What was the forme enchesoun,	[lf. 2.] 67	what first annoyed the Greeks
The foremost skyl and resoun,	68	and made them pursue the Trojans so long ;
That alle the kynges of Grekis formast Inued		
And the Troyens so longe pursued ;		
And how the batayle was first be-gunnen,		the beginning
And how Troye was sithen y-wonnen ;	72	and the end of the war ;
And—as the storie here beris recorde—		
Alle the dedis of euery lorde,		and all the deeds of every lord ;
And alle the dayes that thei faught there,		
And alle the dedis as thei were	76	
Of alle the lordes that ther faught,		
And whiche of hem here dethe <i>per</i> laught ;		and which of them died ;
¶ And how fele termes and trewes		and about the truces between the Trojans and Greeks,
Where take be-twene Troyens and Gruwes,	80	and how long they lasted,
And how longe euery trewe laste,		
And how thai spedde when thei were paste ;		
And alle here wo and al here breste ;		
And how many tymes that thei reste	84	in the ten years before the destruction of the city.
With-Inne ten ȝere that thei were thore,		
Er that the toun distroyed wore.		
¶ Dares, the heraud of Troye, sais,	¶ Dares ¹ .	Dares tells it, the herald of Troy, and
And Dites that was of the Gregeis,—	88	Dites the Greek : they were every day in the field, and saw all their deeds ;
For thei were euery day in the feld		
And alle here dedis thay be-held,—		
And as thei were thei wreten hem bothe ;		
Thei nolde not lette, for leef ne lothe,	92	
The sothe to say with-oute les		they told the sooth about Hector and Achilles and the others ;
Of gode Ector and Achilles,		and none of all their deeds will lack here.
And of alle the gode lordes echon ;		Afterwards, Master Gy, a notary of Rome, found their books in Athens.
And of alle here dedis schal lakke non.	96	
¶ And afftir hem come Maister Gy,		
That was of Rome a Notary,		
And fond here bokes In Athenes		
Afftirwardes when it was pes,	100	

¹ The sign in blue, the name in red paint.

	¶ Polleus. ¶ Thesalie ¹ .	[lf. 2, bk.]
and translated them into Latin.	And turned it of Grew into Latyn, And wrot it faire in parchemyn In the manere as I schal telle.	101
Hearken, gentlemen! InThessaly was a rich king,	Hende, now herken to my spelle! IN the lond of Thesalye— As telles vs the right storie— Was sumtyme a noble kyng, Riche of kyn and other thyng,	104 108
named Polleus. His queen, Tetes, was the mother of his renowned son Achilles, who afterwards worked wonders in the Trojan war.	That het Polleus, whil he hadde lyff, And Tetes het the qwene his wyff. On here gat he that doughti knyght In wedlac, that Achilles hight, That wondir wrought and gret meruayle Affirward in Troye batayle.	¶ Rex Polleus ¹ . 112
The only and elder brother of Polleus, Eson, had grown blind and had given his rule to Polleus.	¶ This Polleus hadde an eldur brother, That higthe Eson, he het non other. Eson was so lad with elde, That he ne myght his hondes welde: He toke Polleus al Thesaly With alle the Rentes and seynory For to gouerne and for to zeme, And bad alle him serue to queme, For thei schulde be in his pouste; For he was blynd and myzt nouzt se.	116 ¶ Rex Eson ¹ . 120 124
But he, Eson, had a son, called Jason.	That blynde kynge, that het Eson, Hadde a sone, that het Iason, Strong, sturne, stalworthe & stoute, Off speche curtays, of contenaunce deuoute, Large of zifftes and [ryght] fire, Wondur fair and ryght tempere.	¶ Jason ffilius Eson ¹ . 128
All the lordes of Thessaly served this child;	Alle the lordes of that lond Seruede that child to fote & hond For his prowes and his noblay, And loued him wel and quemed ay;	132

¹ The signs in blue, the names in red paint; and so always. Here the last three stand in the *left* margin in MS.

¶ Insula Colkos.

Thai dede him as gret reuerence	[lf. 3]	135	they honoured him as much
As Polleus kyng in his presence ;		136	as King Polleus himself.
The lordis and alle the comunalte			
Held that [child] ¹ In gret cherte.			
¶ Polleus hadde wel gret envye			So Polleus grew envious,
That men dede him suche seruagery ;		140	and feared that Jason,
He was aferd in his herte :			when grown up, might expel him.
If that child ȝede forth In querte,			
And afftirward myȝt falle gret toyle,			
And of that lond he wolde him spoyle ;		144	
For he was gret of wasselage			
And loued with alle his baronage.			
Night and day the kyng then thought,			He planned day and night,
How he myȝt brynge that child to nought		148	how to make away with Jason prively.
With sum sleȝzte priuily,			
That he were not schent ther-by.			
¶ So longe he that a-boute sought ² ,			
That it come thus in his thought,		152	He resolves on
Off a wondur selcouthe gile			
To him by-traye that ilke while :			
He thought sende that ilke childe			sending him to Colkos—to win the 'sheep'—
To Colkas,—that perilous Ilde,		156	from whence nobody has yet returned un-
That was so fer out in the est,—			slain.
To wynne that schepe, that wondur best,			
That neuere man In come and ȝede a-gayn			
Out of that Ile for-sothe vn-sclayn.		160	
Therfore ther-at I most dwelle,			I must dwell on this.
The manere of that Ile to telle.			
B E-ȝonde the lond of Troye, gode men,—			Beyond Troy, was an island
I trowe : of Iorneys more than ten—		164	Colkos, from which arose all the fight about Troy.
Ther was an Ile that het Colkos,			
That alle the fyght of Troye by ros ;			
As I schal schewe by what skylle,			
When my matere comes ther-tille.	a iij ³	168	

¹ *child* is not in the MS., but there is no blank either. ² MS. *that caste a-boute sought* ; perhaps *caste aboute* was the original, and our copyist tried to amend the rhyme *aboute* : *thought* by inserting *sought*, but forgot to cancel the *caste* ; *sechen about* occurs again l. 1687.
³ These 'signatures' are all by a later hand.

With the god
Mars was a
sheep with a
golden fleece,
which no man
might win.

The comune sawe was thorow alle Grece: [lf. 3, bk.] 169

Ther was a schepe that bar a flece

With-In that Ile, that was of gold,

That neuere man that was on mold 172

With strengthe, my³te, ne with gynne

That ilke schepe myght not wyne;

That schepe was y-kepid¹ day & ny³t

With Marc³, a² god of mykel my³t. 176

Who-so wolde that schepe come to,

Many thinges he most do:

He most ferst fyghte with strong nete

That were hidous & wondir grete, 180

And out of here mouth thei keste fir

And brende men [&] here atir;

And whan he hadde the nete ouercomen,

That thei were mate and alle be-nomen, 184

Ther lay a plow³ with alle þe gere,—

And make hem drawe and that lond ere,

He moste 3oke hem in that plow,

The bestes bolde—if that he mow— 188

And make hem drawe and ere that lond

And holde that plow faste with his hond,

Til it were ered thorow and thorow.

Whan he hadde turned eche⁴ a forow, 192

Then he had to
make the oxen
draw a plough
and turn every
furrow.

Then he must
fight with, and
slay a fire-
breathing
dragon,

¶ He most fyght with a dragoun

And seke him, if he may or kun;

The dragoun was gret and meruelous,

Off eight & body ful hidous; 196

No man wiste non suche by north ne be southe,

He keste brondes of fir out of his mouthe,—

Ther was none suche In no land—

whose hot
breath nobody
was able to
stand.

Ther my³t no man his hete with-stand. 200

The brennyng brondes þat from him wente

Brende men In here garnement;

¹ The *k* altered from *l*; cp. l. 743.

² MS. *as*.

³ MS. *aplow*.

⁴ *eche* partly erased in MS.

Off thei were armed neuere so wel,	[lf. 4.]	203	
He brend hem thorow Iren & stel.		204	
Whan he hadde slayn that dragoun,			When he had slain this dragon, he had to pull out all its teeth and sow them ;
Out of his hede he most takoun			
Alle his tethe with his owne hond			
And sowe hem in that ered lond ;		208	
Whan that thei were In that lond,			
Quiklyche ther wold ther-of stond			theretfrom
Stalworthe men, clene armed knyztis,			would spring
Lyuand men at alle mennes sightis,		212	knightis fighting with one another, till all were slain.
And fight to-gidre with brondes bryzt,			
Til echon hadde slayn other with her myzt.			
By these periles and other mo			Other dangers
Sicurly by-houes him to go,		216	he had to undergo unaided.
That wolde that schepe wyne or haue ;			
Ther was neuere non that myzt him saue			
From these bestes and fro here hete,			
That he ne ¹ scholde sone his lyf lete,		220	
¶ When Pelleus was be-thought of this,			Pellens thinks he will incite Jason to go there of his own free will, and leave the king guiltless of his death.
He was Ioyful and glad y-wys,			
He thouzt egge Iasoun ther-tille			
Thedur to go on his fre wille ;		224	
And so myzt he be most blameles			
And of his deth be holden giltles ;			
For were he ¹ went pidur fro home,			
He hoped neuere of his gayn-come.		228	
P ELLEUS kyng send fer & ner			Pelleus invites all his grantees to a great festival.
Bothe Corour and Messanger			
Thorow his lond and bad hem crie			
That he wolde a Mangerie,		232	
A riche feste and a riale,			
And thedur schulde come gret & smale ;			
He sente his lettres and his sond			
Aftir alle the grete of the lond,—	a iiij	236	

¹ Inserted by a later hand over the line.

8 *King Pelleus tempts his nephew Jason to win the Golden Fleece.*

To Erle, lord, and bold baroun,— [lf. 4, bk.] 237

And bad hem come to his toun,

For ther wolde he his feste holde

With ladies bryzt and knyzt^{es} bolde. 240

This festival
lasts three
days.

Whan thei were comyn, thei were alle glad

With moche merthe that thei mad,

Til thre dayes were fulli paast,

This Mangeri then so longe¹ laast. 244

King Pelleus
then says hy-
pocritically to
his nephew
Jason:

Pelleus kyng then—soth to say—

Be-fore the lordes of that contray

Spak to Iason, ther he stode

Barehed with-uten hode,— 248

He spak to him with fair semblaund,

With louely chere and speche smyland;

But it was fals and foule disseite,

For he him be-thouȝte thanne wel streite. 252

'Jason,
thou art my
best knight;

¶ He seide: 'Iason, my dere Cosyn,

Thow art the beste knyzt of al my kyn,

The worthiest man, the beste knyzt;

I love thee
well,

I loue the wel—and that is ryzt— 256

For I am douted and eke dred

Off kyng & knyzt and less² mys-bed

Be the alone and thi prowes

Then by my lond and my riches. 260

even more than
Thessaly.
Thou art un-
equalled, save
by Hercules.
I think, thou
canst do any
feat except win
the Golden
Fleece.

I haue more Ioye of thi body

Then of alle the lond of Thesaly,

For thow art knyzt with-uten pere—

Saue Ercules, that is thi fere.— 264

I trowe that thow myzt fulfille

Alle thyng that thow ȝaf the till;e;

But if it were schepe ffelle!

That I haue herd men of telle 268

That is so hard for to wynne

In that Ile ther he is Inne!

¹ *so longe* substituted for, and written (by the later hand) above
atte; *atte* is crossed out. ² MS. *lest*.

And 3it I hope—so haue I roo,—	[lf. 5.]	271	And yet I hope
If thow woldest 3eue the ther-too		272	you might
And put ther-to thi bysynes,			succeed in
Thow scholde it haue with-oute distresse.			winning it.'
Then were thow kny3t of worschepe most			
Off alle that wones in any cost,		276	Rewards are
If þow that flees with prowesse hadde ;			promised to
Then were I, Cosyn, of the gladde,			him if he
For gret honour then dedest thow to me,			be successful.
And ther-by schuldest honoured be ;		280	
And my lond afftir my day			
Schulde be thyn—as I say,—			
And also in my lyff treuly			
Thow schulde be lord as wel as I,		284	
And haue thi wille and thi comandement			
Off alle that euere to me apent.'			
I Ason stode In his emys halle			Jason is well
By-fore his Eme and lordes alle,		288	pleased with
He herkened alle that he euere ¹ sayd,			his uncle's
With his wordes he was wel payd ;			words, having
The wordes ri3t wel to him liked,			no suspicion
He wist nou3t that he was beswiked,		292	of their false-
He wende not the wordes that were spoken			ness.
Of him so to be a-wroken,			
But for he scholde wynne gret loos			
And be þe more drad of his foos,		296	
He wiste wel if he seide 'nay'			He knows, that
By-fore the lordes, that he schulde ay			if he said 'no,'
Holde him for a coward ²			his uncle
And neuere-more of him take reward,		300	would think
But hope it were for cowardise			him a coward.
That he durst not take a prise ³ .			
¶ Iason seide : 'so mote I thriue,			
This feste schal neuere be don so blyue,		304	

¹ MS. *he euere he.*

² MS. *acoward.*

³ MS. *aprise.*

Jason is ready
to undertake
the enterprise,
if a good vessel
be prepared for
him.

That I ne schal be redi to go [lf. 5, bk.] 305

In-to that Ile, for wele or wo,

What-so-euere schal be-tyde;

I schal not longe thenne abyde, 308

If it be so 3e wil me fynde

That nedeful is to mannes kynde :

¶ A strong schippe¹, and vitayles good, 312

And other thynges that me by-hood,

And worthi kny3tes In my companye,

That proued ben In chyualrie.

And I, my lord, to the schal brynge

That golden flece, that worthi thyng, 316

If I may wyne it with doughtinesse,

Or any man with hardinesse.'

When King
Pelleus hears
his nephew
consent, he
is very glad,
orders a ship
to be built for
him and
promises to
fulfil all his
wishes.

¶ When Pelleus herde his Cosyn speke, 320

He wiste wel his othe he wolde not breke ;

He was Ioyful in his mod,

He sais : ' Cosyn and al my blod !

As thow art, my Cosyn, thi-self alone, 324

Is non so strong of body ne bone ;

I schal fulfille al thy lykyng

That thow hast nede In any thyng

And nedeful is in that viage ;

The worthiest of my baronage 328

For-sothe, Cosyn, schal wende with the ;

A strong schip schal ordeyned be,

It schal be mad that 3ow may bere,

That the see do 3ow no dere, 332

That in the water 3e ben not spilt ;

Al thyng schal be as thow wilt.'

PELLEUS kyng was wonder blythe.

A strong schip was mad swythe, 336

Strong & wyde and wondir large,

With his boot and his barge ;

A strong ship
is built.

¹ MS. *schiff*.

The schippe that he made to Iason	[lf. 6.]	339	The ship is called 'Argo';
Afftir the wright was cleped 'Argon.'		340	it is filled with meat and drink.
Whan it was mad with seyl and mast,			
Thei hyed hem to fille it fast,—			
With Mete and drynke it is wel frau3t,—			
And worthi kny3tes with him be-tau3t ;		344	
To wende with him in his fere,			Many worthy knights go on board ; among them is Hercules.
Many a dou3ti kny3t was there.			
¶ Among whiche was Ercules,			
The strongest kny3t that euere wes,		348	
That in that world was panne levand ;			
No man my3t his strok with-stand.			
This was he that men of speke,			
In erthe was non so my3ti freke,		352	
Kyng, ne kny3t, ne Champioun,			
In Ile, ne in regioun,			
That my3t with-stande that kny3tes strengthe			
The mountans of a dayes lengthe.		356	
¶ This was he that strong man			All the world speaks of him.
That al the world speke of can ;			
He caste alle men that he wrasteled with,			
Were thei neuere so strong of lith.		360	
And Atthenes, the gode kny3t,			
He wrasteled with him with al his my3t,			
And Hercules him so hard thrist,			
That alle his ribbes al to-brast.		364	
This was he that in his dayes			
In batayles hard and gret affrayes			
He sclow geauntes with-uten tale,			He slew innumerable giants.
He wrought amonges hem gret bale ;		368	
He sclow champiouns with-uten nombre,			
So manye that no man my3t hem vmbre.			
This was he that ilke kny3t,			
That was so strong & of so moche my3t.		372	

¶ **De Iasone.**

What schulde I speke more of his dedis? [lf. 6, bk.] 373

Eche man that of him redis

Wot wele he was with-outen pere,

Whil that he was lyuande here; 376

I leue per-fore and turne eft

A-gayn to Iason ther-as I left.

The ship is
ready;

THis schippe was redi and set on-flote

With his barge & his bote; 380

Jason takes
leave.

Iason takis his leue to wende

At Pelleus & at other frende;

Hercules schal with him go.

From this
voyage will rise
all the woe,
that Troy will
be fordone, as
I shall tell you
soon.

Ther-of schal rise al this wo, 384

That Troie schal so foule be for-don,

As I schal telle ȝow sone.

Thei are schepped now eche a wyght,

The schip is ȝare & redi dight, 388

Ther sail is drawe, the[i] wende forth faste,

In-to the see thei ben forth paste.

They sail
many a day
and night, and
at last, tired of
the sea,

Thei sailen many a day and nyȝt

With many stormes lyght, 392

Til thei were weri of the see;

Thei wolde fayn at reste be:

Vpon a day the mariner

Saw a lond that was hem ner; 396

Ther schip thei turned thedir prest,

For on that lond to take here rest.

Vpon that lond thei lepe vp alle,

An[d] of ther teld thei made an halle, 400

And ete & drank & made hem glad;

Thei were fayn that thei lond had.

land on the
coast of Troy.

The lond that thei were on lyght,

The lond of Troye that tyme hight; 404

Troie was not that tyme so strong,

Ne so moche, ne so long,

¶ **De Rege Lamedonie Troiani.**

- Wyde, ne large, ne no-thing toward, [lf. 7.] 407
 As it was sethen afftirward 408
 When Priamus hit made a-3eyn,
 When Lamedon, his fadir, was sclayn.
 ¶ The Gregees hade seten but a stounde
 And made hem merie on the grounde, 412
 Or hit were told to Lamedon
 That men were lyght his lond vpon,
 Stout, & fers, and full gay,
 That wel be-semed of gret noblay; 416
 Thei wende thay wold hem robbe in hast;
 Or brenne that lond and leue it wast;
 Thei sayde: "it were good to wete here wille,
 Whether thei were comen for good or ille;" — 420
 ' And bidde hem go and rise
 And voyde this lond, if thei be wyse;
 Or 3e schal hem honge and drawe,
 If thei dwelle til the day dawe.' 424
 ¶ Lamedon called a gret lordyng,
 Wyse of speche & of beryng,
 And bed him go to hem anon,
 And take with him men gret won 428
 And bidde hem wende out of his lond,
 Or he wol reue hem foot and hond.
 ¶ This riche lord his hors hath hent
 And to the Gregeys he is went, 432
 And seyde: ' lordynges, so god me mende,
 Lamedon me to 3ow sende,
 Oure kyng, and seys: him meruayles
 What 3e thenken and what 3ow ayles, 436
 Vpon his lond that 3e aryue;
 And biddes 3ow hye hennes blyue,
 That 3e be not founden here to-morwen;
 For 3if 3e ben, 3e be for-lorn. 440

Lamedon is told that strangers have come on his land;

they might be asked, if they came for good or ill.

Lamedon sends a great lord to the Greeks,

telling them the king's surprise, asking them to depart the next day, and threatening them.

He wil þow hewe lym and lythe, [lf. 7, bk.] 441
 ȝif he to-morwe may mete þow withe.
 Voydes this lond and dos be my red,—
 Or sekirly ȝe ben alle ded! 444

Jason, much
 astonished,
 addresses his
 fellows :
 'This king is
 not courteous
 to us, who do
 no harm,

¶ Iason was al a-stonaid
 Off that þe knyȝt thus to him said,
 He turned to his felawes ward :
 'This kyng sais vs an ille forward 448

but rest on his
 shore.

To voyde his lond with-outen gilt,
 Or we schal elles alle be spilt ;
 For-sothe he nys not curtays
 To vncouthe men that resten in pes 452

In his lond vpon a brynke¹,—
 That non ille do, ne non harm thenke,
 But reste vs here on this ryuage,—
 To sende vs suche a message². 456

He loves us
 little.'

But I se wel he loues vs litel
 That hates vs by suche a titel³,
 For we vpon his lond reste⁴;
 He loues litel an vncouthe geste.' 460

Then Jason
 says to the
 messenger :

I Ason thenne with heuy chere
 Turned him to the messangere ;
 He sayde : 'lordying, I herde wel
 Al thi message euery del. 464

'We'll only
 take rest here
 for weariness ;

God I drawe to oure wittenesse :
 We reste here for no wickednesse,
 But for to reste vs here a while⁵ ;
 For we haue sayled many a myle⁶ 468

tell your lord,
 that we shall
 leave his land,
 as he does not
 like our rest-
 ing here.

And weri ben bothe more & lesse
 And resten vs here for werinesse.
 But say thi lord, my leue frende,
 Out of his lond that we schal wende ; 472
 Say : "I se wel be his sonde,
 He wil we reste not on his londe."

¹ MS. *abrynke*. ² MS. *amessage*. ³ MS. *atitel*. ⁴ *r* corrected
 from *l*. ⁵ MS. *awhile*. ⁶ MS. *amyle*.

Belli inter Troianum & Grecos¹.

And say him : " 3it may this wel be qwyte [lf. 8.] 475

By some that thow seest here sit." ' 476

Hercules, that dou3ti kny3t,
At Lamedon hadde gret dispit,

He was Angered and alle a-rage

Off this kyng and his message ; 480

Him thoughte for tene his herte to-brak

That Iason then so mekely spak,

He was not payed with his sawe

' Here now,' he says, ' felawe, 484

What in erthe so thow art,

Or he that sente the hidirward,

Say thi kyng : " this day thre 3er

Or ere he schal se me her 488

Vpon this place and other mo.

Out of his lond wil I not go

For his biddying, but lye here stille

Maugre his tethe, agayn his wille ; 492

For he schal be so ouer-sette,

That we for him wol not lette

To do oure wille and oure lykyng."

Go and say thus to the kyng ! 496

Say him : " he has be-gunnen a strif,

That he and his schal rewe his lyf" ;

And bidde him be sekir her-of & bold,

And say that I him thus told ! ' 500

¶ Hercules his lippes gnoue

For tene he hadde not folk y-nowe,

That he als-tide and sir Iason

Might not flyght with Lamedon. 504

But a-mong hem was no merie gale

Off alle that ther were, grete & smale,

Ther was not a schip ful of men,

And thei were mo then thousandes ten 508

But tell him too, that this may well be paid for by some sitting here.'

But Hercules answers the messenger in a more angry manner :

' Say to your king : he will see me here again before long ;

and that he will repent of this strife he has now begun, all his life.'

Hercules regrets that he has not folk enough to fight with Lamedon.

¹ This—and before it : ' *Caret rubrica* '—written in a very fine hand.

De Rege Cete in Ciuitate Ieonite.

Off bold knyȝtes hardi & kene ; [lf. 8, bk.] 509

What wolde thei alle to hem be sene !

Thei gadered vp alle that ther lay

They take
their way and
sail to the
island Colkos.

And to thair schip thei toke the way 512

And sailed forth vpon the see,

Til thei wolde comyn ther thei wolde be

In-to that Ile that hight Colkos.

Eche a man on londe than gos, 516

And leyde here sail thanne by the mast

And lefft here schip teyghte fast.—

This was the
first cause for
the destruc-
tion of Troy.

And this pe forme skyl to schewe was,

That Troie was lorn so foule a-cas, 520

Driuen down and foule destroyed ;

Ther-with were Troiens foule anyed,

For thei of Grece reste on here land

Fer fro the cete opou pat sand ; 524

For sir Iason and his nauee

Sette & reste vpon the see,

When thei wente out of Grece

To wyne the schepis goldyn flece. 528

In the island
Colkos is a
town, called
Reconitas,
large and
strong.

IN Colkos Ile a Cite was,

That men called thanne Reconitas¹,

Fair and mekel, large and long,

With walles heye and wondir strong, 532

Ful of toures and heye paleis

Off riche knyȝtes and burgeis.

The king of
this land is
called Cetes.

A kyng that tyme, that hete Cetes,

Gouerned than that lond In pes ; 536

With his baronage and his meyne,

Dwelleden thanne in that Cyte.

About the
town are
woods and
parks.

For al aboute that riche toun

Stode wodes and parkis envirooun,

That were replenysched wondirful 540

Off herte and hynde, bore and bul,

{ And other }

¹ MS. *reconitas* ; the *r* quite distinct, though the rubric has *Ieonite*.

And other many sauage bestis ;	[lf. 9.]	543	Therein are
Be-twix that wode and that forestis		544	many beasts,
Ther was large contray & playn,			and springs,
Faire wodes & fair Champayn,			and birds.
Ful of semely rennyng welles—			
As the romaunce the sothe telles—		548	
With-oute the cete that ther sprong ;			
Ther was of briddes michel sang			
Thorow alle the 3er, and mykel cry,			
Off alle Ioyes gret melody.		552	
¶ To that Cite & kyng Cetes			Jason and
3ode Iason and Hercules			Hercules go to
And alle the felawes that he hadde,			this town with
In clothes of gold as kynges be-cladde,		556	all their
When kyng Cetes his men herde say			fellows.
That Gregeys come in that aray,			
In his paleis he spak hem with,			
Alle in pees and loue & gryth ;		560	
He ros him vp out of his se			
As curtais kyng and knyzt so fre,			
Out of his halle with mykel spede			King Cetes
With his men agayn hem 3ede ¹ ,		564	goes to meet
And welcomed hem with louely chere			them and
And ledde hem bothe to-gedir in-fere			
And ther other ffelawes alle			leads them
With gret worschepe In-to his halle.		568	into his hall.
He dede hem sitte upon the benk,			
And bad his men bryng a drynk ;			
When thei hadden dronken what her wille is,			
Sir Iason, the knyzt of pris,		572	Jason tells
Tolde the cause of his comyng			King Cetes
On fair manere to Cetes the kyng,			why he has
And seyde “ that he was comen to wynne,—			come,
If he myght spede,—of ² the golden skynne.		576	

¹ MS. 3ode.

² of is added above the line and ought to be deleted.

and asks his consent to his undertaking.	He prayed him ther of his gode wille, [lf. 9, bk.] 577 That he scholde graunte loude and stille Holly his landes ordenaunce ¹ , If him myzt happen suche chaunce." 580
The king grants his wish. They go to supper.	¶ The kyng graunted to fulfille His desir and alle his wille ; The kyng bad with mylde wordes : "Anon thei scholde sette the bordes ; 584 Tyme hit was to sopere go," he sayde ;— The bordes were set, the clothes layde. He called to him a knyzt ² wel hende And him afftir his douzter sende ³ , 588 And seide, sche scholde comen a-doun To glade his gestes of gret renoun.
A knight is sent for the king's daughter Medea.	¶ The knyzt ⁴ zede to the mayden ffre, The kynges douzter, dame Mede, 592 And bad here come with-uten dwellyng With here Maydenes to the kyng. Sche dwelled not longe—I vndirstonde :— Whan sche hadde herd here fadir sonde, 596 Sche come doun vnto the table With contenaunce good and stable, And grette here fadir sikurly And other knyzt ⁵ es that sete him by. 600 He bede here go and sitte that tyde His vncouthe gest Iason be-syde ; And Mede dede as here fadir bad, And of his biddynge was wel glad. 604
She comes down, greets the knights and her father, and on his bidding sits down beside Jason.	¶ Off this Mede, this worthi may, Sumwhat of here wol I say, Off here wisdom and of here beryng, Off here science & of here kunnyng : 608 Sche coude the science of clergy And mochel of Nigramauncy ;
Medea knew necromancy ;	

¹ MS. *ordenanaunce*.² MS. *aknyzt*.³ MS. *wende*.⁴ Originally *knyztes* in MS. ; *es* erased.

De Medee Filia Regis Ceti.

In alle that lond [ne] was here pere	[lf. 10.]	611	none was
As wide as men gos fer or nere,		612	cleverer than she,
Ne that was to here half so scley			
Of cours of planetes and of the sky,			
Ne couthe so many enchaument			
As coude Medee, that may gent.		616	
¶ Sche coude with coniurisouns,			She knew how
With here scleyghte & oresouns,			to make the
The day that was most fair & lyght			light day dark
Make as derk as any nyght;		620	as night,
Sche coude also In selcouth wyse			
Make the wynde bothe blowe & ryse			the wind blow
And make him so lowde blowe			and overthrow
As it scholde houses ouerthrowe;		624	houses,
Sche ¹ couthe turne verement			
Alle wederes and the firmament,			
And here liked make it reyne			rain come,
And if here liked make it schyne.		628	the sun shine,
Sche coude do many selcouthe thyng:			
In somer when the leues spryng			
Make stormes hem to driue a-way			
And make trees drye as clay;		632	
Sche wolde also the trees that ware			and trees
In wynter-tyde naked & bare			bear leaf in
Make hem florische a3eyn & bere,			winter.
That wynter hem myȝt not dere.		636	
In al the world was no man			
So kunnyng of wit and wisdam—			
As seyn these autours and these clerkes—			
As was Medee In here werkes.		640	
M Edee sette here down to mete			She sits down
By-twene her lord and Iason to ete,			by the side of
Sche cast here eye wel ofte vnfold			Jason and
That Ioyful knyȝt to be-hold;		644	looks at this
			joyful knight.

¹ MS. *He*.

So fair a
knight she
has never
seen;

So fair a knyȝt at here likyng

[lf. 10, bk.] 645

Sche saw neuere old ne ȝyng;

Here hadde leuere than al Assye

That he hadde ben in here baylye,

648

Might sche brynge to that acord

That he wolde be here lord;

she desires
that Jason
may be hers.

Gode in erthe! that¹ sche desires,

But that Iason were one of heres.

652

Sche hadde here herte so on him set,

Here eye myȝt sche not fro him let;

Sche loued him so wondirly tho,

That sche wiste neuere what to do,

656

She takes her
leave and goes
to her cham-
ber.

But toke here leue and be-gan to go

To the chambur that sche come fro.

¶ Vnto the chambur sche is comyn,

Loue hath here so vndir-nomyn,

660

That trauayles here wondir strong

With thought and sykyng euere among;

She thinks
both day and
night, how she
can carry
out her love
without
shame.

Sche thenkith bothe day & nyȝt

How sche that loue performe myȝt

664

With-uten schame and vylonye,

That sche were not reproued ther-by;

Fayn sche wolde haue here wille,

But sche myȝt not come ther-tille.

668

After a fort-
night, Cetes
and Jason
sitting to-
gether, send
for Medea.

¶ And thus leued sche fourtene nyȝth

In gret wo as any wyȝth:

Til hit be-fel vpon a day

That kyng Cetes—soth to say—

672

And Iason were to-gedur set

And bad here men Medee doun fet

In-to the halle of his paleis,

To talke with the knyȝtes curteis.

676

She, very
glad, comes
quickly.

Off the tydynges was Medee blithe:

To hem doun sche come swythe;

¹ Perhaps *naught* was in the original.

¶ De Iasone.

And he bad here sitte be Iason,—	[lf. II.]	679	The king bids
That al here loue was vpon,—		680	her sit down
And speke with him In fair manere,			beside Jason,
As Mayden schulde to bachelere.			
Medee did his comaundement ;			
But Cetes was ther-with ablent :		684	
He wist not of Medee wille			not knowing
That sche loued Iason stille.			that she is in
¶ When Iason saw that worthi wyght			love with him.
So sitte on benche by him right,		688	
He was wel glad, as him gon thenk ;			
Ercules ros vp of the benk,			
And he sat be that worthi wenche			
To wete what that mayden dede thenke.		692	
¶ Kyng Cetes with-oute doute			The king talks
Spak to the knyȝtes him aboute,			to Hercules
Of Ercules asked tydynges,			and the other
At other knyȝtes of other thynges ;		696	knights, so
So to him ȝaf no man gome,			that no one
Knyȝt ne sqwyer, lord ne grome.			pays attention
Medee say that sche was brouȝt			to Jason and
To telle Iason of here thouȝt		700	Medea.
¶ With-oute heryng of any wyght :			
‘ Sir Iason,’ sche seide, ‘ thow art a knyȝt ¹			Medea says to
Off whiche I haue mochel rewthe			Jason : ‘ I pity
And gret compassioun, be my trewthe !		704	you, as I see
For I se wel and haue in mynde			well that your
That thow art comen of gentil kynde,			hardiness has
And art a louely ² creature,			brought you
And art hardy with-oute mesure ;		708	hither to win
For I se wel—and sothe hit is—			the Golden
That thyn heye herte and thi hardines			Fleece,
Hath brouȝt the fro the lond of Grece			
For to wynne the golden flece,		712	

¹ MS. *aknyȝt*.

² MS. *alouely*.

¶ De Medee.

through which you will lose your life.	Thorow whiche—is a sothe thyng—	[lf. 11, bk.]	713
	Thow schalt go to thyn endyng.		
	And I haue gret pyte		
	Off thi manhede and beute,		716
	That thow thus foule schalt be spilt		
	For a schepis ¹ skyn that is ouer-gilt.		
I counsel you to return home.'	Ther-fore I zeue the consayle—		
	The beste that the may a-vayle—		720
	That thow wende hom hole and sound,		
	A-zeyn to thi lond with-oute any wound.'		
Jason an- swers:	¶ Iason thanne with chere deuout		
	Vnto that lady gan lout		724
	And seyde louely, curtays & fre :		
'I thank you a thousand times and submit to your bidding.'	'A thousand tymes I thanke it the		
	Of thi goodnes and thi curtasye,		
	That thow hast reuthe of my folie ;		728
	For 3oure biddyng outerly		
	I put for-sothe al my body.'		
	'S Wete Iason, my louely frend,'—		
	Saide Medee, that mayden hend,—		732
'Haven't you heard the truth about the fleece and the peril of it ?' says Medea.	'Has thow not the sothe herd telle		
	Off that flece and the gret perille ?		
	Or thow knowest not the sothe		
	That makes the so bold of othe,		736
	Thow may ther-to make assay		
	And lese thi myzt and thi noblay.		
'You may lose your might and nobility. There was never a knight strong enough to win the fleece, for it is kept by our god Mars.	For sekurly ther was neuere knyzt		
	That hadde that strengthe and that myzt,		740
	That myzt with his hardinesse		
	That flece wyne with dougthtinesse :		
	For it is keped bothe nyght and day		
	With oure god Mars, that alle thyng may ;		744
	For ther is no man on lyue,		
	Agayn oure god that may stryue.		

¹ MS. *aschepis*.

Ther-fore I praye 3ow for loue or awe: [lf. 12.] 747 I pray you to
 Fro that perile 3ow with-drawe, 748 withdraw from
 That thow deye not thus sodenly this peril.'

¶ Iason seyde: 'my lady dere,
 Of this kepe I no more to here! 752
 Wene 3e my hert so to stere,
 Or with 3oure wordes me to dere,
 That I schulde this thing for-sake
 That I gan ferst vndirtake? 756
 Me were leuere certes to deye
 Than to do that vylonie!

For now I haue it be-gonne,
 And I 3ede hom, or it were wonne— 760
 Me were leuere I were vnborne
 Then suche a schame were me before!
 For my deth schal I not lette,—

If that I may,—that flece to fette!' 764

MEdece seide: 'my derlyng,
 Is it thi wil for any thyng
 To putte thi deth be-fore thi lyff
 And to putte the to that stryff? 768
 I haue pite of thi ded,

But I schal 3eue the suche a red¹,
 That thow schalt come a-3eyn ful rathe
 And wyne that schepe with-uten skathe— 772
 If it be so thow wilt fulfille
 Mi desire and my wille.'

• 'Lady,' Iason thanne sayde,
 'Of that 3e sayn I holde me payde: 776
 What 3e schul in erthe ordeyne,
 I schal holde it for prow or payne
 The while that I am leuyng—
 I drawe to witnes god, oure kyng!' 780

Jason: 'Do
 you think
 to stir my
 heart, and
 make me
 forsake the
 thing I under-
 took?

I had better
 not have been
 born! I shall
 not give it up!

Medea: 'I pity
 you, but I
 shall give you
 good advice,
 to win the
 sheep without
 any harm, if
 you will fulfil
 my desire.'

Jason: 'I am
 much pleased
 with what you
 say, and I
 shall do what-
 ever you
 order.'

24 *Jason promises to marry Medea, and she will help him win the Fleece.*

Medea: 'If
you promise
to marry me
and take me
with you to
Greece,

¶ Medee sayde to Iason than: [lf. 12, bk.] 781

'If thow wilt be so trewe a man¹,
That thow wilt hete me to wedde,
And as thi spouse to brynge me to bedde, 784

And leue me neuere for wele ne wo,
And graunt me home with the to go
Out of this lond that is fair,—
Off whiche I schal be qwene and ayr,— 788

Vnto thi lond, to thi hous,
And wedde me there to thi spous:

I'll make you
win the fleece.'

I wolde make the that schepe-fel
Wynne to-morwe with-outen perel.' 792

Jason: 'What
you promise
me is much.

I Ason sayde to Medee:
'Riche bene that thow proferest to me:

3oure-self to be in my bandoun
And al in my subieccioun, 796

That art the fairest that lyf beres
Or any clothe on erthe weres;
And also to saue me

Off alle perile that ther-Inne be, 800

And do me wynne that flece of golde,
That no man may do that leues on molde
With-oute 3oure help, my derlyng!
That is to me a fair proferyng! 804

Body and
heart I offer
you, and
promise never
to act against
your bidding.

Body and herte to 3ow I profre,
And alle my-self to 3ow I offre:

I take 3ow here my trowthe I-plyzt²,
That I schal neuere by day ne nyzt 808

Do not a-3eyn 3oure lykyng
Ne forthermore neuere of 3oure byddyng!

I will take you
with me as
my wife, and
never leave
you all my
life.'

And I schal with me 3oure-self lede
In-to my lond—so god me rede!— 812

And wedde 3ow there vnto my wyff
And leue 3ow neuere whil me last lyff!'

¹ MS. aman.

² MS. I. plyzt.

Off that behestē was Medee fayn,	[lf. 13.]	815	
But ȝit sche wolde be more certayn		816	Medea, to be more certain
That he schulde here no-ways be-gile			that he may not beguile
Ne holde here afftir for no vile.			her, asks him
Sche sayde : ' Iason, be thow not wroth !			
I wole that thow me make an oth,		820	
That thow schalt trewly & trusly holde			
Of alle that thow hast sayde & tolde ;			
For no-ways we may not now			
Do this thyng be-twene vs two.		824	
I wol that thow when day is gon			to swear to her in the evening,
Come to my chambre sone anon,			when she sends for him.
When I schal sende aff[t]ir the,			
That thow alway come to me ;		828	
And than schaltow make thi surment			
Opon my god with sacrament,			
And swere me ther by that god			
Alle this to holde for euen or od.		832	
And when thow hast thus wrouȝth & don,			
Al thi wil schal I graunte son.'			
¶ Iason seyde : ' my ladi fre,			Jason assents.
As ȝe haue seyde, so schal it be !		836	
When ȝe haue afftir me send,			
Wightlyche schal I to ȝow wend.'			
And thus were thei bothe at one			
Vpon the benche hem-self alone		840	
And toke leue thenne and ros ;			
Vnto here Chambre faste sche gos.			
M Edee is vnto here chambre gone,			Medea goes to her room with her maidens.
And here maydenes euerychone.		844	
Here thought longe vnto nyght,			
That sche myȝt speke with that knyȝt.			
When nyȝt was comyn and day past,			
And alle in bedde vpon slepe fast,		848	

At night she
sends a girl,
called Ane, for
Jason.

Sche cleped a mayden¹ that het Ane,— [lf. 13, bk.] 849

So trewe a mayden¹ hath sche nane,—

And bad here pryuili to go

And² say: "Iason schuld come here to." 852

And Ane ȝede wel priuyli

And bad him come to here lady;

And he ros bothe blythe and glad

And dede as the mayden bad. 856

When they
have met, Ane
leaves them
alone.

And whan thei were to-gedur met,

Ane that him thedur fet

ȝede here way with-oute more

And lefft hem to-gedur thore. 860

Medea bolts
the doors, and
makes Jason
swear an oath

¶ Whan Medee saw Iason ther-In,

Sche sperid the doris with a pyn

And bad him sitte doun vpon here bed,—

With riche clothes hit was spred. 864

That faire lady, that lousesom brid,

A Craffty cofre sche vn-did

And toke out an ymage, frely dyght

With fele torches and mochel lyght, 868

That³ sacrid was In Iouis name.

'Iason,' seide that faire dame,

'Thow schalt thin hond on this god lay

And thow schalt holde that I schal say: 872

On this ymage thow schalt swere,

Faith & treuthe thow schalt me bere,

And wedde me to thy wyff,

And leue me neuere whil I haue lyff.' 876

Jason swears
to marry
Medea, and
never to leave
her.

¶ Iason sayde: 'my trewthe I layd,

To do al as thow hast sayd.'

And layde his treuthe on that ymage

To⁴ take here the terme of his age. 880

Then they cast
off their
clothes

When sche hadde take of him that oth,

Thei caste of hem euery cloth

¹ MS. *amayden*.

² MS. *Ad*.

³ MS. *Ther*.

⁴ MS. *And*.

¶ *Iason concubuit cum Medee.*

And ȝede bothe in-to a bed,—	[lf. 14.]	883	and go to bed.
With riche clothes hit was spred.		884	
A lle that nyȝt to-gedur thei lay, Til it was nere a-gayn the day.			In the morn- ing Jason says :
Iason sayde : ‘ my derlyng dere, It is not good to dwelle here ;		888	
But say me now, my derlyng, Wolt thou ordeyne for me o thyng, That I myȝt thorow thi techyng My purpos wele to ende bryng ?		892	‘ Tell me now, darling, how to bring my purpose to end ; for I long to lead you away.’
For al the haste that I haue Is, swetyng,—so god me saue— Out of this Ile the to lede In-to my lond with-uten drede.’		896	
¶ Sche seyde : ‘ Iason, I am al ȝare, When thou art redi, With the to fare ! Rise we now vp ! I schal the kenne With the neet that the ne brenne.		900	Medea : ‘ Let us rise first !’
For-ȝete thou not my kennyng For no ferdnesse of brennyng !’			
¶ Iason thenne and sche vp ros ; And Medee to here forsure gos, And drow out relikes manye & gode, And toke Iason ther he stode And tauȝt him how he scholde do, When he that Ile come to,		904	When they are risen, Medea takes relics from her chest, and tells Jason how to behave, when he comes to the island.
That he were not with nete ybrend, Ne with the dragoun y-schend.		908	
¶ ȝit of the forsure the lady rauȝte A fair ymage and him by-tauȝte, And bad him seclwy with him bere,— For sorcery schuld him not dere : For it was alle with sorcery wroght, Alle sorcery it brouȝte to nought.		912	She moreover gives him an image against sorcery,
		916	

	And afftir that Medee out hente	[lf. 14, bk.]	917
an ointment against fire,	A wel riche oynemente And an-oynted alle his body, Visage and alle witterly :		920
	For hit for-did al brennyng of ffire, Off hit brende neuere so schire.		
	¶ And afftirward that fair swetyng		
a ring against venom,	By-taucht Iason a riche ¹ ryng,		924
	That alle venym for-dede & strued,— That he schul not be venym-noyed That bar that riche ryng on him :		
	For it fordede alle venym.		928
a writing	M Edee tok with him thanne a writ, And him bad he schuld bere it ; And when he come with-Inne that Ile, That he schulde with herte mylde		932
	On his knees him down sette, Er he that flece ȝede to fette ; And thries he scholde hit ouer-rede ; That he ne lefft for no drede.		936
(which he must read thrice before going to fetch the fleece), and a liquor to stick the oxen's lips together.	¶ Sche toke him thenne a riche ¹ licour,— A viole ful of gode sauour,— And bad he schulde that lycour poure, When he come In-to the stoure,		940
	In the mouthes of the neete, For hit was wondur cleuand wete ; Then scholde thei holde here mouth to-gedur And make no more so foule a wedur :—		944
	‘ For if thou konne this in here mouthe throwe, Thei schal no more no fir blowe ! ’		
Jason says : ‘ I thank you ; I hope to bring you the fleece before even- ing.’	¶ Iason seide : ‘ I thonk it the, That thou hast thus ordeyned for me ! I hope, or it be euenyng, That golden flece to the bryng.’		948

¹ MS. *ariche*.

He toke his leue at that may,	[lf. 15.] 951	He takes leave,
In-to his Chambre he tok the way,	952	goes to his
Ther-In he lay and Hercules ;		room and
Wel stille he lay down in pes,		sleeps there.
Til it was cler day and lyght,		
That the sunne schon wel bryght :	956	
He ros vp and come him down,		In the early
And alle his felawes enviroun.		morning he
O Vt of his bed is Iason rysen,		rises and
To wende his way he is not grysen,	960	comes down
To wynne the schepe,—if he haue grace,—		to the hall
Now he these thinges of Medee has.		with Hercules
He is comyn in-to the halle		and all his
With Hercules and his men alle ;	964	men.
To Cetes the kyng he is forth went.		
He asked anon, what it be-ment,		
He asked at him and at hisen,		Cetes asks him,
Whi he was so erly rysen.	968	why he has
'Sir,' he saide, 'be godis ore !		risen so early.
That I thus dwelle me rewes sore ;		'Sir,' he
I wol ther-fore make asay		answers, 'I'll
To wynne the flece—if I may :—	972	try to win the
geue me leue and lete me go,		fleece now ;
That I no lenger be ther-fro.'		give me leave
¶ Cetes saide: 'I haue gret drede,		to do so.'
That thou be dede and not wel spede ;	976	
I schal therfore haue harm and schame,		Cetes:
For men wol rette on me the blame ;		'Though
But that thou art of wil so bold,		fearing you'll
That I may not at home the hold—	980	die, I can't hold
God, that this world made round,		you back.
Brynge the a3eyn hol and sound !'		God bring you
¶ Then was Iason wondir blythe,		home whole
He toke his armure and tyred him swythe,	984	and sound !'

¶ *Qualiter Iason fecit bellum.*

Jason goes to the island of Colchis where the sheep is.	And ȝede forth the schepe to wynne	[lf. 15, bk.]	985
	To that Ile that he was Inne.		
	When he was comen ther it was,		
	Ther he schulde ouer the water pas		988
In a boat he rows over the water ;	In-to that Ile In-to a bote ¹ ,		
	He kest his armes In fote hote		
	And rowed ouer with an ore.		
	When he was ouer that watur thore,		99 2
then he arms himself well in iron and steel,	He armed him—as he coude wele—		
	Bothe in Iren and in stele,		
	And on his hed thanne sette		
	His trewe and trusti basenette,		996
with helmet, shield and spear.	And kest his scheld a-boute his hals,		
	And bere his spere with him als ;		
	And ȝaf aboute him ful good kepe,		
	If he myȝt be war of the schepe.		1000
	And thedirward Iason him drow,		
	To wynne the flece—if he mow.		
	I ason is now on londe lyght,		
	Armed wel and nobly dyght.		1004
When he sees where the sheep is, he first becomes aware of the fire-breathing oxen.	When he was comen to that stede,		
	Ther he saw the schepes trede,		
	On the first thenne was he ware,		
	Where the nete were standing thare,		1008
	Kestyng fir with-oute sese		
	Of her mouthe with-oute relesse,		
	That alle the sky with-oute doute		
	Was on fire alle a-boute.		1012
He thinks of Medea and her gifts, and anooints him- self.	But he thought then on his swetyng,		
	Of dame Medee and her kennyng :		
	Ful radly thenne the boyste he hent		
	That was with the oynement ;		1016
	Al his visage and his face		
	Anoynted ther-with sone he hase.		

¹ MS. *abote*.

He toke also that ymage bryzt	[lf. 16.]	1019	He hangs the
That was of siluer made & dyzt,		1020	silver image
And hanged it aboute his hals a-boue,—			round his
As Medee him bad do so for here loue,—			neck ;
And turned it to the fir anon,			
And the nete stood and loked ther-on ;		1024	the oxen look
And sette him down meke & wyse			on it.
And redde his writ thanne thryse,			Then he reads
And when it was thries red,			thrice Medea's
To go to hem was not dred.		1028	writing,
His perel thanne a-vey was rauzt,			
And with this nete faste he fauzt :			and fights with
The flaume of fir thenne on him caste			the oxen.
And brende his gode scheld on haste,		1032	Their fire
And his spere to his hond			burns his
To coles hit fel vpon the sond.			shield and
H E toke thenne that licour wete			spear.
And poured qwyk into the nete ;		1036	When he
And when it was with-Inne ther ¹ lippes,			pours the
Faste to-gedur hit hem grippes,			liquor into
That thei myzt not her mouth vn-spere,			the beasts,
With hete Iason no more to fere.		1040	they can no
When Iason hem thus discomfit			longer open
Thorow dame Medee that was perfit,			their mouths.
And saw a-boute that the aire			
Was good and clene and ful fair,		1044	
And the nete myght fyght no more			
Thorow here kennyng and here lore,			
He toke hem be the hornes long			Then he yokes
And here hedes a-boute wrong,		1048	them into the
And loked, if thei were tame ynow,			plough, and
And ladde hem thanne vnto the plow,			ploughs with
And yoked hem and dede hem drawe,			them without
And turned that lond with-uten awe.		1052	any fear.

¹ r by a later hand.

32 *Jason, by Medea's charm, slays the Dragon, and sows its Teeth.*

When he comes to the dragon,	When he hadde don, he toke his way [lf. 16, bk.] 1053
	To the dragoun ther he lay;
	And the dragoun sey him ney,
	He made thanne an ¹ hidous cry, 1056
	And hissed loude, and brondes blew,
	Fyr faste on Iason he threw,
	And spitte venym and keste aboute;
	But Iason ther-of hadde no doute : 1060
	Whan he herde that how loude he hissed,
Jason takes the ring, as Medea told him.	Iason dede as he was wissed,
	He toke the ryng that sche toke him
	For drede of fir & of venym,— 1064
	That bare a stone ² , was fair and grene,—
	And held hit sone hem be-twene,
	And keste it doun be-fore his syght.
When the beast sees this, it leaves its burning and spitting, and looks on the stone.	And whan the dragoun saw that lyght ³ , 1068
	He lefte the fir and his brennyng
	And al foule venym of his spitting,
	And loked stabli on that ston,
	And he beheld euere ther-on. 1072
	And whil the dragoun ther-to 3aff tent,
	His swerd Iason out hent
Then Jason smites off its head;	And smot the hed fro the bouke,
	And the ryng with him toke ⁴ 1076
	And in hold he gan hit do.
	And when he hadde sclayn him so,
and takes its teeth out; and sows them;	He wente—and so he myzt wele—
	And drow his tethe out of his chavele, 1080
	And sewe hem thanne vpon the land
	That he hadde ered on that sand.
armed men spring from them, and slay one another.	Armed men of hem ther sprong,
	And echon on other faste dong, 1084
	Til alle were sclayn that were thore;
	On lyue leffte there none wore.

When Iason

¹ MS. *and*.

² MS. *astone*.

³ MS. *lyght*, altered from *syght*.

⁴ MS. *toke*, altered from *boke*.

- ¶ When Iason saw that ther was an ende [lf. 17.] 1087 Jason then
 Off alle that wondir enchauntemende, 1088
 Toward the schepe be-gan he go
 With-oute drede him to sclo:
 With bothe his handes the schepe he sclow, slays the sheep
 And fro the body the skyn he drow, 1092 and pulls off
 And bare with him that schepes skyn its skin.
 With mochel Ioye & mochel wyn,
 Til he come to his bote;
 And lepe In with a merie¹ note, 1096 With the skin
 And ouer to his felawes rode, he rows over
 Ther Hercules him a-bode,— to his fellows.
 Wondir blythe, Ioyful, and glad
 That thei on lyue him had. 1100
- ¶ Iason thenne and his Gregeis
 Rode to Cetes & to his paleis;
 When Cetes saw that Ioyful kyng
 Iason that schepes skyn bryng, 1104 Jason and his
 He hadde ther gret envy Greeks ride
 That he raff him that drury; to the palace
 But euel semblant myȝt he non make of Cetes.
 For Hercules and Iason sake, 1108 Cetes is
 But dede hem sitte by his side envious, when
 And fair semblaunt made him that tyde. he sees Jason
 Then come ȝong and old bring the skin,
 The schepes skyn to be-hold, 1112 but he does
 Thei hadde of Iason gret meruayle, not show his
 How he it wan in batayle evil mood.
 Aȝens thair goddis wil and myȝt;
 Thei hadde meruayle of suche a knyȝt. 1116
- I**ason now the flece hath wonne,
 The tydynges thorow the Cete is ronne,
 Many a man come him to see,
 Ther he was set by dame Medee. c j 1120

¹ MS. *amerie*.

34 *Jason carries off Medea to Thessaly, which Pelleus gives him.*

Jason and Hercules dwell another month with Cetes.	He dwellyd ther a ful mon[i]the ¹ , And Hercules kyng Cetes withe,— And til a tyme that he & sche, And Hercules and his meyne,	[lf. 17, bk.] 1121
One night they and Medea steal away and sail to Thessaly.	Stale away with-Inne a nyȝt And ȝede to schepe by sterre lyȝt; And drow vp sail, and scheped sone, And wente hom forth by the mone. The wynd be-gan to rise & to blowe And brouȝt hem home in a throwe To the lond of Thesalye, Iason and his companye.	1124. 1128 1132
When Pelleus hears that Jason has come back alive, he is angry;	¶ The word was told to Pelleus blyue ² “That Iason was comen hom alyue, And how he hadde brouȝt in-to Grece”— ‘For-sothe’ thei seyden—“the golden flece.” Wo was him of tho tythandis: He wrong to-gedir bothe his handes For sorwe and wo and care of herte, That he was comen home in qwerte.	1136 1140
but he wel- comes him,	But when he saw him comande, He wente a-ȝeyn him with fair semblande, And welcometh him wel home, And was glad of his come,	1144
and gives him Thessaly, as he promised before he set off.	And thonked god that he ferd wele, And ȝaf him the lond, eche a dele Off Thesalye that lond aboute, So he be-het him, or he wente oute.	1148
But Jason is not content; he wants to be revenged on Lamedon,	¶ With this lond was he not payd; He wolde be venged algate—he sayd— Off Lamedone, the kyng of Troyene, For he him dede reproue and tene. To Hercules wel offte he spake: “That he that charge wolde take;	1152

¹ Cf. ll. 1686 and 9407.

² *b* perhaps altered from *v*.

¶ **Hic Incipit Bellum.**

For elles myzt it not come to ende;”— [lf. 18.]	1155	and bids Hercules carry this out.
‘For thow hast many a noble frende,	1156	
Many a knyzt ¹ , and many a kyng,		
And wil be fayn at thi byddying.’		
Hercules seyde: ‘ne drede the nouzt!		Hercules undertakes the task.
Ful wel to ende it schal be brouzt	1160	
To my worschepe, if my lyf last,		
Or this ȝere be ful past.		
Haue thow no care, ne make no mone!		
But let me here with-al alone!	1164	
I schal so venge oure vilonye,		
That thay schal ful sore abyē.’		
H ercules the charge hath tane;		
He thenkes to be that kynges bane,	1168	
He thenkes him scle with his hond,		
If he may come to his lond.		
At hom is he no lenger ² abiden,		He goes to Sparta, and asks Castor and Pollux to partake in the expedition.
To Sportes is that knyzt reden,—	1172	
That was a lond of Romanye ³ ,—		
Ther two bretheren were ⁴ of chialrye		
Regned Inne by ther dayes.		
Hercules ther the bretheren prayes	1176	
To wende with him ouer the see,		
With armed folk a gret meyne,		
To venge him on kyng Lamedon,		
That kest him out and sir Iason	1180	
Off his lond, whan thai hem reste,		
That dede him nother noye ne breste.		
The bretheren bothe as knyztēs hende		They are ready whenever he likes.
Thai were redi with him to wende,—	1184	
What day that he wolde assygne,—		
With many worthi knyztēs and digne.		
Castor hete that on brother,		
And Pollus called men that other.	c ij 1188	

¹ MS. *aknyzt*. ² *wol* he erased after *lenger*.
Romayne. ⁴ *were* ought to be struck out.

³ altered from

	Hercules toke leue at hom	[lf. 18, bk.]	1189
Hercules rides to Salom	And rode hym to Salom, A lond that was to Grece longand, That Thelaman thenne held ¹ in his hand		1192
	That was kyng of gret renoun, An hardy knyzt, a bold ² baroun. He prayed him that he wolde go With him and other kynges mo,		1196
	That were of Grece, ouer the see, Troye to brenne, that hye cete, And venge him of that foule dispite That Lamedon dede with gret vnryzte—		1200
	Not long tyme sithen past,— That he him of his lond cast.		
and gains Thelaman for the expedition.	¶ Thelaman seide: “hit schuld be doñ, He was al redi at his boñ		1204
	To wende with him, as good and hende, Whan he aftir him wol sende.”		
Hercules rides back to Polleus, and bids him gather all his troops.	Hercules thanne rode a-ȝeyn— Off his be-heste he was ful fayn—		1208
	To Polleus kyng and bad that he Schuld gader faste alle his meyne, And alle that he myzt ³ purchase ⁴ , By loue, or awe, or any manace ⁵ .		1212
Then he goes to Pilon, and gains Nestor.	¶ He tok him thanne the nexte way To Pilon lond—right as I say;— Pylon was a lond also That longed that tyme Grece to,		1216
	And duk Nestor was lord and sire	Dux Nestor ⁶ .	
	Ouer al that lond and that Empire;— And prayed him of his ffraunchesse ⁷ That he wolde wende with him and hesse ⁸ ,		1220
	To venge him on that kyng vilayn, And helpe that he were ded and sclayn;		

¹ *held* inserted by a later hand above the line. ² MS. *abold*.³ *with* written by a later hand over line between *myzt* and *purchase(s)*.⁴ MS. *purchases*.⁵ MS. *manaces*.⁶ On the *left* side in MS.⁷ *ss* perhaps written by the later hand.⁸ The first *s* added by

the later hand.

- And reue al his bothe lyff and lym, [lf. 19.] 1223
 That wolde not soffre Iason ne hym 1224
 On day reste to take,
 Nother for prayer ne for sake.
- ¶ Duk Nestor seide to Hercules : Nestor says
 'I am al ȝare with-uten les 1228 that he at once
 To wende with the at thy biddynge, will be ready
 And knyȝtes fele with me to bryng, for the expedi-
 To venge the of that vilonye tion.
 And do him knowe his folye. 1232
 I schal make me and myne ȝare
 With-uten dwellyng with the to fare.'
- ¶ Hercules was thanne wel blythe, Hercules
 Aȝayn to Pelleus ȝode he swythe. 1236 returns to
 A[nd] whan he come to Thesalye, Pelleus. In
 He fonde a louely¹ companye Thessaly are
 Of kynges and knyȝtes to-gedur thore,
 That for his help comen wore : 1240
 For thanne was comen Thelaman, Thelaman,
 That douȝti kyng, that noble man ;
 And the bretheren bothe two,
 Castor kyng and Pollus also, 1244 Castor and
 With alle here men and here nauee Pollux,
 Stondyng redi on the see ;
 And Pelleus was al redi dyȝt
 With many a bold baroun and knyȝt ; 1248 and Pelleus,
 And here schippes were vitayled, with their
 Ther mete and drynke schal non be fayled. ships.

*Consilium Grecorum contra Troianos*².

- A**lle the kynges bene now to-gedur,
 And hit was ful meri wedur : 1252
 That Marche was passed and Feuerer,
 Hit was that tyme of the ȝere,
 It was in-myddis of Auerille ; c iij

¹ MS. *alouely*.

² This line is in red paint.

It is in the
 month of
 April.

- T[h]e wedir was clere, the wynd was stille. [lf. 19, bk.] 1256
 And alle these kynges to schip ȝede¹
 To taken the see with-oute drede ;
 Thei sayled forth day and nyȝt,
 Til thei hadde of Troye a syȝt². 1260
 The sunne was set and al away doune,
 Thanne thei hadde syght ferst of the toune.
 Thei toke the hauen, whan it was derk,
 With-outen wetyng of prest or clerk, 1264
 And kest here ankyr on that sond
 And ȝede alle vpon the lond,
 For ther was non that euere hem lette ;
 Hit was longe afftir the sonne sette, 1268
 That no man wiste of thair comyng,
 Knyȝt ne sqwier, ne the kyng.
 Eche man thanne his hors oute hentes,
 And drow out Armure & here tentes, 1272
 Speres, dartes, helmys, and scheldes ;
 Thei sette here paulyons & here teldes,
 And sette here wacche ouer-al abowte,
 That thei myȝt reste with-oute dowte. 1276
THe Gregeis ben londit and proud y-pyght
 With gay tentis arayed aryght.
 Longe ar the day be-gan to sprynge,
 Pelleus sent aboute tythyngre 1280
 To eche a kyng that there he lay
 To come to him, or it were day.
 Thei come echone to wete his wille ;
 When thei were comen and set doun stille, 1284
 Pelleus seide : ‘ my bretheren dere,
 Now we ben to-gedur here,
 Me thenketh it were good to speke,
 How we myȝt sonest vs wreke 1288
 Off oure fomen and oure enemys,

The Greeks
sail to Troy.

After sunset
they land,
unseen by the
Trojans.

They pitch
tents.

Before day-
break Pelleus
gathers the
kings around
him,

and says :
‘ Now we must
see, how to
take vengeance
soonest,

¹ First *e* indistinct in MS., might be *o*.

² MS. *asyȝt*.

To oure worschepe and to oure pris;	[lf. 20.]	1290	
And saue vs fro perele,			
How so it euere it be-fele,		1292	
And take the toun with myȝt and wyn,			and how to capture the town.'
And alle that euere is ther-In.'			Hercules speaks first, and counsels
H ercules, that douȝti man,			
Be-fore alle other to speke he gan:		1296	
'Seres'—he sayde—'ȝoure skylles is good,			
As ȝe haue seide, so vs be-hood.			
This is myn avisement,			
How thei schal sonest be schent:		1300	
ȝiff ȝe wole alle that it be so,			
That we parte oure men atwo—			the division of the army into two:
Er it be day and sonne vp-rise,—			
That we be seuered in alle wise:		1304	
And ȝe, sir kyng, and Thelaman,			'The king, Thelaman, I and Jason will go towards the town and hide ourselves in the vineyards.
And I also, and sir Iason,			
Schal be to-gedre In that on ende;			
To the toun and we schal wende,		1308	
Er it be day or any lyght,			
That no man of vs haue a syght:			
For we schal hide vs In the vynes,			
And when the sonne is vppe and rises,		1312	
We schal holde vs stille and coy			
By-side the ȝatis with-oute Troy.			
And kyng Pollus, and duke Nestor,			
And his brother kyng Castor,		1316	Castor and Pollux and Nestor will remain on the shore.
Schal beleue here on the see			
With alle here folk and here naue.			
And Nestor schal ferst with hem dele			
With alle his men and his eschele,		1320	
And Castor schal be my red haue			
The secunde warde—so god me saue!—			
And kyng Pollus schal haue the thridde			

- When King Lamedon hears of our landing, he will come to fight with you on the shore, whilst we shall enter the town and slay all therein.
- ¶ And when the kyng hath tydandes,
That we are restid on his landes,
And he comes out with his baronage
To fyght with hem on this ryuage, 1324
We schal entre in-to the toun
And breke the walles & throwe hem down,
And scle that we ther-Inne fynde,
Honge, and brenne, and faste bynde, 1332
And do dye that vs dos¹ dere.
Then schal we turne to were
And scle hem alle for vs & 3ow.
And thus thynketh me most for oure prow, 1336
When thei may not fro vs fle
On no syde to no contre.
- ¶ King Pelleus assents to this advice.
- ¶ The kyng sayde: 'as haue I roo!'—
"That hit was good his rede to do, 1340
Better red schuld thei haue non
To confounden sone here fon."
Thei parted here men In two parties;
And Hercules with his he hies 1344
Vndir the toun In the greues
And hides him there in the leues;
And duk Nestor lefft stille thore
With alle that with him wore. 1348
- Hercules hides himself with his soldiers near Troy.
- ¶ It is ly3t day, the sonne is hye,
And Hercules the toun is nye
With-Inne the greues, ther leues sprynge;
And Lamedon has herd tydynge 1352
That thay of Grece with gret feute
Bene in his hauene with gret naue.
He armed him with-outen any bode
With alle his men and to hem rode, 1356
With scheld and spere an[d] swerd in hande;
- ¶ Lamedon hears of the landing of the Greeks, and marches against them.

¹ MS. *do dos*.

¶ *Hic veniunt ad pugnandum.*

And whan Nestor saw hem comande,	[lf. 21.]	1358	Nestor sees them coming, and prepares battle.
He ordeyned him with-oute drede			
With alle his men, and to hem ȝede ;		1360	
And ther be-gan a strong cuntre,			
Lamedon his dethe ther hent he ;			
He and his were wood opriȝt,			
Or endit were that fyȝt.		1364	
L amedon is armed wel,			Lamedon, well armed, rides out of the town with his men.
His stede is trapped In iren & stel ;			
Out of the town is he now ryden,			
And his men, that he hath bydden		1368	
To go with him that ought were worthe,			
Now are thei alle to-gedur forthe,			
In-myddes the feld out of the town			
Ridyng ouer dale and down,		1372	
Toward the see to the Gregeis			
That he sei stonde in here harneis,			
Redi dight with hem to ffyght			
With scheldes brode and swerdes bryght.		1376	
¶ The Gregeis were not of hem dred ;			The Greeks are not afraid ; Nestor leads the vanguard.
Nestor that the vanwarde led,			
Whan he saw hem come to him ward,			
He busked to hem as hard		1380	
And toke the feld brod and large			The fight begins :
With Many a scheld ¹ , target, and targe ;			
And kepe him euene in the berd,			
For he was nouȝt of him aferd.		1384	
A dredful dyn myȝt men thenne here,			there is a dreadful noise ;
A carful noyse, a dredful ² here :			
When thei were met to-gedur on hepis,			
Euery man on other lepis,		1388	the foes strike one another.
And beris him down, & throwys him vndur,			
And leues him ³ dede stryken asondur ;			
A fel batayle was ther by-gonnen,			

¹ MS. *ascheld*. ² MS. *adredful*. ³ *him* written by a later hand over line.

42 *The battle between the Greeks and Trojans: Castor helps Nestor.*

	When thei were alle to-gedur ronnen. [lf. 21, bk.]	1392
Description of the battle.	The noyse was gret, the speres brake,	
	Whan eche man mette with his make;	
	Some were ded and thorow born,	
	And some hondes or legges lorn,	1396
	Some were wounded to the dethe,	
	Some myȝt not drawe her brethe;	
	Helmes were holed, and scheldes cloven,	
	With grete strokes here hedes houen.	1400
	Knyȝtes were feld, stedis strayed;	
	Wel bolde barons bledde and brayed,	
The Trojans drive Nestor's men back.	To ther deth then were thei dyȝth	
	With swerdes scharpe and brondis bryȝth.	1404
	Gret sclauȝter was be-twene hem there,	
	When Troye and Grece to-gedur were.	
	But Troiens with gret multitude	
	At the laste hadde strokes rude,	1408
	But ȝit a-bak thei droff alle Nestor men	
	Ouer mose and ouer ffen.	
	¶ But when that noble kyng Castor	
	Saw how thei ferde with the duke Nestor,	1412
Castor sees this, and goes to help them.	And saw how he a-bak was dreuen,	
	And his scheld with strokes reuen,—	
	With alle his men thedur he hyed	
	And hertely the Troiens defied.	1416
	C astor kyng, that douȝti knyȝt,	
	Is comen down to that fyȝt,	
	To helpe Nestor, that worthi duk,	
	That he se Troyens so rebuk.	1420
	He sclow Troyens—as he were wode,—	
	He bare hem down and schedde her blode;	
He slays the Trojans, and sheds their blood.	So bitterly ferd he with:	
	Agayn hem hadde thei no gryth,	1424
	Thay myȝt no more with-stande his myght,	

- So he was fers, stalworthe, and wyght. [lf. 22.] 1426
 And so thei fouzten and were wery,
 Off his strokes thei were sory. 1428
- ¶ But Lamedon, that douzti kyng,
 When he saw his men fleyng,
 With alle the men In his warde
 He ran thedur as a lyparde, 1432
 And sclow Gregeis here and there
 As a lyon fers and fere.
 He felde down some, and some fflow,
 And of here hors down hem drow, 1436
 And lete hem lye, and some storuen,
 Sore woundid and al for-koruen,
 Many he greued and al to-hewed ;
 That he was knyzt, ful wel he schewed : 1440
 He ferd with hem so sorily,
 That thay discomfith were wel ny.
- B**Vt when Pollus saw that syght,
 The Gregeis were so discomfyght : 1444
 With alle his men he thedur ran
 And sclow of the Troyens many a man.
 Many men was be-twene hem sclayn,
 When thei were alle on the playn 1448
 To-gedur mette with thaire batayles ;
 Eche man other ther assayles.
- ¶ But Lamedon saw, his men fauzt
 Ouer myzt and out of manzt,— 1452
 What with loue and what with awe,—
 A litel a-bak he made hem drawe
 And gedered hem alle on an hepe
 As a witti kyng, myzti, and zepe. 1456
- ¶ Duke Nestor aboue his scheld
 Lamedon that tyme be-held :
 He saw alle men do his byddyng,
- When Lamedon sees his men flying, he runs against the Greeks, and slays many of them.
- Then Pollux, with all his men, comes to help the Greeks.
- Lamedon draws his men a little back, and gathers them all together.
- Nestor sees that all obey Lamedon.

He hoped therfore, he was here kyng. [lf. 22, bk.] 1460

Alle thynges lefft—to him he ȝede,

To sele him, if he myȝt spede.

Lamedon
breaks his
spear on
Nestor,

¶ But Lamedon saw him comande

Towards him with spere In hande,

1464

He smytes his stede and slakes his rayne,

And rod to him as faste a-gayne

An[d] brak his spere in many a splent¹

On duk Nestor In that dynt;

1468

and does not
wound him;

He harmed him nouȝt worth a thong²,

For his Armes were so strong,

And elles hadde he ben sclayn

With Lamedon on the playn.

1472

but Nestor
grounds
Lamedon
and wounds
him.

¶ But Nestor on an-other wyse

Smot Lamedon by-fore al hyse:

He smot him on his scheld so

That he cleue hit euen In-two,

1476

And bare him doun to the grounde

And ȝaf him there an hidous wounde;

Lamedon
leaps up; they
fight again;

But he lepe vp with gret spede,

When he was born thus fro his stede,

1480

And drow his swerd raply & smert—

As hardi man and bold of hert—

And made him romme aboute and way

To duke Nestor—the sothe to say.

1484

Cedar comes
to his help
and smites
Nestor from
his horse.

A Newe-made knyȝt, that hyȝte Cedar,

Off Lamedon, his lord, was war

Among that prese faught on fote;

He thouȝthe to do ther-of gode bote³:

1488

He smot Nestor on his gold plate,

That he ȝede doun in-myddes the gate;

He bar him fro his hors in fyght

By-fore his lord, in the kynges syght.

1492

Whan Lamedon saw Nestor felde,

¹ MS. *asplent*.

² MS. *athong*.

³ b altered out of u.

- He thoght his strok scholde be ȝelde [lf. 23.] 1494
 That he ȝaf him at her Iustyng :
- Lamedon, that worthi kyng, 1496 Lamedon
 He hyed him faste to Nestor tho attacks Nestor
 And ȝaf strokes y-nowe and mo, again, and
 He brak his coyfe and his ketil-hat, would have
 That to his hed sore it sat. 1500 beaten him,
- He smot him so ryght in the face,
 That he hath lorn his solace ;
 For he was ther so for-bled
 And with that kyng so ouerled, 1504
 That he hadde dyed and ben for-don,
 Ne hadde him come socour son.
- ¶ But then come to that stour
 Many a Grek¹ to his socour 1508 had not many
 And fro the kyng of Troye him reffte, Greeks
 And elles had he his lyff ther leffte ; rescued him.
 Out of the pres [thei] him ladde,
 For of his lyff were thei adradde. 1512
- And Lamedon, that douȝti man,
 A noble stede the whiles wan
 And lep vp qwyk with-oute fayle
 And strok forth in that batayle. 1516 Lamedon leaps
 on another
 horse and
 begins fight-
 ing anew.
- ¶ Pollus brother, kyng Castor,
 Saw Cedar, that felde duke Nestor ;
 Wo was him for that fallyng,
 He thouȝth to make of him vengyng : 1520 Castor, seeing
 Cedar strike
 Nestor, tries
 to hit him
 sideways.
- ¶ But ther be-fel another knyȝt,
 That was of Troye, *Secundam* hyȝt,— 1524
 He was of Cedar blod and kyn,
 He was seker his ney cosyn,—
 He saw, how Castor wolde haue him smetyn

¹ MS. *agrek*.

² MS. *astede*.

	Sydlyng, or he hadde weten,	[lf. 23, bk.]	1528
	That wold he for non awȝt :		
Secundam, Cedar's cousin, attacks Castor,	Be-twene hem the strok he cawȝt And brast on kyng. Castor his spere ; But he myȝt not him doun bere,		1532
	Castor spere was tow and strong,— Ther was non strengre in al that throng ;—		
but is sorely wounded.	He smot Secundam in the syde A gret wounde and a wyde ¹ .		1536
	W Hen Cedar saw his Cosyn woundid, He was for del al confounded :		
	With drawen sword—as a wode man—		
Cedar attacks Castor,	Cedar thanne to Castor ran ; Cedar than in that wode brayd On Castor so wonderly layd,		1540
	That his helm al to-roffe, And his basenet to his hed droffe.		1544
wounds him in the face,	He wounded him in his visage For his ffoly and his outrage, That hit in alle his lyff was sene,—		
	And feld him doun vpon the grene ;		1548
and takes away his horse.	And his stede from him cauȝt And his sqwyer him by-tauȝt.		
	¶ Now Castor is from his hors born, His stede was taken and fro him lorn ;		1552
	Opon his fete he stode and fauȝt, Many a strok ² Cedar him rauȝt, And other mo that ther dede stande.		
Pollux, seeing his brother fighting on foot with Cedar and many others,	But kyng Pollus was ner-hande And saw, how Cedar & many other Ferd with kyng Castor, his ³ brother ; Kyng Pollus then come him ney Thedur with al his company,		1556
comes near with	He hadde with him In his eschele		1560

¹ MS. *awyde*.MS. *astrok*.³ MS. *Castoris*.

Seuen hundrid knyȝtes gode and lele.	[lf. 24.]	1562	seven hundred knights.
He ferde as he hadde y-raued,			
So fayn he wolde his brother haue saued.		1564	
He rod thanne al aboute			
To his fomen with gret route,			
And amonges hem [made] ful gret pay;			
To his brother he made him way,		1568	Pollux delivers his brother, and helps him to a new horse.
And halp him fro his foos hondes,			
And felde Troyens on the sondes,			
And brouȝt to Castor the Troyes stede,			
And halp him vp at his gret nede.		1572	
P olleus kyng brende as the fyr			
For gret wratthe, onde & ir ¹ ,			
That he had so his brother dyght			
And warisched him of his myght.		1576	
He saw a knyȝt agayn him—			Pollux then kills Eliachim, the king of Carthage's son and Lamedon's cousin.
His name was Eliachim,			
The kynges sone Sartaginis,			
And Lamedon Cosyn also y-wys—		1580	
He smot the knyȝt with al his myȝt			
Ryght be-fore the kynges syȝt,			
That he died be-fore his eyen			
With mechel wo and mechel pyn.		1584	
¶ Kyng Lamedon that be-held			Lamedon weeps, and blows thrice to gather his knights around him.
His cosyn dyed In the feld,			
ȝeld the gost be-fore him there,			
He wepte for him ful many a tere ² .		1588	
He sette his horn to his mouthe			
And blew thries, as he wel couthe;			
When he hadde blowen the thridde blast,			
The knyȝtes come aboute him fast,		1592	
Thei asked him, what him was;			
Lamedon saide to hem: 'alas!			Lamedon bids his knights
Se ȝe not my cosyn dere			

¹ MS. *hir*.

² MS. *atere*.

Trojens clepid that man Dotes, [lf. 25.] 1630

That Lamedon tho tydynges brouȝt;

Ther lyues alle thei set at nouȝt. 1632

WHan Lamedon these tydynges herde,

With Mechel del thenne he ferde;

Lord god! what him was wo!

For he wiste neuere wheder to go. 1636

But at the laste his horn he blew,

And his good men that him knew

Come aboute him wondur blyue,

As faste as thei myȝt driue. 1640

Lamedon is
embarrassed;
he blows his
horn;

his good men
approach
Troy, and see

¶ As thei reden to Troye ward,

Thei saw come many a lord¹,

Many Gryffons on a ffrape

With mychel spede² and mychel rape. 1644

Thay loked be-hynde hem to the see:

Off hem that fledde how it myȝt be?

He saw hem come be-hynde his bak

Afftir him a wel gode schak. 1648

that they have
Greeks in
front and back.

¶ Thenne hadde the Trojens wel gret awe,

For thei wist neuere whedir to drawe,

Thei were be-twene her fomen set.

Whan Hercules and thay were met, 1652

Hit was gret del and pite

What martirdom he made to be;

For thai of Grece were mo than thay

The double-fold—sothe to say. 1656

¶ Hercules rides oueral and rennes—

As a fulmard doth afftir the hennes—

Al forsothe that he tas he sles;

Til he haue doun, he wol not ses. 1660

Hercules,—
like a ful-
mar,—rides
up and down,
and slays all
he meets.

He makes aboute him styes and wayes,

His myȝt on hem he sayes.

¶ As he rode so aboute raykand, d j

¹ MS. *alord*.

² MS. *speche*.

¶ *Lamedon occisus est.*

	Lamedon sey he fyghtande,	[lf. 25, bk.]	1664
	That many a Greu hath sclayn that day ;		
	He rod to him—so weylaway!—		
Lamedon is killed by Hercules.	And smot ¹ in-two bothe nekke and bon,		
	And kest the hed fro him anon ;		1668
	Among the horses ther thei ran.		
	The Troyens then no counsel can,		
	When thei sey here lord so dede ;		
Almost all the Trojans fall ; only few escape.	Off hem-self kan thei no rede,		1672
	Alle 3ede to dethe that hem abode ;		
	Ther were ffewe that thennes rode,		
	For thei myzt no ferthere fle		
	To toure ne toun ne to cite.		1676
	N OW Lamedon is ded & sclayn,		
	And alle the kny3tes on the playn		
	With-oute the toun on the wolde,		
	Ther ne was leeffit nother 3ong ne olde.		1680
The Greeks then go to Troy, and kill all they meet there.	And thei of Grece ben went to Troye		
	With mery herte and mechel Ioye :		
	Alle that thei mette ther-In,		
	Thei dede to dethe, er thei wolde blyn.		1684
	Thei dwelled ther a ful ² monithe ³		
	In gode pees and in grithe,		
	Til thei hadde sought the toun aboute		
They plunder all the goods,	And robbed hit with-oute doute		1688
	Off al the good ther-Inne was,		
	Er thay wolde thennes pas.		
and carry off all the girls of gentle birth.	And alle the Maydenes that thei myght fynde,		
	That comen were of gentil kynde,		1692
	That louely were, 3ong, and free,		
	Thei ledde with hem ouer the see ;		
	And helde hem there in gret seruage,		
	That were come of gret parage.		1696
	As thei of Grece the toun sought		

¹ MS. *smot*. ² MS. *aful*. ³ The MS. first had *month*, a later hand [?] made *i* out of *t*, put an *e* behind the *h*, and altered this *e* to *t*; so the MS. now reads *monih*.

¶ *Ciuitas Troieanus destructus est.*

And mochel wo the Troyens wrought, [lf. 26.] 1698

Thei fond a fair Mayde and a curtays

In Lamedon kynges paleis, 1700

In Lamedon's
palace they
find Oxonie,
the king's
daughter.

That was of wonder gret beute,

The fairest may that man myzt se :

Long, and smal, and righth tretis

Was that mayden schapen y-wys ; 1704

That blisful, that swete wyght

Dame Oxonie forsothe sche hight ; ¶ *Oxonia Filia*

Sche was the kynges douzter Troyene¹, L'. Regis.

Getyn in wedlak on the qwene. 1708

¶ *Hercules toke Oxonie,*

That kynges douzter of genterie,

And 3af here Thelaman to mede,

In-to the toun for he furst 3ede ; 1712

She is given
to Thelaman,
who first
entered the
town.

For he was the furst man

That toke Troye, when thei it wan.

So weylaway ! that sche was born !

So fele gode men for here were lorn 1716

Woe that she
was born ! So
many good
men lost their
lives for her.
From her rose
all the woe !

Afftirward wel many a day,

As 3e afftirward here may ;

For bi here roos al the wo,

That sixti thousand kny3tes and mo 1720

Deyed for her, and al here kyn,

And gode Ector, here owne Cosyn,

And gode Troyle, and Dephebus,

And here brother Priamus, 1724

For her rape
died Hector,
Troylus,
Dephebus,
Priamus,
Pollexene,
Hectuba.

And Hectuba the gode qwene²,

And here douzter Pollexene ;

And alle that to Troye longed

For hir rape the deth ther songed. 1728

Thay of Grece haue robbed the toun,

And brend houses & throwen hem down ;

Thay lefft right nou3t that ought was worth, d ij

¹ MS. *troyene* ; the first *e* written by later hand over line.

² This line stands *behind* the next one in MS.

The Greeks
sail home.

That thei ne bar hit with hem forth [lf. 26, bk.] 1732
To ther scheppis and her naue ;
And sayled hom in sauete
With alle þe ¹ riche tresor of Troye,
And leuyd ther-on with moche Ioye, 1736
For thai were riche for eueremore
The while thei on lyue wore.

King Thelaman keeps
Oxonie as his
leman,

¶ But Thelaman, that worthi kyng,
Dame Oxonie, that lady zong, 1740
Held alle his lyff to his leman
And nold her not to his spouse tan ;
And sche was grettere than he
Or alle his kyn by suche thre ; 1744
Of her so was his lykyng ²
And mo also of his ofspryng ³.

and gets on
her Ajax
Thelamonyus,
who after-
wards worked
wonders in the
Trojan war.

But of here In his lechurie
Wan ⁴ he that knyzt of chiualrie : 1748
Ajax Thelamonyus,
That was so bold and vigurous,
Afftirward that at ¹ Troyes batayle
Wroght many a ¹ gret meruayle.— 1752

Thus Troy
was first lost
and won.

Thus was Troye formas lorn and wonne,—
Fille the cuppe who-so konne !

TRoye is downe and al to-rent
And lyth on the pament : 1756

The whole
town is de-
stroyed.

Ther nys nouzt stondende an hous
In al the toun to hide a mous ⁵,
That hit is ¹ downe and ouerthrowen,
Ther may the wynd wel colde blowen. 1760
That tyme that this chaunce be-fel

Priamus,
Lamedon's
son, was not
then at home.

Priamus—that sothe to tel—
A noble knyzt and a ful fair,
That was the kynges sone & his air, 1764
Was not at home in that contre :

¹ Over line by later hand. ² A later hand has made many scrawl-
ings and scribbles in this and other lines on this page. ³ MS.
osspryng. ⁴ MS. *W*han. ⁵ MS. *amous*.

¶ *Hic Priamus venit ad patriam suam.*

He was fer out of that Cite,	[lf. 27.]	1766	Priamus was far away,
A strong Castel to be-sege,			besieging rebellious
That was holden with his men lege		1768	liegemen in their castle.
That were aȝeyn his fadir rebelle.			
Off these tythandes herde he telle,			
He laffte the sege that was be-gonne,—			When he hears the
And elles for-sothe it hadde ȝe wonne		1772	news of Troy's fall, he raises the siege
The castel certes, hadde he a-byden ;			
But he is thennes with his men ryden			
With carful herte and sore wepyng,			
Til he wiste the sothe of this tythyng.		1776	
¶ Toward Troye he toke the way			and rides towards Troy
With alle his men, the next that lay ;			with all his men.
Til he come ther he neuere belan.			
Than was he a sori ¹ man,		1780	
When he saw al downe and brend,			He is very sorry, seeing
And his frendes dede and schend.			all burnt and his friends
He sorwede day and nyȝth,			dead.
Til he hadde ben a-wroken be his myȝth ;		1784	
He leuyd euere in gret wayment,			
Til he was ney-honde yblent.			
¶ But at the laste his wo he leffte			At last he resolves upon
And sayde, “he wolde make Troye effte		1788	building Troy anew, and
Wel stronger than it was ore,			sends for masons,
Widdur, lengur, and mochel more.”			slaters, carpenters, &c.
¶ He dede seche ouer-al and sende			
Afftir Masons fre and hende,		1792	
Sklatteres, Masons, and Carpenter,			
And other Men of alle mister,			
That schulde be-gynne to make that werk.			
Priamus hath sette the merk,		1796	
How long, how brod it scholde be ;			
The wryghtes haue hewen many a tre ² ,			
Postes, Pileres Many and grete ;		d iij	

¹ MS. *asori*.

² MS. *atre*.

They cut gray
and white
marble stones,

The Masons on the stones bete,— [lf. 27, bk.] 1800
Bothe of Marbil white and gray,—
To make the werk as I ȝow say :
Euere was a ston¹ of Marbil gray,
And another of white, of alle that lay. 1804

and set
images upon
the walls.

Many an ymage ther was grauen,
Wel smethe were thei alle schauen,
To sette with-outen vpon the walles.
On here chambres and on here halles 1808
Ther was wroght alle maner best,
That was walkynge In any forest,
Were koruen on the walles enviroun.
Many fair hous was in that toun. 1812

Many houses
and palaces
are built.

MAny worthi paleys and heye
Ymade² was ther of Masonrye.

Sithen god made first the werld,

Off suche on haue ȝe not herd 1816

That was so³ mechel of strengthe :

Hit was thre dayes iornes of lengthe,

And as moche it was of brede—

As men doth on boke rede. 1820

Suche a toun⁴ was neuere ȝit non,

Ne neuere schal be—by god alon !—

As longe as this world schal stande,

In cristendome ne in hethen lande⁵. 1824

The walls are
three hundred
feet high.

The wal fro the ground streygthe

Were thre hundred fete on heygthe ;

The lowest
cote is

The lowest cote with-Inne the close,

That was werst and lest of lose,— 1828

Sicurly as⁶ say alle men,—

fourscore and
ten feet high.

Was foure-score fete of heygthe and ten.

With-oute the toun is mad a dike,

Ther was neuere toun that hadde it like ! 1832

Hit was diked down plum,

¹ MS. *aston*.

² MS. *ymade*.

³ By another hand over line.

⁴ MS. *atoun*.

⁵ MS. *hande*.

⁶ I erased after *as* in MS.

That no man myȝth ther-ouer com.	[lf. 28.]	1834	
And ȝit he dede a paleis make			Priamus has
With-oute the diche, of many a stake,		1836	a palace built for himself,
That no man schulde the diche come to			
Ne no harm to the toun do.			
Afftir thanne so dede he make			
A paleis for his owne sake,		1840	
And a rennand ¹ fair reuer.			
But I wol not ther-of speke here,			
For afftirward schal ȝe here and see,			which I shall
How [was] that werk of gret noble.		1844	describe afterwards.
P riamus is lord and kyng—			Priamus is
Afftir Lamedons endyng—			king of Troy and other
Off Troie and many fair Cite			countries.
And of many other riche contre.		1848	
He hadde a lady to his wyff,			
Hectuba, that louely lyff;			His wife is
On here gat he children fyue,			called
The douȝtiest men that were on lyue.		1852	Hectuba. They have five sons.
¶ Gode Ector the furst hyght;			¶ Ector.
God made neuere a beter ² knyȝt			
Off douȝtinesse and of chiualrie			
In cristendome ne in paynie.		1856	
The secunde brother het Paris,			¶ Paris.
The fairest knyȝt that lyued ywis.			
The thridde name was Dephebus,			¶ Dephebus.
A doughti knyȝt and vertuus;		1860	
He was wys to ȝeue consayl			
Off alle that euere fel to batayl.			
The fourthe hight Elenus;			¶ Elenus.
The ȝongest doughti Troylus,			¶ Troylus.
A doughtier man than he was on		1864	
Off hem alle was neuere non,—			
Saue Ector, that was his brother,			d iiiij

¹ MS. *arennand*.

² MS. *abeter*.

Elenus was
the wisest
knight on
earth.

That neuere was gotten suche another, [lf. 28, bk.] 1868

And Elenus, that was the fourthe,

The wisest knyȝth a-boue erthe :

Off alle science of Clergye,

Retorike, and astronomye, 1872

He was forsothe a wis man¹,

Off alle science that any clerk can.

Priamus and
Hectuba have
also three
daughters:
Clusa, the
wife of Eneas,
who after-
wards
betrayed Troy.
Woe on him!

¶ Off Hectuba also gete he

Gentyl ladyes doughtres thre : 1876

The eldest, Clusa, weddid was

¶ Clusa².

Vnto that traytour Eueas³,

That afftirward trayed Troye ;

God ȝeue him sorwe and neuere Ioye ! 1880

The second
one, Cas-
sandra, was
wise and
witty.

¶ The secunde was of mechel pris,

A witti womman and a wys ;

Sche couthe alle the seuene science,

Men dede here gret reuerence 1884

For here wit and here konnyng ;

Cassandre thei called that may ȝyng. ¶ Cassandre².

The third was
the fair
Pollexene.

The thrydde was comely on to sene ;

Men clepid here dame Pollexene ; ¶ Pollexene². 1888

Ther lyued non so fair a wyght

In al this world to mannes syght ;

Ther fayled no vertu In here body,

Saue that god made here dedly. 1892

He got thirty
other sons on
other women.

And ȝit gat he on other wymmen

Thritti other doughti men,

That were euere gode knyghtes and sekir,

Bold and strong in eche bekir. 1896

*Consilium inter Troyanos ad pugnandum*⁴.

Troy being re-
built, Priamus
resolves to
hold a festival.

WHen Troye was wrought to the ende,

Priamus thoght In his a-tende,

That he wolde make a gret feste

With alle burgeis moste and leste : 1900

¹ MS. *wisman*.

² On the left side in MS.

³ The MS. has

Eueas throughout, cf. also ll. 5521, 7645, 7648, &c.

⁴ This line in

red paint.

The day is set, the feste is made;	[lf. 29.]	1901	
When thei hadde eten and were glade,			
¶ Priamus spak to hem an hey,			After the dinner,
With sykyng herte and heuy—		1904	Priamus reminds his
He seyde: 'lordynges ȝe ben here alle!			citizens of the
The moste partie to me schal falle,			shame the
And we haue set a-ȝeyn oure toun			Greeks have
That thei of Grece hadde cast a-doun;		1908	done them.
Thei haue don schame and vilonye			
To me and to alle my progenye,			
And to ȝow, gode men, also:			
What schame myȝth thei vs more do		1912	
Then scle oure kyng In oure lond,			
And bere away alle that thei fond,			
And robbe ¹ oure toun and brenne,			
And lede a-way wymmen and men,		1916	
And holde hem there In foule bondage			
That we held here of gret parage?			
That was—lo—a foule ² meschaunce!			
It were now tyme to take vengauce		1920	'Now is the
That haue now oure frendes schent			time,' he says,
And vs brought now in gret torment.			'to take
For we haue now a Cite strong,			revenge on
Wide, brode, and wonder long,		1924	these Greeks,
To herbare men with-oute mesure.			as we have a
For thei may not a-ȝeyns vs dure,			strong town,
In oure owne lond to do vs dere—			one large
Nought the value of a pere!		1928	enough to
For we haue frendes gret plente,			harbour
That ben alied to ȝow and me,			numberless
That schal ben to vs in mayntenaunce			people;
With alle her men and lyaunce,		1932	
And we ben riche and haue tresoure,			we have many
Siluer and gold with-oute mesure,			friends, and we
			are very rich.

¹ MS. *roble*, cf. 2675.

² MS. *afoule*.

To make of vitayles purueaunce [lf. 29, bk.] 1935

To oure allers sustenaunce. 1936

Ȝe wot wele, that alle Assye

Is vndir me, the moste partye ;

Wherfore me thenke : by resoun and skyl

We may vs venge, if that we wyl. 1940

But, as nobody
can foreknow
the end of
a war,

But for batayles ben euere in doute,

And er that it be brouzt aboute,

No man wote who schapis the better,

I advise that
we urge the
Greeks by
a messenger
to make
amends.

I rede that we sende oure letter 1944

Or elles Message by som lordyng

To hem of Grece that dide this thyng,

To make a-mendes of thaire trespas

That thei vs dede In this plas, 1948

Off that thei brende and doun threwe

That we haue made a-ȝeyn newe,

And that thei robbed so oure lond

And sclow oure frendes with here hond. 1952

If they will
not do so, but
will send back
my sister,

¶ And ȝif thei nyl amendes make,

Ne do so mochel for oure sake

With any other amende,

My sustir home that thei sende 1956

That thei holde ther in hordome,

Me to vylany and to schome,—

Ȝit scholde we thole her errour

That thei haue don to vs & our, 1960

we will be
content.'

That ther be no more ado

Be-twene hem & vs, if thei do so.

And thus me thinke we may sum-dele

Agayn men be excused wele.' 1964

All agree, but
think their
envoy must be
a very
clever man.

¶ Alle that euere sat and stode,

Saide, "his consail was gode ;"

But thei seide, "it most be

A witti man to passe the see, 1968

- That on this Message schuld go, [lf. 30.] 1969
 That thei for wratthe dede him not sco."
 The wisest man that thei had
 Was Antenor; the kyng him bad 1972 Priamus bids
 That he schulde on that erande wende, Antenor, then
 To wete of hem alle the ende. the wisest
 ¶ Antenor dede the kynges byddyng: man, to do the
 He dyght his schip with-oute dwellyng 1976 message.
 And spedde him faste on his viage, Antenor sails
 To do¹ the kynges gret message². to Thessaly.
 So longe he sayled day and nyght,
 To Thesalye he come right, 1980
 Ther Pelleus kyng dwelled than
 With Many a lord and many a worthi³ man.
 ¶ *Hic Rex Troiani misit nuncium ad Regem
 Grecorum⁴.*
ANtenor on londe is lyght,
 Wel arayed and semely dyght; 1984
 To Pelleus kyng he is now went
 And salued him faire verament.
 And he ȝede faire to his gretying
 And asked of him, "what tithying, 1988 King Pelleus
 Whennes he come, and what he was, asks the
 And what made him the see to pas Trojan for the
 In-to contrays, and what he soughte?" reasons of his
 And bad that he schulde gabbe noughte. 1992 coming
 ¶ Antenor saide: 'sir, by the rode!
 To telle the sothe so me be-houede.
 I schal ȝow telle ffor no Latyn,
 Off I schal therfore be sclayn— 1996
 For I am sworn be myn othe,
 To say the sothe for leeff or lothe:
 ¶ I come on Message fro the kyng of Troye
 To ȝow, sir kyng,—so haue I ioye! 2000 I come from
 the Trojan
 king to you,

¹ MS. *To to do.*

² MS. *gret me message.*

³ MS. *aworthi.*

⁴ These two lines in red paint.

to ask you
whether you
will make
amends for
the robbery,
and

send back his
sister Oxonie;
then he will
forgive all
your other
trespasses.'

Pelleus grows
very angry
with Priamus,
and says to
Antenor:

'Priamus is
a wretch,

and you, if you
don't go away
at once, shall
be put to
death, maugre
your king.'

The kyng of Troye to 3ow me sende [lf. 30, bk.] 2001
And asketh, whether 3e wol amende¹
The harme, the schame, the vylony,
The Mansclaughter and the robbery 2004
Off his fadir that 3e sclow,
And of good that 3e fro him drow,
And of his sustir Oxonie,
That 3e haue here In 3oure balye 2008
And make that ladi an hore to be
That is gentelour, then 3e or he
That holdes hir here on suche a manere²?
Sendes him home his sustir dere, 2012
And 3it wol he alle other trespas
For-3eue, when he hir at home has,
And be in qwyete and in pees,
And his fader deth relese 2016
And alle the good that 3e haue of his,
That no contake be-twene 3ow ris.'
WHen Pelleus kyng had herd this,
He was angered for-sothe y-wys, 2020
With Priamus was he ful wroth;
Fro Antenor a litel he goth,
His mautalent to refrayne
That dede his herte mochel payne 2024
For vilens wordes of Priamus.
To Antenor thanne seyde he thus:
He seyde, "he nolde 3eue a fecche,
He holdes him certes but a wrecche"— 2028
'And thow that hast these tythynges brouzt:
By him that al this world hath wrouzt!
'But thow go with-oute dwellynge,
In despite of thi lord thi kynge 2032
I schal do the to vyle dethe
With-oute consayle or other rede!'

¹ In the MS. line 2001 after l. 2002!

² MS. *amanere*.

- ¶ Antenor for ferd schoke, [lf. 31.] 2035 Antenor takes
With-oute leue his way he toke 2036 his departure
Toward his schip wonder faste without leave,
And sayled forth, til he were paste
Out of his lond in-to the see
Fer fro him In his contre. 2040
And sayled forth in his way
Many a nyȝth and many a day,
Til he were comen to Salenne;
A fair Cite ther was thenne, 2044 and sails to
Ther Thelaman dwelled In holds Oxonie
That þat Mayden held in syn. leman.
- ¶ When Antenor herde that tythand,
That Theleman was kyng of that land, 2048
Out of his schip to him he soughte;
And asked, "whether he wolde oughte
With him that he aftir spired?"
With the Troye[n]s was he a-greued, 2052
For he wiste wel, if that thei myȝth,
Thei wolde him reue the worthi wyȝth.
- ¶ Antenor sayde: 'sir, herkenes now!
The kyng of Troye send me to ȝow 2056 Antenor de-
And bad ȝow for ȝoure curtesye mands
Sende him home dame Oxonye,
Out of his lond that ȝe haue led,
That neuere wolde that lady wed, 2060 the return of
But holde hir with ȝow here the Trojan
As an hore and hores fere, princess
That is come of more honour Oxonie.
Than ȝe, sir kyng, and alle ȝour. 2064
And ȝif ȝe wole this so do,
In pees may ȝe for him be so.'
- T**helaman stode & these wordes herde,
He swore by him that made this werlde: 2068

And bad him sese of his spekyng,—	[lf. 32.]	2103	cease his speaking.
“Or he schulde deye, be heuene kyng!”		2104	
¶ He seyde: ‘falawe, what-so thow art—			
He that made the come hidirward,			Castor abuses Priamus,
I holde him a nyse ¹ cokard,			
I wot no man of him a-ferd;		2108	
A nyse ¹ Iauel is he that the sendis,			
That we schal make him amendis			
Off alle thinges that is ydon,			
Or sende him hom his suster son.		2112	
¶ What wrecche is he that biddis vs thus,			
When we hate him and he hates vs?			
Vs is leuere werre than pees;			
We wol not, that he relees		2116	
His fader dethe ne no-thing elles,—			
As thow thi message here vs telles—			
For we dede his sire neuere suche schame,			
That we ne schal do to him the same!		2120	
Other amendis wil we not make;			
But In his dispite and for his sake			and threatens to kill his messenger, Antenor.
We schul do the to dethe vyle,			
Iff thow dwelle here any while!’		2124	
A Ntenor for wratthe wex al pale,			Hence too Antenor steals away without taking leave.
Wtih-oute leue a-way he stale,			
As faste as he myȝth skippe;			
He toke the way to his schippe		2128	
And sayled a-way to the see,			
For ther durst he no lenger bee.			
To wende for-sothe to ende his nedis,			
To Pilon faste the knyght him spedis;		2132	He sails to Pilon, and tells Nestor his message.
Ther duk Nestor the knyght be-held,			
And his erand as-tyde he teld.			
Duk Nestor was ful of wratthe and ire			
Toward Antenor, that proudly sire,		2136	

¹ MS. *any e.*

64 *Nestor also rejects the Demand of Antenor, who then returns to Troy.*

That for tene chaunged alle his hewe : [lf. 32, bk.] 2137

Nestor
changes
colour,

He wex ȝolow, bloo, and blewe.

Antenor sees his colour meued,

That he come there ful sore him rewed ; 2140

He hoped neuere thenne to wende

With-outen deth and schamely ende.

and says :

Nestor sayde : 'thow seruauunt lythur,

'How can you
be so bold as to
speak thus in
my presence?
If I were not
a free and
noble man,
you should not
pass from me
alive.

How artow so bold these wordes wethur 2144

To speke hem here in my presence,

In my wratthe and myn offence ?

Certes ! ne were my genterye,

My fredom, and my curtesye, 2148

Thow scholdest not passe fro me on lyue :

That I schulde thi chekis on-sundir dryue,

Or I scholde In ȝoure kynges dispit

Thi bodi with hors to-drawe hit 2152

Thorow-out my lond, and take vengeance

Off thi proude wordis and contenaunce.

Hie you fast
away, or you
shall die !'

But hye the faste of my sight,

Or—here my trowthe I the plight !— 2156

Thow schalt deye with mechel pyne,

If thow dwelle longe in lond myne !'

Antenor steals
away, afraid of
his life,

Antenor stale away fro him,

He dredde to lese bothe lyff and lym ; 2160

He stale to schipe and sayled a-way,

For he dredde Nestor ay.

and sails to
Troy,

He sayled forthe on his iornay,

Til he come to Troie contray ; 2164

where they are
very glad of
his return.

Ther he fond manye on glade,

For his come gret Ioye thei made.

ANtenor is comen to Troye,

Off his comyng thei made Ioye, 2168

Al that lond and that Cite.

To Priamus as-tyde went he

{ And told }

¶ *Hic Rex Troianorum iratus est.*

And told "what answere that he hadde, [lf. 33.] 2171

And how the lordis alle him badde 2172

Out of here lond that he schulde fle,

Or he scholde honge on a tre¹,

Or al to-drawe him lym fro lym

In dispite forsothe of hym ;" 2176

'For thei seyde alle by on sawe,

Thei tolde right nauȝt of thyn awe,

For of thi loue kepe thei nought ;

This wratthe echon thay sette at nought. 2180

And thi sustir most be bought

Wyth dynt of swerd, or thow getest hir nought.'

When Priamus this vndir-stode,

Wel coldful tho was his blode, 2184

Gret sorwe in his herte made,

Ther myght no man that day him glade.

Then was the kyng bothe wan and pale

And sat doun stille In the sale ; 2188

He was an-angred and greved,

That Antenor was so repreued

On his message a-monges the Grues ;

That he come ther, wel sore him rewes, 2192

And that thei set by him so lyght ;

He thoght be wreken, if he myght,

Off here euel dedis and answeres,

And so he wol, and so he sweres. 2196

Anon he dede afftir sende

The grete of Troye that were hende,

And spake thus to alle that wore

Comen then to-gedir thore ; 2200

He seide : 'lordynges, ȝe wot wel alle,

That ben now sembled² In this halle,

I sente message—as ȝe me consayled,

Ful wele I wende hit wolde avayled— e j 2204

Antenor tells the Trojans of the answers he received.

They make Priamus full of sorrow.

He thinks of revenge, and sends for the lords of Troy.

When they are together, he says to them : 'I sent a messenger by your advice

¹ MS. *atre*.

² MS. *semblent*.

to the Greek kings, who slew my father Lamedon :	To the kynges and lordes of Grece, That robbed ȝow and this contrece, That Lamadon, my fader, sclow, And ȝoure kynrade to hem drow :	[lf. 33, bk.] 2205
demanding that they should make amends,	If thei wolde amendes make For curtesye and for oure sake, That we myght In pes be so, That ther were no more a-do ;	2208
or send back my sister.	Or if thei wold hit not amende, That thei wolde my sustir sende, And I and ȝe wold be In pes, And alle oure harmes make reles.	2212
But Antenor has come back, and you all know his news and answers :	But Antenor, oure Messenger, Is come home, as ȝe se her ; ȝe haue alle herd of his thythynges, And what answeere fro hem he brynges :	2216
The Greeks are not afraid of us, and will not send back my sister.	Thei say thei haue of vs no drede, Thei wol non amendes bede ; Ne my sustir—the sothe to say— Fro hem wol thei not sende a-way, But holde hir there in feble herues In my dispite and my repreues.	2220
Now all people will wonder, why we don't take revenge on those who thus abuse us.	Now schal alle men on vs wondur, If we so foule schal be put vndur, That we no-wyse dar take vengauunce Off hem that dede vs this greuauunce, But sendes vs word : “ that hem liketh wele Of that thei dede eche a dele ¹ , And that thei greued vs neuere so sore, That thei wole greue vs more.” Wolde it neuere god, that it were so Al that thei say thai myght do !	2224
And as I think we are stronger than they,	For I holde vs now—be my fay !— Better and strengre than thay,	2228
		2232
		2236

¹ MS. *adele*.

- And we ben wel kynned and fyn, [lf. 34.] 2239
 And haue a toun¹ wil vs tyn. 2240 and have
 ¶ Wherfore, lordes, me thynketh: gode wore a strong town,
 That we sone strengthe kyd hem thore, we had better
 That vs so foule hath reuyled, show our
 I wolde, that thei were be-gyled, 2244 strength at
 As thei dede vs here of this toun, once,
 Whan thei brende hit & kest it down.
 I wold, we sente ouer the see
 Men of Armes gret plente, 2248 send a great
 That myght haue ryued vn-warned thore army over the
 On some of hem, or thay were wore, sea,
 And slee and robbe, brenne and reue
 Alle that thei founde, and no-thing leue; 2252 to slay the
 Or if thei myght som ladi wyne, Greeks,
 That comen were of gentil kynne, and carry off
 That we may holde in oure baylie some gentle-
 In-stede of dame Oxonye.' 2256 woman.'
- ¶ The lordes ros vp alle that there ware,
 An[d] seide trewely: "thei wold not spare
 Body ne good ne non other thyng,
 But al schulde be at his byddyng, 2260
 His comaundement and his wille
 And of his fomen to fulfille."
- ¶ Then was Priamus wondur blythe,
 And thonked hem an hundred sythe. 2264
 Thai toke here leue hom to go
 And toke hem leue on goddis half tho;
 And bad hem thenke on alle thyng
 To be euere redi at his sendyng. 2268
- A**lle the lordes ben home gone;
 Priamus is left al alone,
 Saue his children and his meyne
 Off that contra that were pryue. e ij 2272

¹ MS. *atoun*.

¶ *Consilium inter Regem Troianum et Filios suos.*

Priamus

He is anoyed and al agrised, [lf. 34, bk.] 2273

That thay of Grece him so dispised;

weeps, and
reminds his
children anew
of the evil
deeds of the
Greeks.

The water brast out at his eyne,
So hadde his herte mochel pyne. 2276

He saw his children that were him by,

And spak to hem thus al an hy;

He sais: 'lordynges, be 3e ought,

What schame these Grues haue vs wrought! 2280

How thei sclow 3oure gode a3el!

And 3et ben thei of herte so fel,

That thai 3oure aunte foule fro 3ow holde

In hordam certes, as vs is tolde, 2284

In schame of 3oures and gret dispite.

Me thynketh ther-of, that with alle 3oure myzte,

Whil 3e are 3onge at 3oure begynnyng,

That 3e sette ther-on alle 3oure konnyng: 2288

Off hem, that were my [fader] bane

And haue my suster fro me tane,

To venge 3ow, 3if that 3e mowe;

For litel prise sette thai be 3owe. 2292

and bids
Hector, his
oldest son,
especially, to
take the charge
of the war
wholly in hand,

ANd thow, Ector, myn eldest sone,
On my blessing and on my benysone,

Take this charge holly on the,

I praye the for the loue of me! 2296

For I am fer passed in elde,

That I may not my-selff welde,

And thow art hardi, strong, & bolde

Be-fore alle men, and most of tolde; 2300

Thow passes alle men of strengthe & myght,

Men knowen nowher so hardy a knyght.

That arn vnboxom, sterne, and stought¹,Thow makest hem fayn to the to lought¹; 2304

Thi bretheren alle In hardinesse

Thow passes hem In doughtinesse.

¹ MS. *stought* for 'stout' and *lought* for 'lout.' These forms show that, to the scribe, *gh* was not guttural.

I make the ther-fore lord and sire	[lf. 35.]	2307	to be the
Off alle my lond and myn Empire		2308	leader of all
And also of thi brotheres alle			the princes,
And alle that euere vnto vs falle;			knights, dukes
Prynce, knyzt, duke, and kyng,			and kings,
Alle schal be at thi byddyng.		2312	
And take this thyng on the be-dene,			and to under-
For I make me here-of alle clene			take it at once.
And take hit the here In thyn hond;			
For strenger than I thow art to fond		2316	
Suche lordschepe to vndirtake.			
Say not nay, sone, for my sake!			
E ctor sayde: 'be god almyght!			Hector
I am most holden by skyl and right		2320	answers: 'I
To venge the dethe of myn azel			am the best
In stoures stiffe and strong batayle,			to take
For I am eldest—as 3e haue told—			revenge for
Off alle my bretheren 3ong and old;		2324	my grand-
Therefore schulde I be resoun be best			father's death,
And al my wit ther-to kest.			as I am the
But on thyng, fader, I pray 3ow, dere,			eldest of my
That 3e wolde now me here		2328	brothers.
And haue it in gode memorie:			
That 3e be wele a-vysed and selye,			But what end
What ende 3e hope hit wol come to.			will this
For if it be bygunnen so		2332	undertaking
And it come to no good ende,			have?
Then be we schent and alle oure frende,			If it comes to
And schal haue a schame ¹ ther-by			a bad end, we
With-uten ende and vilony.		2336	shall be the
I haue herd say and red in boke,			more dis-
That a wis man ² schal not loke			graced.
Afftir a thing that is atte begynnyng,			
But euere-more afftir the endyng;	e iij	2340	

¹ MS. *aschame*.

² MS. *wisman*.

All Africa and
Europe
belong to
the Greeks;
they are a
great deal
richer and
stronger than
we.

Oxonie is old,
and not worth
shedding our
blood for.
Therefore give
up your
intent!

Don't think
that I say so
for cowardice.

By God and
St. Dionys!
I only think
of your
honour,

for I fear we
shall lose our
good name in
such a war.'

For many thynges begynnes wele [lf. 35. bk.] 2341
And in the ende fares amys euery dele.

Wyte 3e not, that alle Aufrik
And al Europe euery stik 2344

Is vndirput to hem of Grece?
How riche thei ben of rentes and fece?
And how the lond is ful of kny3tes
That doughti ben and strong of fyghtes? 2348

Thay ben richer for-sothe then we,
And mo als by thousandis thre!

For Oxonye is not so good,
That 3e, fader, and alle oure blood 2352

For hir scholde to vile deth be brou3t;
Here ramsoun were to dere bou3t.

Sche may deye with-Inne a throwe,
And sche is old—alle men knowe;— 2356

Leue therfore that 3e haue thoght,
That 3e ne turne 3oure wil to noght!

Ne thenk not, fader,—I 3ow pray—
That I thes wordes vnto 3ow say 2360

For drede of herte ne cowardyse!
By god of my my3t and seynt Denyse!

But for I wold, thorow prosperite
3oure gret worschepe and dignite 2364

Lasted euere In reste and pes,
And that 3oure honour schulde neuere sese.

¶ But certes, fadur, I me drede,
If 3e folgly this werre lede, 2368

That 3e begynne a newe debate;
3e schal lese for euere-more oure state

And oure worschepe and oure name,
And wyne vs schenschepe and schame.' 2372

Paris sat and held his pes;
He herkenes al that Ector seys.

Whan he saw Ector sitte in pes,	[lf. 36.]	2375	
Paris ros vp fro the des		2376	After Hector's speech, Paris rises and says :
And spak on hye, herande hem alle			
That stode or sat In that halle ;			
He seyth : ' my lord, er 3e wende,			
I schal 3ow telle of a good ende		2380	' I foretell a good end of our battle, if we assail the Greeks.
That we schal haue of oure batayle,			No such town as ours is elsewhere on earth.
If we the Grues wol assayle.			
How scholde we by skyl be a-ferd ?			
Suche a toun is non [on] mydlerd,		2384	
As is this toun is nowher non ;			
Ther is no man with fleche ne bon,			
That in oure toun may vs confounde ;			
It is so strong of walle and grounde.		2388	
Sende 3oure men and 3oure naue			Send our army and navy boldly over the sea !
Boldely, sir, ouer the see !			
And als god 3ow mote amende,			
Loke that 3e me with hem sende ;		2392	And send me with them, for it is my chance to do the Greeks much harm, and to bring from Greece a gentle, fair young lady.
For I wot wel : it is my chaunce			
To do the Gregeys gret greuaunce,			
And oute of Grece to 3ow brynge			
A gentil lady fair and 3ynge,		2396	
That is comen of gentil blode,			
As fair and as gode			
And as gret of genterye			
As 3oure suster Oxonye.		2400	
And if 3e aske how I wot this,			
I schal 3ow telle—so haue I blis :—			
¶ The noble god Mercurius			Mercurius told me this in my sleep :
In my sclepyng he told me thus ;		2404	
How, and wenne, and in what wyse,—			
I schal 3ow telle, or 3e aryse.			
T his endir day, whan I was sent			
At 3oure biddyng and comaundement	e iiij	2408	

72 *Paris relates his Dream of three Goddesses being brought to him.*

¶ **Hic Paris Filius Regis Troiani narrauit patri suo de sompno suo.**

When I was hunting in Little India,	To the lond of lytel Inde,	[lf. 36, bk.]	2409
	I ȝede to hunte the ¹ hert & hynde.		
	Whan I was comen to the forest,		
I found no deer till the afternoon.	Off al that day fond I no best,		2412
	Til it was passed ouer the none.		
	By him that sittes in trone!		
Then I was aware of a fair great hart;	Then was I war of a gret hert,		
	Fair, and gret, and ful smert,		2416
	That ȝede on land and was to leyne;		
	Then was I glad and wondur fayne,		
I followed him till night, and then lost sight of him.	I folwed him, til hit was nyght,		
	And til of him I loste the syght		2420
	Thorow derknesse of the leues		
	That growed vpon the greues.		
	I was weri of hunted & chased,		
	So hadde I that proude hert trased;		2424
	My hors forsothe was ondeles		
	For rennyng and for werines;		
	My felawes hadde I alle lorn,		
	That tyme with me was no wyght born.		2428
After having lain down and fallen asleep,	I layd me down vpon the playn		
	And tyed myn hors be the rayn;		
	Whan I was leyd, er I toke kepe		
	For werinesse I fel on slepe.		2432
	As I lay on my selepyng,		
methought I saw a bright god bring to me three fair goddesses:	Me thoght I saw a wondir thyng:		
	I saw a god ² bryghter then the glemyng		
	Come to me in my dremyng,		2436
	And in his hond brouȝt goddis thre,		
	And alle were faire on to se.		
	That on goddes of the thre was		
Pallas,	—As he me sayde—goddesse Pallas;		2440
	The secunde was also		
Juno,	A louely lady, dame Iuno;		

¹ MS. *to the*.

² MS. *agod*.

The thridde goddesse was dame Venus	[lf. 37.]	2443	and Venus.
That come with god Mercurius.		2444	
Mercurius sayde: "loke vp, Paris,			Mercurius
So haue thow Ioye In erthe or blis!			bade me
By-holde Right wel these thre goddesse,			behold them
For thei ben alle in gret distresse,		2448	well, as they
For a stryff is be-twene hem rayсед;			were in great
But thorow the it schal be pesed,			distress, a
For pei haue put hem in thi dome.			strife having
Loke therefore, thow 3yue gode gome,		2452	risen between
That thow 3eue now rightful Iugement			them which
Afftir thi sight and thin entent.			must be
T Hese thre goddesse this endur day			decided by me.
Sat at the feste of gret noblay;		2456	To these three
An Appul was to hem ybrought,			was brought
A wondur fair and qweyntly wroght.			a golden apple
That appul is with-oute doute			
With lettres of gold wreten aboute:		2460	
That it scholde trewly 3euen be			
To the ffairest of the thre.			"for the
Iff that thow wol so moche do			fairest."
That thow 3eue it dame Iuno,		2464	
So worthi a man In al this world			'If you give it
Is non leuyng—as man has herd,—			to Juno,' said
As sche treuly schal the make			the god, 'she'll
For that semely appul sake.		2468	make you the
And if thow 3eue it goddess Pallas,			worthiest man
Sche schal the 3eue, or thow pas,			on earth;
Wit, and wisdom schaltow haue			if to Pallas,
More than thow woldest craue.		2472	she'll give you
And 3if thow 3eue it to dame Venus,			more wit and
Sche bad, I scholde telle the thus:			wisdom than
The ffairest wiff that is in Grece			you crave;
To thi merite therfore sche besc.		2476	if to Venus,
			she'll give you
			the fairest wife
			in Greece.

74 *Paris gives the Apple to Venus, who promises him the fairest Wife.*

Now loke wele, how thow demes, [lf. 37, bk.] 2477
Whiche of these best besemes."

I looked at
them for
a long time,
and saw them
all naked.

I vysed longe these ladyes thre,
Me thoghte hem alle of gret beute; 2480
But I saw hem alle In suche a poynt,
That thei were naked In ilke a Ioynt;
Thei seyde: thai nolde not for me spare;
Thei stode be-fore me naked and bare. 2484

Venus seemed
to me to be the
fairest; and
I gave her the
apple. She
promised me
the fairest wife
of Greece.

¶ To me Venus the fairest semed,
For-whi to hir the appul I demed;
And sche ther-of was fayn y-now
And smoterly on me sche low, 2488
And hight me, or sche fro me ȝede,
That I scholde haue to my mede
The fairest wyff of Grece land
In my bandoun¹ and In my band. 2492
And I am ther-of sekir and trayst,
That ȝe no-thing be ther-of a-baist

So you may let
me pass the
Greek sea.
I shall do them
much harm,
for the gods do
not lie.

To lete me pas the Greckis see;
For it is certes my destanee 2496
To harme Gregeys & greue hem sore,
When I am come to hem thore;
For ȝe wot wele, and I wot als,
That goddis beheste is not ffals.' 2500
When he hadde seyde, he spak no more,
But sette him down as he sat ore.

Then Dephebus
says:
'If men knew
beforehand
that an under-
taking would
go amiss,
nobody would
begin anything
at all.

BVt sir Dephebus ros vp than,
And his reson thus be-gan 2504
And seide: 'lordynges, if it were so,
Off eche a thyng that men schulde do,
If thei caste that noght be-falle,
Nis no man² of vs nowher, bonde ne thralle, 2508
That any-thing scholde be-gynne, fro drede
That he scholde fayle or euel spede.

¹ MS. landoun.

² MS. noman.

¶ *Adhuc consilium inter Regem Troianum et Filios suos.*

But dyght 3oure schippes and 3oure meyne, [lf. 38.] 2511

And sende Paris with hem and me; 2512

And if it be so that we may wynne

Any lady of gentil kynne,

Thei schal be glad a chaunge¹ to make

And qwite 3oure suster for hir sake. 2516

And so may we our chalange werke,

For alle men schame now of vs speke.'

Elenus, the brother fourthe,

Ros and stood vpon the erthe 2520

And seyde: 'fader, loke 3e be war,

And alle that in this paleis ar!

3e wot wele alle, I haue ben ay

Lered wele and can sothe say 2524

Off euery a thyng that is to come;

And that wot 3e bothe alle and some,

That I seide neuere 3it prophecie,

That it ne was sothe with-oute lye. 2528

¶ And I telle 3ow that ben here,

And namely 3ow, my fader dere,

That, if 3e sende my brother Paris

To the lond of Grece y-wis 2532

To Robbe, to reue, or harme to do,

Alle we schal dye, and 3e also,

And my Moder, 3oure wyff, the qwene,

And alle 3oure sones, and Pollexene; 2536

And al this toun schal turne to nau3t,

If 3e fulfille that 3e haue thou3t:

For sikurly hit schal be brent,

I-throwen down, and al to-rent.' 2540

When Elenus hadde told his tale,

The kyng fro drede gan wexe pale,

Off his wordes was he a-ferd sore,

And so were alle that there wore. 2544

Therefore send
Paris and me
with ships;
and if we win
any noble
lady, the
Greeks will be
glad to give
back your
sister for her
sake.'

Elenus then
rises and says:
'Father, be-
ware!'

I know all
that will
happen, and
never yet told
you a lie.

If you send
Paris to
Greece,

we shall all die,

and our town
will be de-
stroyed and
burnt down.'

The king is
afraid of these
words, and so
are all the
others.

¹ MS. *achauunge*.

His wordes thenne alle gon a-fere, [lf. 38, bk.] 2545

For thei wiste wele he lyed neuere;

Ther was no man In that paleis

Amonges hem alle ther o word seys; 2548

But sat alle stille euerychon,

As who hadde schauen hem a croun¹.

Troilus starts
up and says:

Troilus saw, thei sat al stille;

That knyght thoght ther-at ille, 2552

Vpon his feet he start vp blyue

And seide: 'lordynges, so mote 3e thryue!

'What ails
you, lords?

What may this be that 3ow now ayles?

For a caytiff herte ffayles, 2556

Haue 3e ther-of alle suche wondur?

You will not
find a feebler
heart than
his;

Off men sought amonges a hundur,

A feebler herte schulde 3e not ffynde

Thow 3e sought henne in-to Inde; 2560

3e 3eues him alle to clergie,

For he is ferd of Chiualrie.

let him go to
the temple and
become
a priest!

Lete him go, if he be aferd,

To the temple, and schauē his berd, 2564

And helpe the Clerkes belles to ryngē,

And make him a prest² a masse³ to synge!

And let those
who shame to
be cowards, go
to take
vengeance.

And that haue schame and drede

Off vilonye that men him bede, 2568

Lete him go venge here mortel foos,

And fle reproues and wyn hem loos!

A fool is he
who thinks
that men
know what is
to come.

He is a fole⁴ that wolde trowe,

That any man on erthe knowe 2572

Off thing that is to come the sothe,

For suche is non, with-uten othe!

For chiualry wel sore he hates,

He wol neuere-more were yren plates. 2576

Wherfore, sir kyng, are 3e frayed

And of his wordes euel payed?

¹ MS. *acroun*.

² MS. *aprest*.

³ MS. *amasse*.

⁴ MS. *afole*.

¶ *Hic concordati sunt de consilio eorum.*

Dightes 3oure schipes and sende 3oure men [lf. 39.]	2579	Prepare your ships, and
To gret Grece by thousandes and ten,	2580	send your men to Greece, to take revenge.'
And venge 3ow on 3oure enemys,		
And turne 3oure schame to lose and pris !'		
When he hadde sayd, he sat him doun,		
And alle that were of that toun	2584	
Blessed him for his manhede		All approve,
And seide : " he was wise and good of rede."		
Thai seyde echon with-uten fayle :		
" Thei wolde do Troylus consayle ;"	2588	
Thei bad the kyng : " how so it fare,		and bid the king prepare the expedition.
He scholde dyght his men al 3are ;		
No lengur thei wolde abyde		
In-to Grece alle for to ryde."	2592	

N Ow ben thei alle at on acorde,
Kyng and prince, duke and lorde,
In-to Grece for to go,

Be hit to wele or to wo. 2596

¶ Priamus called with-oute more		Priamus sends Paris and Dephebus to 'Pauonye,' to gather troops.
His sone Paris to him thore,		
And Dephebus, the brother thridde,		
And bad him go hem mydde.	2600	

He bede hem go to Pauonye
And gadur ther her gret chyualrye,
Knyghtes fele of gret feute,
To wende with hem ouer the see, 2604

¶ And thei anon with-oute abode		
Toke ther leue and thedur rode.		
When thei were come to that prouynce,		
Thai told here erand to the prynce ;	2608	

Here askyng was not of him werned,		The prince of that province helps them.
At his power he dede here herend.		

¶ The morwe sone, whan it was day,		
Priamus sente by euery a way ¹	2612	

¹ MS. *away*.

¶ *Hic Rex mandauit post Magnatos Troianos.*

	His Messangeres of Troye to crye,	[lf. 39, bk.]	2613
	That euery lord scholde faste hye		
	To his paleis with-oute dwellyng,		
	To here a-monges hem his tellyng.		2616
	Thei sped hem faste and 3ede anon ;		
In a parlia- ment Priamus addresses the Trojan lords :	When thei were comyn euerychon, Kyng Priamus to hem thus sais :		
	‘My trewe lordes, my trewe burgeis !		2620
‘You all know the shame the Greeks did us.	To 3ow alle it is right couthe, How we ben in euery mannes mouthe For the schame and vilonye, The Mansclauzter and the robberye,		2624
	That Gregeis dede sumtyme to oure. I wolde ther-fore by consayl 3oure Venge vs alle, if we myght, Off oure enemys, and that is right.		2628
Let us send my son Paris to take re- venge.	I thenke to sende Paris my sone, To venge vs, if he conne. But for I nolde noght a3eyns 3oure wil Do no-thing, and that is skyl,		2632
	I wol not do with-oute 3oure assent, And therfore afftir 3ow I sent. Say me now 3oure owne lykyng :		
I sent for you to know your will.’	How lykes 3ow my begynnyng ?		2636
Partheus, the son of Eufor- bius, says :	Ther was a kny3t, het Partheus,— His fader hight Euforbis,— He seyde : ‘my lord, my dere kyng ! I am 3oure knyght and 3oure vndirlyng,		2640
	3oure lordschepe to knowe and reuerence :		
‘Nobody was wiser than my father.	I hadde a fadir of gret science, Ther was not In Europe ne in Assye So wyse a man of Philosophye ;		2644
He often told me that, if Paris went to Greece	He tolde me ofte—so god me spede !— That, if Paris to Grece 3ede,		

A wyff with fors for to wyne,	[lf. 40.]	2647	to steal a
That 3e ther-by and alle 3oure kynne		2648	woman, you
Schamely schul dye, and this fair toun			would all die,
Schal be brend and thrawen doun.			and this fair
¶ Therefore, my lord, my kyng dere,			town be burnt.
Venge the not In suche manere		2652	Therefore
That 3e and 3oures be alle for-don!			don't take
Leue 3oure purpos and turne it son!			your ven-
And if 3e wol algates wende,			geance in this
The Gregeis to qwelle and to schende,		2656	way,
Let another then Paris go,			but let another
Or elles we gon alle to wo,			than Paris go.'
And alle kyn and al oure lynage			
Schal turne to nought; and this vilage,		2660	
That is so noble, strong, and gay,			
Schal be brend with ffir a-way.'			
G Rete noyse and mochel cry			The Trojan
Was ¹ among the lordes witterly		2664	lords make an
In the halle, when he thus sayde;			uproar, and
Thei were echon with him euel I-payde,			bid Partheus
Thei [bad] him of his wordes sese			be silent.
And holde him stille and be in pese;		2668	
Thei held al fals that he tolde,			
Thei sayde: "he raued, for he was olde;"			
Thei seyde echon by on speche,			They say:
That Paris schold go to take wreche.—		2672	'Paris shall
But when this word was told to Cassandre,			go.'
That thei wold sende Alysandre			When Cassan-
In-to Grece to brenne and robbe,			dra hears this,
Sche by-gan to syke and sobbe ² .		2676	she begins
¶ Sche seyde: 'alas, that fair Cite!			sobbing:
Noble Troye, thi destene			
Is hard and wicke, that the schal falle!			'Alas, fair
Tour and bour and other houses alle		2680	town! Noble
			Troy, thy des-
			tiny is hard!

¹ MS. *was*.

² MS. *soble*, cf. l. 1915.

With-Inne a while it schal be down thrawen, [lf. 40, bk.]
 And alle schal be brend, with fir sclawen.' 2682

¶ Afftir then seide sche thus:

Alas, Priamus! 'Alas, thow gode kyng Priamus! 2684
 What sin have you done,
 that you shall die so soon?

What is thi synne that thow hast don,
 That thow and thyne schal dye thus son?
 And thow, my fadur¹, what is thi synne,
 That thow art wounden² and lapped Inne? 2688
 And alle that euere thow hast born,
 Schaltow se before the lorn.

Why do you let Paris go to Greece?'
 Whi let ȝe now Paris wende
 In-to Grece, that vs schal schende?' 2692

¶ Sche ran down thenne in-to the halle,
 And on her knes be-gan to falle,
 And seyde: 'lord kyng, I praye the:
 Rewe on thi-selff, thi wiff, and me, 2696
 And on thi sones faire and bolde!
 For if it be—as men me tolde—
 Iff that Paris to Grece schal wende,
 Ther is no man³ that schal defende, 2700
 That we ne schal dye with-Inne a while⁴
 Schenful dethe forsothe and vile.'

But Priamus mocks her, and sends her away. ¶ He bad hir go to hir chambur
 And folde hir kercheues of silk & lambur. 2704
 So weylaway that it was so,
 That he nolde afftir hir do!

Had he followed her counsel, he'd not have died so soon.
 For hadde he don afftir hir rede,
 Hadde he not so sone ben dede, 2708
 Ne the Cite not be brent,
 Ne alle hir kyn so foule be schent.
 In al the world suche a Cite⁵
 Neuere was ne neuere schal be. 2712

HIt was afftir vpon a day
 In the monthe certes of May,

When Paris

¹ Read *modur*? ² MS. *wounded*. ³ MS. *noman*. ⁴ MS. *awhile*.
⁵ MS. *In al the world was suche a Cite*.

Hic venit Paris ad Insulam Thitharie.

When Paris come fro ¹ Pauonye	[lf. 41.]	2715	Paris brings from Pauonye
And broght with him gret chiualrye;		2716	a great army.
Thre thousand knyghtes that were assayed			
Broght with him wel arayed;			
And alle here schippis were redy dyght			
And fraught with vitayles and wel pight.		2720	
¶ And Priamus bad Polimodas,			Priamus bids Polimodas,
Antenor, and Eueas,			Antenor, and
That thei with Paris to Grece schulde wende,			Eneas go with
To brynge this thyng to an ende.		2724	Paris to Greece.
Thei toke leue as-tyde and 3ede			
To here schippis with mechel spede.			
Thei sayled euere bothe day and nyght,			
Til thei hadde of Grece a syght;		2728	They sail day and night, till
Thei saw an Ile of Gregeis land—			they get sight of the Greek
Het Thitharie, I vndir-stand;—			island Thi- tharie, and
Toward that Ile drow thei faste.			land there.
When thei come there, anker thei caste,		2732	
And tyed here schippis in that porte			
And 3ede to londe to take disporte.			
I N that Ile of Thitharie			The temple of Venus.
Was a temple of Auncetrie		2736	
Set In honoure of Veneris,			
Ther sche hadde mochel worschepe ywis;			
For alle the men of that land			
Make to here gret offerand		2740	
Off siluer, gold, and tresour;			
Ther was richesse with-oute mesour.			
For thei truste alle and vndirstode,			
That no man myght do but gode,		2744	
The whil thei hadde help of here			
Many a lond and many a schire.			
For then held thei an hye feste-day			Her feast-day.
Off that goddesse with gret noblay:	fj	2748	

¹ MS. *to*.

	On here manere and there a-vise	[lf. 41, bk.]	2749
	Thei made to here gret sacrifice		
	Off Bolles, Bores, and other bestes.		
Paris goes to the festival with his fel- lows, and sacrifices.	When Paris herde of these festes,		2752
	¶ He wente to that solennite,		
	The temple and that Ioye to se ;		
	And his ffelawys with [him] 3ede,		
	Semely dyght in golden wede,		2756
	And offered there, as other dede,		
	And his felawes forth myde.		
He is clad like a king ; the Greeks never saw a hand- somer man.	¶ He was apparayled as a kyng ;		
	Alle men seide, bothe old and 3yng :		2760
	"So fair a man saw thei neuere non,		
	Made in erthe of blod ne bon."		
	Men askede alle : "what he myght be,		
	And when he was, and of what contre,		2764
	And what he did in that lond thore ?"		
	Men spak of him bothe lasse & more,		
	Off his beute spak 3onge and olde.		
This is told to Queen Eleyne, who dwells near.	At the laste the word was tolde		2768
	¶ To qwene Eleyne, that was fair and milde,		
	That dwellid a litel with-oute the Ilde		
	In a castel gret & strong.		
	The los of Paris so wide sprong		2772
	Off his noblay and beute,		
	That Elene saide : "sche wolde him se."		
To see Paris, she goes to the temple and prays there.	Sche did hir dight an hors of pris,		
	And toke with hir other ladies,		2776
	And 3ede thedir with hir comperes,		
	And in the temple made hir preyeres		
	To the goddesse that ther sat,		
	And made hir offryng afftir that.		2780
	Whan Paris herde of hir telle,		
	To the temple 3ede he snelle,		

Gloriously and richely dight,	[lf. 42.]	2783	
And stode euene In hir syght ;		2784	
For he hadde many a long day			
Be-fore herd telle of hir & say,			
“ That sche was the fairest wiff			
Off alle wymmen that euere bar lyff.”		2788	
P aris thenne with meke mode			Paris goes
Aȝeyn the qwene he ȝode and stode,			towards the
And loked on hir euere in on ;			queen ; he
A bryghter brid of blod ne bon		2792	thinks he
Thoght him neuere that he hadde sen,			never saw a
Sithe in this world he hadde ben.			brighter lady.
Alle his hert was on hir set,			
For that thei were to-gedir met ;		2796	
And when sche hadde of him a syght,			Eleyne thinks
Hir thoght him the fayrest knyght			him the fairest
That sche hadde sene In al hir lyue ;			knight, and
Sche wolde wel fayn haue ben his wyue.		2800	longs to be his
¶ Sche loked on him, and he on hir ;			wife.
Eyther other now desir,			
How thei myght theire loue fulfille,			
Ne how to schewe here herte wille.		2804	
But atte laste thei drowe hem nere			At last they
And spak to-gedir so In-fere,			come to each
That, er that thei thennes wente,			other, and are
Thei were bothe at on assente.		2808	of one mind.
He toke then leue at qwene Eleyne,			
Off here spekyng he was fayne ;			
To his schippis he him hied,			Paris goes to
Ther thei stode faste tied.		2812	his ships, and
He did a-non to him calle			says to his
His felawes and his meyne alle ;			fellows :
When thei were comen to him thore,			
He seide : ‘ lordynges, lesse and more !	f ij	2816	

ȝe wote wel whi we come hidur, [lf. 42, bk.] 2817
 And what ȝe wolde, and also whedur.

'We came to
 get our king's
 sister from
 Thelamon.

¶ The principal cause of oure comyng
 Is to aryue on Thelamon, the kyng, 2820
 Our kynges suster for to wynne
 With fight of sword or other gynne.
 But sekirly that may we not !

But we can't,
 as he is too
 strong.

We may not do that we haue thoght, 2824
 For he is strong and hath gode frende ;
 We gete hir not out of his bende,
 Ne we ben not of pouste
 Vnto hadde ne to take the Cite. 2828

Wherfore, my dere lordynges,
 That I telle ȝow now this tythynges :

Still, here are
 the fairest
 lady ever seen,
 the wife of
 King Mene-
 laus,

IN this Ile is now a qwene,
 The fairest lady that man may sene, 2832

That comen is of gret kynrede,
 That Menelaus kyng has wede.
 And in the temple—ȝe wot wel alle—

and great
 riches.

Arne clothes fele of gold and palle, 2836

Ther [is] of gold gret plente,

Off siluer also gret quantite,

Siluer vessel ther is ynow.

Hit is a stede for oure prow ; 2840

We may be riche, if we wille,

And if ȝe wole assente ther-tille.

If you assent,
 let us rob the
 temple,

¶ I rede, that we to-nyght echon,
 When nyght is comen & day gon, 2844

That we do on oure basynettis bryght,

And when we be armed and dight,

That we go robbe the temple sone

With-outen lyght of sonne or mone ; 2848

And al that we fynde ther-Inne,

Bere it away, or we be-lynnne,

¶ Hic Paris cepit Insulam cum Castello.

To oure schippis and leue it thore, [lf. 43.] 2851

And make vs riche for euermore; 2852

And al men¹ that we ther fynde,

and carry off
all the men
and women
we find there,

And wymmen also of gentil kynde

Lede we to oure contreis—

Gret worschepe hit were by alle weyes— 2856

And specially that lady fre,

especialy
Queen Eleyne.

Quene Eleyne, if it may be.

Iff we may hir home brynge

To oure contreis, and tythyng spryng 2860

A-monges the Grues, that sche is tan,

And Menelaus fynde hir gan,

Menelaus will
be glad to ex-
change her for
Oxonie.'

He schal be fayn a chaunge to make

Off Oxonye, I vndirtake. 2864

¶ Lete se now, what 3e say?

Er nyght be gon and comen day,

I rede that we now take oure grace,

That god sende vs, whil we haue space.' 2868

Some assented wel ther-to,

And some seyn "it is noght to do;"

But thei acorded atte laste,

They agree to
do so.

When the day was gon and paste, 2872

And the sonne was went adoun,

And alle men on slepe In the toun,

To harne hem, whan it was late,

And to the temple toke here gate, 2876

And robbed & reued alle that thei fond,

And ledde with hem In-to the lond:

Night is comen, and day is went, 2880

The Troyens haue here armour hent,

To the temple ben thei gon,

In the night
Paris and his
men go to the
temple, rob all
they find there,

Paris and his men echon.

Alle that thei founden thei robbed & refft;

That ought was, no thyng was² lefft. f iij 2884

¹ MS. *almen*.

² A word has been erased here, and this second *was* is written upon the erasure.

	Alle that in the temple was founden, [lf. 43, bk.]	2885
	Was to-geder lapped and wounden	
and take it to their ships.	And born in coffres to the see	
	And herbard ther-Inne in here naue.	2888
Paris carries off the queen and others to his ship.	And Paris toke that lady swete	
	And led hir to his schippis schete,	
	And lefft hir there In the same kepyng	
	And other fele with hir wepyng.	2892
Then he goes back and takes more men and women.	¶ When Paris hadde on this wise done,	
	He ȝede aȝeyn thedur sone	
	And toke echon to his seruage,	
	Man and womman, wiff and Page,	2896
	Ther was of this a wondir cry.	
	Ther stode a Castel a litel ther-by,	
	Gret, and stiff, and ful strong,	
	With dyche and walles wide and long;	2900
The defenders of the castle	Men of armes that Castel ȝemed.	
	Whan that thei herd wymmen so remed,	
	Thei hadde meruayle what it myght be;	
	Thei resen vp, the sothe to se.	2904
	But of tythandes when thei herde,	
	How thei of Troie with hem ferde,	
	Thei armed hem with mochel haste;	
	But sekirly it was but waste,	2908
attack the Trojans, but are slain,	¶ For thei of Troye were mo than thai,—	
	The furthe dowble, I dar wel say—	
	And sclow hem foule, when thei were met;	
	Thei were with hem so ouer-set,	2912
	That thei myȝth not fro hem fle	
	Ne at here ȝates take entre;	
and their castle is plun- dered by the Trojans.	Thei folwed hem so, that thei myght not pas.	
	And al the riches that ther was,	2916
	That thei myght fynde, that ought was worth,	
	Thei of Troye bar with hem forth.	

¶ **Hic Paris rapuit Elenam vxorem Menelan.** [*sic*] **Regis.**

And eche man than with his god schippes [lf. 44.] 2919

And alle here good thedur skippes, 2920

And drow vp sayl and hyed hem ffaste

In-to the see, that thei were paste.

Paris hath now Eleyne wonne;

To take the see thei haue by-gonne, 2924

Thei sayled alle on a rawe,

Til thei were come ther thei were knawe,

The lond of Troye, Then were thei glad.

When thei were comen & the lond had, 2928

Thei were glad ther-of echone;

Saue Eleyne thenne made moche mone,

Fro hir lond that sche hath lorn,

And hir doughter that sche hadde born,

And fro the kynges hir bretheren bothe. 2932

But Paris therfore was ful wrothe,

He comforted hir and bad hir ses,

Leue hir sorwe and be In pes. 2936

He called to him his Messenger

And bad him take a good Courser

And [ride] to Priamus, the kyng,

And telle him this tydyng: 2940

“That he was comen to Thenedoun

Saue and sound, with many a moun

That¹ he hath wonnen with his hond

To be In seruage In his lond, 2944

And that he hath broght so fair a lady,

To be In stede of Oxonye,

Off the gentillest kyn and blode,

That was be-3onde the Grekis flode.” 2948

The Messenger as-tyde forth rode

To Priamus with-ouen abode,

He tolde him tydynges of Paris:

“How he was comen home y-wys, f iiii 2952

Paris and his men sail back with Eleyne to Troy.

They are glad, but Eleyne is dreary at having lost her land, her daughter, and her brothers.

Paris comforts her.

He sends to Priamus, telling him the other good news.

¹ MS. *And that.*

And how he hadde by-3onde ywroght, [lf. 44, bk.] 2953
 And of the qwene that he hom broght."

When Priamus hears the news,

WHen Priamus herde these tythand,
 He myght vnnethe for Ioye stand 2956
 Opon his fete, so was he glad ;

he calls together all the Trojan lords,

Alle the grete of Troye he bad
 Come to him, tythandes to here.
 And when his court was al plenere, 2960
 He bad him do his message
 To alle the lordes that there were ¹.
 And he tolde hit al an hye,
 That alle myght here that stood nye ; 2964

who are full of joy.

¶ Then were Ioyful the Troyens,
 And gret Ioye made the citeseyns.

Next morning Paris with Eleyne rides

The morwe folwyng, whan it was lyght,
 Paris dede Eleyne wel dyght 2968

Richely In gay wede,
 And broght to hir a noble stede,
 And he sette hir ther-on
 And rode thenne fro Thenedon 2972

to Troy ;

Toward Troye a wel soffte pas.
 And his prisoneres he has
 Sent by-fore vpon a route
 With men and kny3tes alle aboute ; 2976
 He made hem wende a litel before,

Antenor, Dephebus, Eneas, and Polidonias accompany them.

And he him-self and Antenore,
 Dephebus and Eueas,
 And also Polidonias, 2980

Come afftirward with qwene Eleyne,
 Rydyng soffte vpon the pleyne,
 Til thei come at Troye ney-hande.

Priamus and his barons go to welcome them.

But out of the toun come ridande 2984
 ¶ Kyng Priamus with his baronage
 And salute hem alle with good visage,

¹ Perhaps we ought to alter the last three words to : & baronage.

¶ **Hic Paris desponsauit Elenam Reginam.**

And afftirward ȝede to the qwene	[lf. 45.]	2987	
And profered hir his owne to bene.		2988	
And so rode thay alle to Troye;			All ride to Troy;
The folk ther-Ïnne made mochel Ioye,			the Trojans welcome
Ther was gadered alle the toun			Eleyne with music and minstrelsy.
With mochel Ioye and processioun,		2992	
With alle Musik and menstrasye,			
To kepe the qwene of genterye.			
¶ Priamus lyght of his palfray			
At the ȝates In-myddes the way,		2996	
And toke him-self qwene Eleyne			Priamus leads her
Amongis hem alle by the rayne,			
And lad hir him-self always			
Thorow the toun to his paleys.		3000	through the town to his palace.
¶ Then on the morwe, when thei saw tyme,			Next morning Eleyne and Paris are married in the temple of Pallas. All their gladness turned afterwards to sorrow and woe.
A litel while be-fore the prime,			
ȝede lady Eleyne and sir Paris			
Vnto the temple Palladis		3004	
And weddid hem to-gedir thore.			
For afftirward it rewed hem ful sore,			
And alle the gladnesse that thei hadde tho,			
Turned hem to sorwe and to wo.		3008	
N ow hath Paris weddid Eleyne;			The Trojans make merry
Troyens ben ther-of wel fayne,			
Mochel murthe and festes thei make			
For sir Paris and Eleyne sake.		3012	
This riche feste lastis al-ways			
Til hit were xviii dayes,			for eighteen days.
And alle the men of the Cite			
Tentid to noght but to gamen and to gle.		3016	
But when Cassandre herde that tale,			
That thei hadde mad a newe bridale			
Off qwene Eleyne and Alisaundre,			
Mechel dole made thenne Cassaundre.		3020	

But Cassandra laments :	Sche cried, sche wepid, and so ferde, That alle the Paleis here noyse herde. To the temple sche hir hyed, And on the Troyens loude sche cried ;	[lf. 45, bk.] 3021 3024
'Alas, Tro- jans ! you are wrong to make merry, as you will see your children slain for this wedding's sake.	Sche seide : ' alas, vnwitti men, Caytiff Troyens, and wymmen ! Whi make 3e alle this Ioye and song ? Sicurly 3e haue gret wrong To make suche Ioye of here wedlak, For it schal greue 3ow alle the pak, For 3e schul se 3oure children sclayn For weddyng of dame Eleyn, And 3e 3oure-self Caytyves schal dye For mochel wo and turmentrye.	3028 3032
Alas, noble Troy ! Thou wilt be thrown down for it.	A noble Troye ! that art so hye, This weddyng schaltow dere abye ! Thow schalt be throwen down in haste For this weddyng, and lefft al waste !	3036
Alas, Hectuba !	A Hectuba, gentil qwene ! Whi tholed thow alle that wo and tene In thi noble children burthe, When this vnsely caytyff murthe	3040
all your sons and Pollexene, and yourself will die, and your husband.	Schal reue the alle thi sones here, And Pollexene, that is the dere ; And thow thi-self schal dye ther-by, And thi lord also witterly !	3044
If you knew what will be- fall, you would send Eleyne back.	Wiste 3e, what her-of wolde be-falle, 3e wolde lette this weddyng alle And sende hir home ouer the see To him that schulde hir lord be.	3048
Woe on Eleyne ! so much woe, as she will bring upon us !'	A Eleyne, thow wicked best ! Wo worth thi bones and thi fair fest ! So mychel wo, or long be gon, As thow schalt make to vs echon !	3052

Suche sorwe sche made, and many mo	[lf. 46.]	3055	
Cassandre made among hem tho.		3056	
But Priamus bad hir sitte stille,			Priamus bids
For alle the toun thoght ther-of ille.			Cassandra
For sche nolde do his byddyng			cease, and as
For wele ne wo ne other thyng,		3060	she does not
Then putte thei here in distresse			obey, impris-
For here crying and hir wodnesse.			sons her.
E leyne is weddid to Paris			
With mochel murthe and Ioye y-wys ;		3064	
Eche man ther-of Ioye has,			
Thei ledyn here lyff In gret solas.			
But when the kyng Menelans			When Mene-
Herde telle of this chauns,		3068	laus hears
That thei of Troye hadde lad away			that the Tro-
Quene Eleyne vnto here pray,—			jans have
That was his owne gentil wiff,			carried off his
That he loued as his lyff,—		3072	wife,
Suche a sorwe to him he cauȝte,			he almost
That his deth almost he lauȝte :			dies for sor-
He lay in swone longe, or he spak ought,			row.
So was he so ney the dethe broght ;		3076	
But whan he reuerted and ros aȝeyn,			
‘ Alas,’ he seyde, ‘ thow faire Eleyn !’			
He made for hir gret waymentynge,			
He myȝth not se for his gretynge.		3080	
¶ Duke Nestor come and herde			Nestor com-
How that Menelaus ferde,			forts him.
And comforted him with al his myght,			
When he saw him in suche a plyght.		3084	
But he no-wise myght comfort haue,			
For he ferde as he scholde raue ;			
He toke his hors with-oute abode			Menelaus
And to his lond wel faste he rode ;		3088	rides home
			with Nestor,

And duke Nestor with him ȝede,— [lf. 46, bk.] 3089

He wolde not leue him In that nede;—

for, when
Eleyne was
carried off, he
was with
Nestor at
Pire.

For whan Troyens dede this trespas,

Menelaus at home not was, 3092

He was with duke Nestor, that sire,

At his Cite that men called Pire.

Whan he was to his lond y-come,

His men were glad alle and some; 3096

He then
sends letters
to Agamem-
non and to
Castor and
Pollux,

Vn-to his brother a *lettre*¹ he lete dyght,

That Agamenon that tyme hyght,

And to Pollus, and to kyng Castor,—

That I haue spoken of be-fore,— 3100

That were his wyues bretheren bothe :

He prayed hem for leue or for lothe,

to come to
him.

That thei scholde come with-uten dwellyng

And speke *with* him for any-thing. 3104

TO him ȝede these thre kynges,

When thei herde telle of these tydynges.

When Agamenon kyng was ware

That his brother was so ful of care, 3108

Agamemnon
says : ' Why
lament,
brother ?

He seyde : ' brother, for heuene kyng !

Whi makestow al this waymentyng ?

Iff thow haue cause suche dole to make,

Lete it passe and ouer-slake ! 3112

For in sorwe and dele-makyng

Lenges non honour ne wynnyng.

It is not
honourable.

The more sorwe thow mase,

Thi fomen gladdur is. 3116

Thow greues alle that ben thi frende ;

Leue ther-fore and make an ende,

And seke vengauce of this ilke dede !

Seek ven-
geance, as all
good knights
do.

And that is worschepe and manhede ; 3120

The maner is of euery good knyght,

Off wrong, of schame, and of dispite.

¹ MS. *alrē*.

That him is don, vengauce to take	[lf. 47.]	3123	
And not to wepe ne sorwe make.		3124	
¶ Leue brother! wostow euery dele,			
That alle the kynges wele			All the kings
Ben oure ffelawes and oure ffrende			are our friends
And wol with vs In oure help wende,		3128	and will help
Off this Mescheff and this myschaunce			us;
Off hem of Troye to take vengauce?			
Ther nys no kyng, and we him pray			none of them
To wende with vs, wol not say 'nay';		3132	will say "nay,"
To alle the kynges of that land			if we ask
And we schal do hem to vndirstand,			them.
How thei the lond haue robbed and brend,			
And sclayn thi men and foule hem schend,		3136	
And led away Eleyne, thi wyff,			
And lefft thi-selff in wo and striff,			
In dispite and In gret Ire			
Off alle the kynges of Grece empire,		3140	
For the schame that thei dede hem,			
Thei haue on vs venged hem.			
And when thei heere of this tythandes,			
Ther is no kyng of Grece landes,		3144	
That thei wol come with grete meyne			All will join
And wende with vs ouer the see,			in avenging
And venge vs of the vylony			the villainy
That we haue for dame Oxony,		3148	done to us.'
And wyne a3eyn thi wiff Eleyne,			
Maugre ther tethe, be thow certeyne!'			
M Enelaus held his pees,			Menelaus
Off his sorwe he gan to sees;		3152	then writes
At his biddynge and his counsayle			letters
Thenne by-gan this clerkes to tayle			
Parchemyn and lettres dite,			
And many another after to write.		3156	

¶ *Hic Agamenon ffrater Menelaij misit literas suas ad Reges Grecorum.*

to all the
Greek
kings, to help
him in taking
vengeance for
the carrying
off of Eleyne.

Thei made *lettres* to kynges and prince, [lf. 47, bk.] 3157

To eche a lond and prounce

That Gregeys¹ hadde in seygnorye :

To venge hem of that vilonye 3160

That thei haue taken of Troyens,

And foule haue sclayn ther citeseyns,

And led a-way Eleyne, the qwene,

To Menelaus gret wratthe and tene. 3164

But sykurlly to seye the sothe :

Both her
brothers were
so wrathful,
that they went
on board at
once to follow
and kill Paris,

Bothe here bretheren were so wrothe,

¶ Whan thei herde telle of this

That here *suster* ferd amys,— 3168

Thei nolde a-byde for no flot,

But toke ther men and schippus ful hot

And ȝede als faste In-to the see

With thaire men and here naue ; 3172

For thei wende wele hem ouer-tane

Paris sone, and bene his bane.

But sykurlly thei sayled not longe,

On In the see the wedur spronge, 3176

That thei were drowned bothe two

And alle here men with hem also.

but were
drowned in a
heavy tem-
pest.

Hit was not fully two dayes past,

That thei were drowned bothe schip and mast, 3180

And leffte here lyues ther to-gedur

In that tempest and that wedur.

A Gamenon and his brother

To Thelaman and many other 3184

Kyng and duke ther *lettres* sente,

To alle that dwelled fer or hente,

To the lond of Grece that langed ;

And thei here *lettres* gladly fanged,

3188

And whan thei hadde here *lettres* red,

Eueryche a kyng to hem thanne sped

The Greek
kings, on
receiving
Menelaus's
letters, hasten

¹ MS. *Gregeyns*.

¶ **Hic Reges Grecorum elegerunt Agamenon Imperatorem.**

And come to hem many a myle,	[lf. 48.]	3191	to come to
So that thei were with-Inne a while		3192	Menelaus.
Mo then sixti kynges thore,			Sixty kings
That alle to Grece langed wore.			gather.
When thei were comen alle in present,			
And non of hem was absent,		3196	

¶ Menelaus told his cas :

Menelaus tells them his grievance.

"How he his wiff lorn has,			
And how thei brende also his tounes			
In dispite of alle the Gryffounes."		3200	
When alle the kynges herde this tale			
How Troyens hadde don hem bale,			
And hadde these grete playntes,—			
Thei made a vowe to god and to his seyntes :		3204	All vow to
"That thei schuld gadre her naue			win back
And wende with him ouer the see,			Eleyne, and
And with alle here men & here retenu			burn Troy.
Wynne ¹ aȝen Eleyne his dru,		3208	
And throwe doun Troye and al to-brenne,			
And venge hem on here fomene.			

¶ But it was good"—the lordes seyde alle—

"For thynges that myght befallē,

That thei chese hem an Emperour

To be alther gouernour,

That were amonges hem most of myght,

And ouer-se hem alle with his syght ;"—

'To rewle vs alle and to gouerne,

Erly and late, loude and derne ;

And that eche man do his bidding,

Duke and prince, lord and kyng.'

They think it good to have an Emperor,

That were amonges hem most of myght,		
And ouer-se hem alle with his syght ;"—		3216
'To rewle vs alle and to gouerne,		
Erly and late, loude and derne ;		
And that eche man do his bidding,		
Duke and prince, lord and kyng.'		3220

THei ȝede thanne to her parlement

And seide be dome and right Iugement,

That Agemenon was worthi

By-fore alle other sikurly

and choose
Agamemnon.

3224

¹ MS. *And wyne.*

	To bere the state and to be Emperour, [lf. 48, bk.]	3225
	For he was wise and good gyour.	
They agree to meet in the harbour of Athens.	Thei sayden alle with-uten les, That to the hauen of Athenes	3228
	Was good to do her nau ^{es} come, For ther myght thei alle stonde In romme, To alle the lordes that there were Were redy dyght and samed there	3232
	With ther meyne, to passe the flood Toward Troye, when thei seyen good.— And whan thei hadde ordeyned this, Thei toke ther leue In Ioye and blis;	3236
They go home to gather their men and navies,	And Agamenon and his brother And echon partyd tho fro other; And 3ede eche a man to his contre, And gadered men and his naue,	3240
and hasten back to Athens.	And spede hem faste to Athenes With gret naue and moche pres.	
	A lle men, beth now blythe! Herkenes now to me and lythe!	3244
Hearken now: you'll hear of many fights,	Herkenes now! and 3e may here Meruayles many In my matere: In this talkyng may 3e here telle Off ferly fyght, ffele and felle,	3248
of kings de- stroying Troy,	Of comely kynges corouned and kene, That Troye distroyed alle be-dene, And brende her houses on a blase;	
and of strong knights' deaths.	And how that strong knyghtes here lyff lase. Ther was the worthiest wyght In wede That euer by-strode palfray or stede,	3252
There was the worthiest hero, Hector, stronger than all others.	A bolder burne ¹ was neuere non born— Alas that he was lyghtly for-lorn!— Ther was no man so strong of myght, As was Ector, that gentil knyght.	3256

Was non

¹ MS. *burde*.

Was non so proud proued his pere,	[lf. 49.]	3259	
The whiles he was on lyue here ;		3260	
For I ffynde In prose and ryme,			
Was non so strong In that tyme.			
He dede x thousand bakkes bende ;			
Men spekes of him In euery londe,		3264	All men speak of Hector's strength and hardiness.
For he was strong In doughtynes,			
Mighty in strengthe and hardynes.			
Of myght I may him not discryue,			
Ther lyues non suche here on lyue,		3268	
As Ector was, that strong knyght ;			
For he passed al other of myght.			
Som[what] wol I of him telle			
And of other knyghtes felle,		3272	I'll tell of him and other strong knights, and of his brother Troylus :
Off him and of Troyle, his brother,			
And of strong knyghtes many other :			
¶ How that batayle of Troye be-gan,			
And how thai sythen the toun wan ;		3276	How the battle began, how the town was won ; how the Greeks gathered their army at Athens and came to Thenedon, where—afraid of Hector— they waited for a long time ;
And how thei gadered here meyne			
With al here store and there naue			
In-to Athenes alle to-gedur,			
And passed the see, when thei hadde wedur,		3280	
To Thenedoun, and dwelled ther lange,			
Er thei durste to Troye gange,—			
For drede thei hadde of gode Ectore,			
Off whom I haue spoken of before ;—		3284	
And how thei sythen thenne paste			
And come to Troye atte laste,			
And lay ten 3ere be-fore the toun,			
Er thei it wan and keste it down ;		3288	how at last they came to Troy, be-leaguered it ten full years,
And how Gregeis and Troyens thore			
Faught ten 3ere and more ;			
And how thei of Grece were conqueroures			
And brente Troye with alle the toures.	g j	3292	and then conquered it.

¶ **Hic Greci congregati sunt.**

Hearken now!
The tale be-
gins.

Herkenes now, both grete and smale! [lf. 49, bk.] 3293

For now be-gynnes al this tale:

How thei dede, and how thei faught,

And what and how ther dethe thei caught. 3296

In February
the kings met
at Athens.

HIt was a day off Feuerer,
That kynges, dukes, and Mariner
With here naue vpon a res

Were Gadered alle to Athenes, 3300

With honour forth right

With Priamus and hese to fyght.

So fele knyghtes of gret renoun,

Ne so fele kynges corouned with croun, 3304

Were neuere ȝit at on semble,

Off on *purpos*, ne neuere schal be;

Ne so fele schippis In on hauen,

Ne so fele with swordes and stauen, 3308

Was neuere sene for-sothe ne herde,

Sithen god made man first In this worlde.

Never before
were so many
knights and
kings
assembled,
nor so many
ships in one
harbour.

Dares tells all
their names
and describes
them;

¶ Dares telles in His scripture

Off eche a kyng and his stature, 3312

And here names and her making,

And discreues hem in alle thyng,

And the nombre that euery kyng broght,

And the wondres that thei wrought; 3316

Gret taryng it is to telle

That Dares makes vpon his spelle.

But sicurly with-oute lesyng:

Sithen that god made al thyng, 3320

Suche a peple was neuere y-sene—

Off alle the tyme that hath bene—

To-geder broght at o samyng

Off kynges and knyghtes old and ȝyng, 3324

And so fele schippis on o flete,

Sethen shippus ȝede with sail or sprete.

but this would
take me too
much time.

Certainly
never was
such a host
together
before.

¶ Hic est numerus Grecorum vz. lxxvij. Reges & duces. et de
 militibus hominibus ad Arma. viij C. M¹.

For sicurli with-oute lye	[lf. 50.]	3327	
Ther was vpon the o partye		3328	On the Grecian side
Sixti kynges and dukes also			were sixty-
And .viij. sikerly with-uten mo.			eight kings
Fonde 3e euere in any story			and dukes.
To-geder suche a company		3332	
Off kynges, dukes, and of princes,			
That comen were fro here prouynces ?			
And so fele men brought on hepe,			
That hardi were, doughti, and 3epe ?		3336	
¶ For whan thei were with-oute les			
Gadered alle in Athenes,			
Thei nombred—I vndirstonde—			There were
Mo than .xviij. C. thousande,		3340	more than
And mo by hundredes .xviij. or .xix ;			1,800,000
And so fele men—I dar wel sene—			armed men at
Off men of Armes—permafay !—			Athens.
To-gedre at ones ¹ sene was neuere on o day,		3344	
Sithen that god this world bygan,			
Ne neuere, sithen that batel bylan ;			
Ne neuere man in erthe schal se,—			
As longe as erthe sene schal be,—		3348	
Ne so fele schippus to-gedur y-set,			
As ther were thenne to-gedur met,			
¶ With doughti men gadered so.			
Alas, Paris, what hastow do,		3352	Alas, Paris,
When thow leddest away Eleyne !			what woe have
So many gode knyghtes for hir schul be selayne,			you wrought,
And alle thi kyn to dethe was brought.			by carrying off
Alas, Ector ! he rewys my thoght,		3356	Eleyne !
That he schulde dye for his disert !			
So strong he was In armes apert,			Oh, that
Ne neuere wrong he wolde do.			Hector should
Alas, that thi god Appollo			die for her,
	g ij	3360	and all
			the others !

¹ MS. atones.

Oh, Paris, that
Apollo had
drowned you,
before you
brought
Eleyne home!

Ne hadde¹ throwe the In the salt-flo[m], [lf. 50, bk.] 3361
Er thow haddist broght hir hom!
By Ihesu Crist of Nazareth!
I wolde, thow haddist taken the dethe, 3364

When thow wentist to Tytharie,
To here and se that melodye!

Alas, Priamus, ¶ Alas, me rewes of Priamus,
Hectuba, Off Hectuba, and gode Troylus, 3368
Troylus, Off Pollexene, and Andromede!
Pollexena, and
Andromede!

That Paris made brend In a glede,
Whan thow leddest away Eleyne
Out of the temple of dame Vyane! 3372

Oh, noble Troy, ¶ A noble Troye, that was rial,
thrown down by Paris's
crime!

A-doun is throwen with ston an[d] wal;
That made Paris and his euel wit.

And elles hit scholde haue stonde 3it 3376
As longe as Ierusalem,

Ne hadde Paris ben and his fals drem.
Now artow doun, and thi toures hye,
For Paris ffals a-voutrye! 3380

Afftirward vpon a day,
When alle these kynges of gret noblay
And the dukes were gadered thore,
Princes and Erles that worthi wore, 3384

Agamemnon
bids all the
kings hold a
parliament
with him.

Agamenon, the Emperour,
Bad vnto his banyour:
"Thorow the toun that he schulde crye,
That euery lord scholde faste hye 3388

With-oute the toun In-to the playn;
For ther he wolde In certayn
Holde with hem a parlement."
When these lordes were afftir sent, 3392
Then dwelled thei not longe,
When thei wiste whedur to gonge.

¹ he added above line, doubtful if by same or another hand.

Agamenon dede thanne fette	[lf. 51.]	3395	
Formes and stoles hem on to sette.		3396	
When thei were setyn alle a-doun			
In that playn with-oute the toun,			
A Gamenon seyde: 'lordynges,			Agamemnon addresses them:
Dukes, Princes, and corouned kynges,		3400	
Beth alle in pes—I ȝow pray—			
And herkenes me, what I say:			
¶ Sithen god Adam and Eue wrought			
And alle this world made of noght,		3404	' Never did more people come together than are now here.
Saw I neuere suche peple samen—			
Nother in ernest ne in gamen—			
Off worthi lordis to-gedur infere,			
As we ben now to-gedur here		3408	
Vpon o kyng to ȝeue a-saute.			
Loke, what schame the deucl him augthte,			
That to him-self hath suche bale brewed,			
That hath vs alle aȝeyn him meued!		3412	
How scholde he now with-stande			
Vs alle that ben here sittande,			How should Priamus withstand us, when five of ours slew his father and won his town?
Whan fyue of oure with lasse emprise			
Sclow his fadir and alle hise,		3416	
Wan ¹ his toun with-Inne a throwe			
And sette his paleis on a lowe?			
But wete ȝe wel and beth siker,			
That thei of Troye wote of this byker		3420	But certainly the Trojans know of our intentions, and prepare for war.
That we on hem thenke to be-gynne			
And here Cite with fors wyne,			
And are aboute bothe nyght and day			
To gete hem help alle that thai may,		3424	
To withstonde alle oure myght.			
Wherfore I rede, if ȝe thenke right,			
That we sende som messanger			Therefore let us send a messenger to Delos
To Delos Ile that is here ner,	g iij	3428	

¹ MS. *When*.

¶ *Hic Greci mandauerunt Achillem ad Appollum deum Grecorum.*

—A litel fro Gregeis landes, [lf. 51, bk.] 3429

Ther god Appollo ther-Inne standes—

And wete of him his gode consayl:

“What schal be-tyde of this batayl 3432

Off oure proues and oure afere,

And what schal falle, whil we are there?”

The lordes seyde also: ‘so god vs spede!—

It were good Achilles ȝede 3436

Vpon that erande, if it lykes him,

And Patroclus that is his cosyn.’

Thei prayed him alle that viage to take,

To do so moche for her sake; 3440

And he graunted as sone here bone.

He toke a schip and wente sone

To the see and sayled faste,

Til thei were comen atte laste 3444

To the temple of Apollo,

And Patroclus with him also.

When thei were comen, thei wente to lande

And made to him a riche offerande, 3448

And offered to him a gret quantite

Off riche gold and of her mone,

And kneled doun and him be-soght,

That he wolde layne it noght, 3452

But say the sothe: “what scholde be-tyde

Off his Gregeis, if thei ride?”

A Pollo sayde: ‘Achilles, ffrend,

To thi Grikes¹ aȝeyn thow wend! 3456

And say, that thei be not agast,

But treuly be syker and stedefast!

Or this x ȝere go fully out,

ȝe schal Troyens with-oute dout 3460

Sele echon in fyght & stoures,

And ȝe of Grece be conqueroures.’

and ask
Apollo, what
will befall.’The lords
agree to send
Achilles and
his cousin
Patroclus to
Delos.In Delos they
sacrifice and
ask Apollo
to say them
the sooth.He answers,
that they will
conquer Troy
before ten
years go by.¹ MS. *grikes*, altered from *grues*.

A wondir cas that tyme be-felle	[lf. 52.]	3463	
In the temple—soth to telle,—		3464	
When Achilles his answeere had,			
And Appollo go thenne him bad			
And ¹ to the ² Grikes ³ telle his answeere,			
What scholde be-tyde of ther werre :		3468	
A noble Clerk, that het Calcas,—			Calchas, a
Off hem of Troye bysshop was,—			Trojan bishop,
In that Ile on londe lyght,			arrives,
And to Appollo he him dyght		3472	
And 3aff him 3iftes grete and fele,			makes offer-
And bad him that he scholde not hele,			ings to Apollo,
But say him soth and sicurly :			and asks the
“ Who scholde haue the victory,		3476	sooth, who
And whether schulde Mayster be,			shall win.
Thei of Grece or Troye Cite ? ”			
¶ Appollo seyde : ‘ Calcas, be ware			Apollo advises
That thou a-3eyn to Troye not ffare !		3480	him not to
For sicurly I telle it the :			return to
Or .x. 3er passe, thou schat se			Troy,—as it
The kyng off Troye be lorn and schent,			will fall
And his toun be taken and be brent.		3484	before ten
But ffelawe the with wordes mylde			years pass—
With Achilles In this Il[d]e,			but to join
And wende with him to his Gregeis			Achilles and
And dwelle with him, ther is pais ;		3488	the Greeks.
For thou schalt haue to hem gret nede.			
Be my counseyl, to hem thou spede ! ’			
C Alcas was a-Grised sore			Calchas is
Of these wordes that he herde thore ;		3492	afraid at first,
But whan he wiste and hadde knowyng,			
That it was sir Achilles 3yng			
That In the temple by-for him stode,			
Wel curtesly to him he 3ode	g iiij	3496	but then goes

¹ MS. *And his.*

² MS. *to the* inserted above the line by

another hand.

³ MS. *grikes*, altered from *grues*.

104 *Calchas goes to the Greeks, and meets their Chiefs and Agamemnon.*

to Achilles
and offers him
his service.

And profered him to his seruise [lf. 52, bk.] 3497

And euere to be on of hyse ;

And seyde : "that god Appollo

Bad that he scholde do so."

3500

Achilles
receives him
friendly.

Achilles seyde on fair manere :

"He was to him leue and dere ;"

¶ He was glad of his contenance

And made him gret daliaunce.

3504

And 3ede bothe in-fere to the see

And toke here schippis and here meyne,

And sayled faste fro the cost,

Til thei come to the Gregeys ost.

3508

They sail to
Greece.

Calchas is
introduced to
Agamemnon ;
Achilles re-
lates Apollo's
answers.

And broght Calcas by-fore the kyng

And tolde hem alle of tho tithyng :

"What Answer that thei bothe hadde."

Then were the Gregeis wondir gladde ;

3512

Euery lord his feste made,

For Ioye and murthe thei were glade.

¶ When thei herde these tithandis,

Then thei held vp bothe here handis

3516

And thanked her goddis of here wille,

That thei wold hem not spille.

Thei 3aff Calcas many a 3ifte,

And swor alle by ther thrifte :

3520

"That he scholde euere be on of thaires,

And him avaunce and alle his aires

Off riche londis, rentis, and fece,

In the londe for-sothe of Grece."

3524

And alle the lordes of here ost

Loued him bothe lest and most.

ON the morwe, whan it was prime,

When Sir Achilles saw his tyme,

3528

He and Calcas to-gedur wente

Vn-to Gamenounz tente.

Achilles and
Calchas meet
Agamemnon
in his tent,

¶ **Hic Achilles & Calcas ibant ad tentorium Imperatoris.**

Ther alle the lordes of Grece were than	[lf. 53.] 3531	where all the
To-geder there with many a man ;	3532	Greek lords
The lordis welcomed hem alle		are assembled.
And sette hem down in the halle.		
A-Mong the lordes and other kynges		
Calcas seyde : ‘ herkenes, lordynges,	3536	Calchas blames
Kynges and dukes that now are here,		the Greeks for
Princes and Erles to-gedur in-fere !		tarrying so
		long,
Ne was 3oure entensioun,		
When 3e come furst to this toun,	3540	
With 3oure naue to Troye to wende,		
3oure enemys to qwelle and to schende ?		
Whi lye 3e here In pes so longe ?		
Hope 3e not, here 3ow amonge	3544	warns them of
That Priamus has here many spies,		spies
That 3oure consayl to him [un-]wries		
And telle hem alle that 3e say ?		
Somer is passed ner-honde a-way ;	3548	
3e do not elles but makes hem bolde		and of the
The toun a3eyn 3ow for to holde,		preparations
And steris the toun bothe nyght and day,		of Priamus,
And geten hem help alle that thei may ;	3552	
For thei holde 3ow so sore agast,		
That 3e dar not with hem wrast :		
For it passes more than a 3ere,		
Sithen alle the lordes that are here	3556	
Were gadered here to-gedur,		
And haue had right fair wedur,		
And durst neuere passe the see.		
What may thei wene, but it be	3560	
For cowardise and gret ferdnesse,		
For feblenesse and arwenesse ?		
Let sette 3oure schippis forth on flote,		and admon-
Dromond, Caryke, barge, and bote,	3564	ishes them to
		go on board

P Hic nauigant versus Troianos.

And sayle forth with-uten dwellyng, [lf. 53, bk.] 3565

So helpe 3ow god at 3oure endyng!

Ne tarieth not In 3oure goddys beheste!

and not to
render their
Gods so angry,
that they will
hinder them
from what
they promised.

I warne 3ow bothe most and leste, 3568

That 3oure fals hertes and faynt byleue

May 3oure goddis so moche greue,

That thei may bothe 3ow turne and lette

Off that thei haue 3ow hette. 3572

Therfore to-morwe, whan it dawes,

I rede 3e take the wawes,

Whil 3e haue wedur at wille,

That wyntir-wedur 3ow ne spille. 3576

All the lords
accept
Calchas's
counsel to put
to sea next
morning.

Alle the lordes that were thore

A-lowed¹ ri3th wel his lore:—

“And it was profitable,

And the tyme was fair and able 3580

To take the tyme with-oute drede;

Hit was schame—so god me spede—

That thei hadde dwelled so longe ther.”

Agamenon bad alle that ther wer, 3584

Lord and prince, Duke and kyng:

“That thei made *hem* redy In the euenyng,

That thei were redi erly at morwen,—

When thei herde *him* blowe his horne,— 3588

With schip and sail, spret and ore;

For ther wolde thei dwelle no more.”

Night is gon, the Cok hath crowen,

Agamenon hath his horn blown; 3592

And alle men thenne here schippis vnbonde,

And here Ankeres alle In-wonde,

And lefte the hauen and toke the see

With alle here schippis and here naue. 3596

Thei drow ther sayl vnto the top;

Here schippis sayled gay and prop,

In the
morning they
weigh anchor
and put to sea.

¹ MS. *A lowel*.

In thei were comen in-to Troye listes.— [lf. 54.]	3599	
A ¹ , Priamus, if that thow wistes	3600	Alas, Priamus,
The sorwe that comes to the and thine		
Off noble Troye the gret ruynes!		
Haddest thow don be Ectores rede,		hadst thou
Then haddest thow not be dede.	3604	done after
Now comes thi sorwe and thi wo,		Hector's
Alas, thi loye schal ouer-go!—		advice, thou
¶ These Gregeis saylen vpon a ras		wouldst not
Toward Troy with gret manas;	3608	have come to
The wynd was good to ther byhoue,		thy death!
Thei sailed on brod and gon by-loue,		
Til thei come to Troye land.		The Greeks
Thei saw an hauen by-fore ham stand	3612	sail to Troy,
With a Castel wondir strong,		get sight of a
With walles hye and dikes long.		harbour and
Al that flote thedur drow,		a castle,
For it was gret and mochel y-now	3616	
To herbare alle here schippis In;		and intend to
Til thei come ther, thei nolde ² blyn.		cast anchor
¶ The men that in the castel were,		there.
When thei saw Gregeis there,	3620	The
Out of the Castel faste thei ran,		inhabitants of
Armed wel euery man;		the castle
To the see thei wolde wende,		attack them,
That the Gregeis wolde defende,	3624	
That thei nedes mot on lande lyght;		
For therto dede thei al here myght.		
But thei were foles—that was sene,—		but are de-
For thei lefft not on of Troyene,	3628	feated.
That thei ne bere doun and sclow hem alle;		
Afftir mercy myght thei not calle,		
For of hem hadde thei no pite,		
Thei brende her toun, bothe tymber and tre,	3632	The castle is
		burnt.

¹ MS. A.

² MS. wolde.

¶ *Hic Greci destruxerunt Insulam Thenodonis & ceperunt Castellum.*

And Toke here castel and threwe it down [lf. 54, bk.] 3633

With alle the dyches envirooun.

And when thei hadde thus y-wrought

And the castel to grounde y-brought, 3636

Thei ȝode to schip euery man

Then the
Greeks sail
farther on to
Thenedon,

And sayled forth to ¹ Thenedam

That was fro Troye but six mile.

When thei were comen In-to that Ile, 3640

Thei lete doun saile and ankeres caste

And bounden here schippis ther wel faste,

where they
land, to kill
and rob.

And Armed hem and ȝede to londe

And sclow and robbed al that thei fonde. 3644

There was a
very strong
castle,

AT Thenedoun a Castel stode,

Strong & styff, gret and gode,

With walles wrought wondir hye,

And dikes doluen depe and drye; 3648

where the
Trojans had
hidden all
their riches

So strong was non in that contre

Saue Troye self, that riche Cite.

It was ful of gret riches

Off alle the contre more and les; 3652

Thei dede here goodes thedur brynge,

When men tolde of Grues comynge,

And left hem ther for sekurnes;

and many of
their ladies.
The Greeks
besiege it

And many a lady with hem is. 3656

¶ The Gregeis ben alande alle went,

Thei haue the toun taken and brent;

Vnto the Castel ar thei gon

And beseged it anon: 3660

with engines
and ladders;

Thei sette engynes al aboute,

And grete stones thei did In route,

And som sette laddres to the walle.

but the
defenders
slay many
Greeks.

But thei with-Inne gert hem alle: 3664

Thei brak here neckis right on-sunder,

Thei sclow of Grece mo than an hunder,

With-Inne a while at that assault	[lf. 55.]	3667	Within a
That thei with-Inne so longe han faut		3668	while the
And were so chaufed In here Armure,			Trojans get
That thei myght not for feble dure,			tired and
Ne on ther feet on the wal stande,			feble.
Ne holde her wepen In her hande.		3672	
¶ Then ȝede to dethe many Troyanes ;			
And ȝit mo died of Gryffones,			
For thei with-Inne greves hem sore,			
Als feble as thei wore :		3676	However, they
Thei bare Gregeis doun fro the walles			kill many
With grete speres and ledon balles,			Greeks,
And lefft hem lyinge in the dikes ;			
Echon of hem at other strykes,		3680	
Thei with-Inn and thei with-oute.			
But then come eftt a newe route			till a fresh
Off Gryffons felle, that hem assayled			band arrives,
And hem with-Inne so trauayled,		3684	
That thei moste dye or elles hem ȝelde ;			
For thei myght not hem-self welde			and they
For long fyghtyng and werynes,			cannot defend
Ne hem defende for feblenes.		3688	the castle any
T Hen clombe the Gregeis on the walles,			longer.
And some ȝede In at the wyndowes ;			The Greeks
Then were Troyens In mochel drede,			climb the
And some out ouer the walles ȝede ;		3692	walls ; the
For-sothe thei flow alle that ther ware.			Trojans are
Wiff ne childe nolde thei non spare,			put to flight,
Knyght ne squier, knaue ne boy,			
Ne non that longed [vn-]to Troy.		3696	The
Alle the goodis that there wore			inhabitants
Thei bare to schippis thore,			are killed,
And brende the Castel and threwe it doun,			
That men myght se to Troye toun		3700	the goods
			plundered,
			the castle
			burnt down.

Ouer alle the hillis that were hye, [lf. 55, bk.] 3701
Off Thenedoun the Gret Cite.

¶ Thenedoun is down and take ;
It liggis down in the lake ; 3704
That stod so stronge and so hye ore,
Now is it on the grounde thore.

The Greeks
rejoice.

The Gregeys were mery and glad
Off the Castel that thei had. 3708

Agamemnon
commands
that all the
booty taken
in Thenedon

¶ Agamenon dede comaunde :
“ That alle the Gregis In a laund
Schild come and with him brynge
Catel, goodes, and alle other thynges, 3712
That thei hadde wonnen at here pray
Off that Castel that ilke day ;

shall be
brought to
him.

That no thyng schulde be with-holden,
Don a-way, ne fro him stolen — 3716
As thei wolde haue lyff and lym ! —
But al to-gedur brynge to hym.”

And so thei dyd ilke a man :
Alle the good, that euere thei wan 3720
Off the castel and of the toun,

It is brought.

Thei broght with hem and laide adoun.

He divides it
among the
most worthy
warriors,

¶ And he delte hit aboute him thore
To hem that most worthi wore 3724
And most hadde put her lyff In werre
And ffauzt fastest with her powerre,
The castel for to gete and wynne
And the godis that were ther-Inne. 3728

and bids all
come to a
parliament
next morning.

¶ “ The morwe afftir at the sonne rysyng ” —
He bad — “ that euery lord and kyng
In that lond with him schulde be
With-oute drede, for ther wolde he 3732
Holde a parlement general
With alle the lordis gret and smal.”

¶ Consilium Grecorum.

- ¶ The morwe afftir In the dawenyng, [lf. 56.] 3735
 Er the sonne be-gan to spryng, 3736
 Were comen to him—or it was day—
 Alle the lordes that ther lay.
 When thei were to-gedir met,
 And echon down by other set, 3740
 Agamenon seyde: 'lordynges,
 Princes, dukes, and kynges!
 Alle this world bothe ffer and ner
 Spekes moche of oure Power 3744
 And wot, that we are mochel of myght,
 That no man may vs greue be ryght,
 But we of hem vengauce take.
 But herkenes now alle for my sake! 3748
 I holde that power good euery tyde
 That is with-oute the vice of pride,
 For ofte it falles many to wo.
 And oure goddis hates hit also: 3752
 He that loues pride, or hit haunte,
 Ther-with wol thei not graunte.—
 I wolde ther-fore, that no man sayde,
 Ne that it come vs In vmbrayde, 3756
 That we pride In oure doying,
 Ne we with pride be-gon this thyng.
 ¶ 3e wot alle wel, whi we are comen
 And oure way hedur has nomen: 3760
 To venge vs on kyng Priamus
 Off the schame that he dede vs.
 I wot also, how we haue brent
 His castelles and his tounes schent. 3764
 Wherfore, if he were oure fo ore¹,
 He hatis vs now wel more
 And wolde now fayner take vengauce,
 If god 3aue him suche a chaunce. 3768

When they
have met,

Agamemnon
admonishes
them not to
become proud,

as that
displeases the
Gods:

'Priamus is
now of course
more angry
with us than
ever, after we
have burnt
his castles and
towns.

¹ MS. ore, altered from ere.

The Trojans know that their town is very strong;	And thei haue gotten hem gret pouste [lf. 56, bk.] 3769
they have the privilege of being in their own country.	And wote wel, that theire Cite
	Is bothe styff, stalworthe, and strong,
	Gret and mochel, large and long, 3772
	And ful of men and gode verroures,
	That bold and hardy bene in stoures.
	And thei that were lesse then we,
	Thei are at home In here contre, 3776
	And that is tyme—so mote I thryue—
	A wondir gret prerogatyue :
	For ofte men In theire owne contre
	Scholde spede 3ow, ther were les then we ; 3780
	That is, men,—as mot I thriue—
	A wonder gret prerogatyue.
But I don't speak so for fear, as we may well confound them.	But thenk not, that I say this
	For drede ne ffer—so haue I blis— 3784
	That we may the Troyens spille
	And take the toun a3eyn ther wille :
	For ther nys no kyng so strong,
	Ne no toun so large ne long, 3788
	That we ne may hem confounde
	And keste his Cite to the grounde.
But again :	¶ But sikurly and be my fay !
	Herfore it is, that I say : 3792
don't be proud, as we were when we said "No" to Priamus's message to send Oxonie back.	If pride be non in oure nede,
	We schal be worthi mochel mede.
	3e wote alle wele that ben here,
	That Priamus sent his messangere 3796
	And prayed vs alle curtesly,
	To sende him home dame Oxony ;
	And we with pride seyde "nay."
	That hem mysliked permafay ! 3800
Had we sent her,	And hadde we thenne his suster send Home to him with-oute amend,

¶ *Hic miserunt nuncios suos ad Regem Troianum.*

Off al the harme that we him dud	[lf. 57.]	3803	
Hadde now not this harme tud,		3804	the harm they did us in Thitharie would not have befallen us.
That thei dede vs in Thitarie;			
Thei hadde not made suche robrie,			
Ne qwene Eleyne fro thenne led			
Fro the kyng that here hadde wed.		3808	
I wot neuere what wol be-falle;			
I rede ther-fore, if ȝe rede alle,			Therefore let us send a messenger to Priamus,
That we sende oure Messager,			
Wise and ȝepe, on fair maner,		3812	
And bid him wende to Troye Cite			
To Priamus and his meyne,			
And bidde the kyng: "sende vs a-ȝeyn			and bid him send us back Eleyne at once.
With-oute dwellyng the quene Eleyn		3816	
And make amendes of that Paris			
In Thitarie dede amys."			
And if it be that he thus do,			If he do so, our honour is saved;
Oure worschepe is certis saued so;		3820	
And we may home with-oute more wende,			
For we haue made a worthi ende:			
We may no more aske by skyl,			
If thei wil alle this fulfil.		3824	
And if it be that thei wol noght			if not, we shall fight him.
Do that we haue hem be-soght,			
And elles we wil with hem fyght			
With alle oure power and oure myght;		3828	
And men schal blame her wodnes			
And [praysen] ws ffor ¹ oure meknes.			
And therfore, lordes, say me now:			What do you think of this counsel?
A Off this consail what thyne ȝow?		3832	
Some assented wel ther-to			Some assent,
And sayde, "it was wel to do;"			
And some helde it for a cowardyse,			some call it cowardice;
To make a pees In suche a wyse;		h j 3836	

¹ MS. *ws* and *ff* on erasure; behind *ffor* a word like *seche* seems to have stood.

¶ *Hic ueniunt duo Reges Grecorum ad Regem Troianum.*

but at last all
accept it.
Diomedes and
Ulixes are sent
to Troy.

But atte laste thei alle assent. [lf. 57, bk.] 3837

And on this erand two kynges went,

That noble kyng Diomedes,

And his felawe, sir Vlixes¹. 3840

TO Troye ben come these kynges

To Priamus with here tydynges

In-to his halle, ther he was set;

In Priamus's
hall they
make no
obeisance and
sit down
fiercely.
Ulixes speaks
their message:

But non of hem thei ones gret, 3844

But sette hem doun with semblaunt store

A-ȝeyn the kynges in-myddis the flore.

Lixes² sais: 'haue ȝe no meruayle,

That we, sir kyng, the nothyng hayle! 3848

For we knowe wel the for oure enemy,

And we be thin sicurly.

But herkenes, what we wol say,

And late vs wende on oure way: 3852

¶ Agamenon, oure Emperour,

That is kyng of gret fauour,

Sendes the word and biddis the

By this kyng & also by me: 3856

'Send back Eleyne, and

If thow wilt be with-uten tene,

make amends,

And make amendes to him holy

Off the schame and vylony, 3860

That Paris dede to his brother,

To him also, and to many other."

And but if thow wil, he sendet the word:

or die, and "That thow schalt dye with spere and sword, 3864

And alle thi folk and thi meyne;

have Troy

And riche Troye, thi faire Cite,

burnt.'

Schal be brent and doun ytrowe, 3868

And thow and thyne be broght wel lowe."

PRiamus was with hem y-tened,

Whan he saw what thei mened.

¹ V put before l by a later hand; cf. 3847.

² Lixes; cf. note 1.

With-oute consail he answerde—	[lf. 58.]	387 ¹	Priamus
For here wordes him sore derede—		387 ²	replies :
He seyde : ‘ what deucl may this be,			‘ What the
That 3e amendes aske of me,			devil do you
That haue my fader fro me sclayn,			ask amends
And don my-self mychel payn,		387 ⁶	for, who slew
And my suster fro me refft,			my father and
And my men in seruage lefft ?			carried off
¶ By him that al this world wrought !			my sister ?
Me thinketh, that 3e 3oure-self ought		388 ⁰	You yourselves
Make amendis to me and myne,			ought to
That 3e haue do so moche pyne !			make amends !
But wendes out swithe of my sight,			
For of 3oure wordes haue I dispit !		388 ⁴	Get out of my
Ne were that 3e come in message,			sight ! I
Veleyns dethe schulde be 3oure wage ;			scorn your
For I am not with-oute Ire,			words and
Whil I se 3ow, be my swyre !’		388 ⁸	should kill
D yomedes sat and smyled,			you, if you
When Priamus hem so reuyled ;			were not
He seyde : ‘ sir kyng, so mote I the !			messengers.’
If thow haue tene of him and me.		389 ²	Diomedes
Thow schalt be more in doute			smilingly says :
To bere thi lyff with the aboute ;			
For thow schalt se vnto the come			‘ If you are
An .C. M ³ on a throme		389 ⁶	angry at us
Off men of Armes wel y-dight,			two, you shall
With the, kyng, and thyne to fight.			be the more
For whan thow may not the defende,			so, when a
And thei haue the and thi toun brende,		390 ⁰	hundred
That the schal sle and thyne also,			thousand
Iff that thow anger at vs two.’			Greeks come
¶ Many Troien that ther stode			to fight with
For tene and angur were ner wode,	h ij	390 ⁴	you.’
			The Trojans
			are enraged
			at Diomedes’

words, and
threaten to
kill him ;

That Dyomedes, the Gregeys, [lf. 58, bk.] 3905

Vn-to the kyng In his Paleys

Spake thus foule and vilously.

Many a Troien drow hem ney, 3908

With drawen swordes vengauce to take

Off him for his wordes sake.

¶ But Priamus him-self vp ros,

And to his men wel sone he gos 3912

but Priamus
prevents them.

And bad hem alle on lyff and lym,

Not so hardy to greue him.

Eneas, that by the kyng sat,

Was an-angered sore for that ; 3916

Eneas says :
' Sir king, it
were best to
force him to
make amends
for his vile
words ; and I
should punish
him, if you
were not
here.'

He saide : ' sir, if it were thi wille,

Me thenke that it were gret skille,

That he his wordes dere aboght,

That 3ow and vs hath set at noght ; 3920

And ne were it drede of 3ow,

He scholde this wordis abyenow.'

Dyomedes 3af no tale

Off alle that sat there In that sale, 3924

Diomedes
challenges
Eneas to meet
him outside
the town.

He sayde to Eueas al on hye :

' Thow that sittes the kyng so neye,

God 3if grace, that I the mete

With-oute the touen by styen or strete ! 3928

I schal the qwite wel thi mede

Off thi gode wordes, so god me spede !'

Ulixes bids
Diomedes be
silent, and
addresses the
king : ' We
shall now go
to tell your
answer to our
Greeks.'

¶ But his felawe Vlixes

Bad him : " be stille and holde his pees 3932

And leue his fare and his Iangelung ; "

Vlixes saith thenne to the kyng :

' We haue herd al that thow sais ;

We wol now wende to oure Gregeis, 3936

And tydynges to hem fro 3ow bere

Off thi saynge and thin answeren.'

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt magnum consilium.*

Thei toke here horses sone anon, [lf. 59.] 3939

And to the Gregeis gan thei gon 3940

Ouer downe and ouer dike,

As faste as thei myght prike,

Til thei come to Thenedoun.

They ride
back to
Thenedon
and relate the
answer.

Thei sayde to Agamenoun 3944

And ¹ alle the lordes that ther wore,

What answer that thei ȝaff hem thore.

¶ The Gregeis were merueyled,

What myght it be that hem ayled, 3948

In wham thei hadde so moche trayst,

That thei were right not a-bayst.

Many a counsayl then thei sought,

How thei myght brynge hem to noght. 3952

GRet consail and *parlementes*

Thei made offte In her tentes :

How thei scholde do, and how to fete,

The Greeks
hold many
councils of
war.

For Troye to wyne for that grete hete; 3956

And how thei scholde lyue, whil thei were thore,

And w[h]ere thei scholde haue her store.—

Vpon a day that emperour

Alle ² the lordes of that honour 3960

In-to a playn dede clepe and calle;

When thei were comen to him alle,

¶ He seide : ‘lordynges, se ȝe alle wele :

The Troyens ȝeue of vs no dele; 3964

With fairnes wil thei not loute,

Thei ben of herte so stoute.

With myght and strengthe we mot conquere

Alle that in the toun are there,— 3968

And long also ben ȝeres ten,—

For thei ben alle doughti men;

And we may hem not assaile,

But if vs come offte vitayle.

h iij 3972

Agamemnon
says :

‘ With might
and strength
we must
conquer Troy,
and so we
must have
much food.

¹ MS. *That*.

² MS. *And alle*.

¶ *Hic incipit bellum per Grecos contra Regem Cesile.*

Here is a lond with-Inne the see, [lf. 59, bk.] 3973

Off alle manere of good that is plente ;

I wene, men calle hit Cecyle.

If that it be ȝoure alleres wille, 3976

I rede : sende thedur oure sonde

To the kyng of that londe,

And bidde him, that he wol puruay

Mete and drynke by nyght and day 3980

And sende vs ouer with pees & reste ;

And thus me thinket, it were beste.'

When Agamenon hadde sayde thus,

Achilles and sir Thelaphus— 3984

That was Ercules owen sone—

Were chosen be eleccione,

To do this erande and wende ther way ;

And nother of hem seide ' nay.' 3988

Thei toke *with* hem, to passe the see,

Off doughti knyghtes thousandes thre,

And sayled faste vnto that land

And lete here schippus In hauen stand, 3992

And drow out horses and stedes

And here strong Iren wedes.

WHen Theman kyng herd say,

That thei of Grece In suche aray 3996

Were opou his lond alyght,

He made him redi with hem to fyght ;

He broght with him to that batayle

Off men of Armes and other pedayle 4000

Thousandes fele and hundres als,

With swerdes and scheldes aboute here hals.

And whan Gregeis saw hem comande,

To putte hem thus out of that lande, 4004

Opon a res thei to him rode,

And thei to him with-outen abode.

If you agree,
let us send to
Sicily and bid
its king pro-
vide us with
meat and
drink.'

Achilles and
Thelaphus are
sent to Sicily :

They set sail
with 3,000
knights.

When they
land, King
Theman
comes to fight
them.

A gret batayle was be-twene hem tho,	[lf. 60.]	4007	A great battle follows.
For her enemys were wel the mo,		4008	
For sicur thei were suche thré			
Then Achilles & his meyné.			
On euery side thei fel thikke doun,			Many fall on both sides, some dead, some in swoon.
Some alle dede, and som in swoun.		4012	
Off hem of Grece ther died gret won,			
And of that other many on.			
The Gregeis were of gret power,			
Thei ne hadde endured in no maner,		4016	The Greeks would not have held out but for Achilles.
Ne hadde Achilles I-bene			
Agayn her foos—and that was sene.—			
He saw many that him assayed			
And his men wel thikke fayled ;		4020	
He loked wel faste In here fyghtyng,			
Where he myght se her kyng ;			
Where he faught, he was wel war,			
And Gregeis faste to erthe he bar.		4024	
A chilles then vnto him prykes,			Achilles strikes King Theman to the ground, hideously wounded.
And many a strok to him he strikes,			
And threwe him doun to the grounde			
With many delful hidous wounde ;		4028	
He thocht the kyng right ther sclo,			
Or he wolde fro him go.			
¶ But Thelaphus that be-held			Thelaphus appeals to Achilles to spare Theman.
And kept that strok vpon his scheld,		4032	
He seide : ‘ Achilles, leue sire,			
For goddis loue, leue thin Ire !			
I pray 3ow for goddis ore,			
That 3e to him do harme no more ;		4036	
But 3eues me this curtais knyght,			
That 3e haue ouercome in fyght.’			
¶ Achilles sayde : ‘ what may this be ?			Achilles says : ‘ What ails you to ask
Thelaphus, what eyles the,	h iiij	4040	

mercy for your enemy?’	Off me to craue and aske mercy Off him that is thin enemy?’	[lf. 6o, bk.]	4041
Thelaphus replies :	Thelaphus seide : ‘sire, be my fay! Al the sothe I schal ȝow say, Now ar ȝe hennes wende :		4044
‘He was my father’s friend; he did me much honour.’	This man was my fadir frende, And gret worschepe to me hath done ; By him, that made sonne & mone, For him therfore mercy I craue, The knyȝtes body of the to haue.’		4048
Achilles says : ‘Take him and do with him what you please.’	¶ ‘Thelaphus,’ he seyde, ‘take him the, I ȝeue him the al clene fro me ; Do with him al thi wille, Whether thow wil saue him or spille.’ Thelaphus toke vp thenne Theman,— For bledynge he was blo and wan,— And sente him home to his dwellyng ; Off here fyght made thei endyng.		4052
Theman prays Thelaphus and Achilles to come home with him, as he is dying heirless, and will make Thelaphus king of his land.	But Theman prayed sir Achilles And Thelaphus with-uten les : “That thei wolde home with him wende, For he was ney at his ende ; And Thelaphus wolde he kyng make And his reme to him take, For of his body hadde he non air, To kepe that lond that was so fair.”		4060
The battle ends.	¶ To-geder bothe with him thei wente, Whan the batayle was thus ente. Whan thei come to his forselet, And he was layde, and thay doun set, He sente after his baronage, And dede hem ¹ make to him omage And corouned him by-forn hem alle, To be here kyng, right In that halle.		4064
Theman sends for his barons and makes them do homage to Thelaphus.			4068
			4072

¹ MS. *hem*, altered from *him*.

And thus Thelaphus is mad her kyng	[lf. 61.]	4075	
And has that lond in gouernyng,		4076	
For Theman dyed in that stede			Theman dies
And beryed he was with mochel pride.			and is buried.
T Helaphus is now lord and sire			
Off al that lond and that empire		4080	
And alle the goodes that Theman hadde,			
And alle ben hise, for so he badde ;			
For he is ded and richely graven.			
And Achilles is In the haven,		4084	Achilles fills
And his schippus are richely fraught			his ships with
With flesshe and fysche and other aught,			victuals.
With corne and mele and tonnes of flour			
And gentil wyne of good odour ;		4088	
And maketh him redi forward to fare,			
And Thelaphus makes him al ȝare			Thelaphus
With him a-ȝeyn to the Gregeis go,			remains in
To Thenedoun that he come fro.		4092	Sicily, to pro-
¶ But Achilles to him says,			vide the
“That he scholde dwelle ther In pais			Greeks with
And puruay vitayles and store,			fresh victuals.
That thei may lyue, whil that thei ben thore.”		4096	
And Thelaphus dwellid stille			
At his byddyng aȝeyns his wille,			
And Achilles toke the see			Achilles sails
With his vitayles and his naue ;		4100	to Thenedon.
And sayled forth to Thenedoun,			
Ther he fond Agamenoun			
And alle the lordis of that ost			
Dwellynge stille in that cost.		4104	
¶ And when thei herde of his comyng,			Agamemnon
To him thei ran bothe lord and kyng			and the lords
And welcomed him deuotly,			are glad to see
Of his comyng glad were thei.		4108	him back.

He relates
how they sped.

"How he hadde sped," he tolde hem alle, [lf. 61, bk.] 4109

"And of Thelaphus how it was falle,
And dwelled ther stille and be lord and kyng
And *puruay* hem vitayles of alle thyng;" 4112

He schewed the vitayles that thei hadde brought
With him to londe, he heled it noght.

The Greeks re-
joice at the
victuals and
Thelaphus's
kingship.

Then were the Gregeis Proude and fayn,
That thei herde the *certayn*, 4116

That he was lord of that kyndome
Fro whethen alle that riches is come.

Thei bad god ȝeue him blis,
That so wisly him dud I-wys; 4120

For now drede thei no-thing,
Nother of mete ne of drynk,

¶ Now hath Achilles hem vitayles brought.

Agamemnon
thinks how
best to besiege
Troy.

Agamenon is In moche thoght, 4124

How thei schul Troye be-sege best;

Many a wyle and wit the[i] kest,

Whether thei wente by day or by nyght

And take the land with-oute syght, 4128

Whil thei of Troye were alle on selepe

And to hem wolde take no kepe;

But thei were ferd, if that thei went

By nyghtes tyme, lest thei were yschent 4132

And breke her schippus on craggas and stones,

And lost hem selff al at ones.

And so dwelled the Gregeys thore

A ful twelue monthe and more, 4136

That thei to Troye toke non hede;

So hadde thei alle of hem suche drede.

But Stace telles vs and says,

That thei lye so long in pays 4140

For drede thei hadde of Ector knyght,

So mochel thei dredde of his myght.

They are
afraid to
attack the
Trojans by
night, as they
fear wrecking
their ships on
the crags.
So they wait
a year without
heeding Troy
—for fear of
Hector, as
Stace (Statius)
says.

Then seyde Diomedes :	[lf. 62.]	4143	Diomedes
‘How longe schal we lye her In pes,		4144	says : ‘How
Gode men, kynges and dukes ?			long shall we
Drede of herte vs alle rebukes !			lie here? We
We ben so ferd of oure enemys,			so fear our
That thei bere vs to no prys ;		4148	enemies that
We haue now leyne and rest vs here—			they despise us.
3e wot alle wel—more than a 3ere,			
That we durst neuere be water ne londe			
Se ones Troye right at honde.		4152	
What may they wene but cowardise			
Off vs for-sothe and gret ffayntise,			
That we ben so of hem a-dred,			They think us
That we for drede ben al mad ?		4156	cowards.
¶ Alas that we so longe a-byden,			
That we ne hadde rather to hem reden			
And the toun myghtily assayled,			
Sicurly it hadde vs a-vayled !		4160	
For now drede thei vs right noght,			They don’t
Fer we haue noght to hem wrought,			fear us, but
But spend oure good and oure vitayle ;			gather new
And that doth vs noght a-vayle.		4164	forces, as we
And thei hem gete lordes kene,			may see our-
A-3eyns vs hem to mayntene ;			selves.
For we haue sene, sethen we come hidur,			
Many kynges comen thedur		4168	
With gret meyne and chiuallrie,			
To helpe wel her partie.			
¶ Gret schame it is—as hit is sene—			It is a shame
That we durst neuere Troye mene,		4172	that we dare
Ne neuere durst we hit ones se,			not yet attack
Kyng Priamus and his Cite !			them.
Whi dwelle we thus In suche manere ?			
I rede, dwelle we no lenger here,		4176	I advise you

Hic Imperator et omnes Reges Grecorum nauigant versus Troianum.

not to dwell Be it to wele or to wo— [lf. 62, bk.] 4177
 here any
 longer, but I rede, that we hennes go,
 to sail at once ¶ Ryse erly, when the day dawes,

Put vs forth among the wawes, 4180

With alle oure schippus with mochel Ioye

Wende we to the Cite of Troye;

For we schal neuere other-wyse

Opon the Troyens lond arise.' 4184

The kings
 assent and
 order their
 knights to be
 ready.

The kynges assented wel ther-to,

Thei sayde thei myght no betre do;

Thei let erie al on hye,

That euery knyght were thenne redy, 4188

That thei were redy In the dawenyng

To wende forth with-out dwellyng.

N ight is went and gon a-way,

Day is dawed and is day, 4192

It was a louely morn,

And Agamenon blew his horn.

Anon the lordes of the flete

Out with here schippis thei dede schete 4196

Out of the hauenes in-to the see,

With al here men and ther naue.

And ther ordeyned that Emperour

And ¹ alle the lordes of gret honour, 4200

Whiche of the schippis schal go by-fore,

And how fele hundres and score,

And whiche schal wende afftirward,

And whiche in the mydward. 4204

So that he ordeyned thus,

That the kyng Protheselus,

That was a kyng of gret noblay,

The hauen schulde furst asay 4208

With an hundred schippis grete;

And he ther byddyng wold not lete.

At daybreak
 Agamemnon
 blows his horn.
 The whole
 Greek navy
 sails out of the
 harbour.

Agamemnon
 orders Pro-
 theselus to
 attack the
 harbour of
 Troy first.

¹ MS. *That*.

- ¶ He gadered his schippus on a route, [lf. 63.] 4211
 And bad hem gadere him a-boute 4212
 And sayle besyde him euer nye,
 And drawe her sayl wel on hye,
 And sette here baneres on the mast ;
 And sayle forth were thei not agast 4216
 Toward Troye a wel gode pas.
 And alle these other vpon a ras,
 Euery lord—as he was boden,—
 Now are thei toward Troye reden 4220
 With gret thretyng and manas hard.
 Prothesely hath the vanwârd,
 The lond of Troye for to take ;
 But furst schal he and alle hese qwake 4224
 For drede of deth, or thei take reste ;
 Er schal thei suffre mochel breste,
 Or thei take bank or brynke ;
 Thei tolde it not as thei thynke. 4228
- G**Regeis ben alle graythed 3are
 To the toun of Troye to fare ;
 Thei ar comen so ney her wones,
 That thei se bothe toures and stones 4232
 And the subbarbes al aboute ;
 But thei hadde so moche doute,
 How thei scholde on londe lyght
 For hem of Troye whan thei hadde a syght ; 4236
 For many a Troyen sen thei stonde
 Armed wel opou the londe,
 To put hem fro the water bankes,
 That thei ne tok lond but ther vnthankes. 4240
- ¶ But sicurly when thei of Troye,
 Kyng and quene, knyght and boye,
 Say the Gregeys sayles long and large,
 Eche man hente bothe sword and targe 4244
- They prepare
 their ships and
 sail to Troy.
- Before they
 take it, they
 will have to
 suffer much.
- When they get
 sight of the
 town, many
 armed Trojans
 are standing
 on the banks.

126 *The Battle at the Landing. The first Greek Troops are slain.*

	And drow forth hors and gret cou[r]ser, [lf. 63, bk.]	4245
	And rode and ran to the ryuer	
	With-oute heste of here kyng	
	Or with-uten Ectoris wetyng;	4248
	That Gregeys scholde no lond take	
	With-oute bale and mochel wrake.	
Protheselaus sails against the Trojans,	¶ But Prothesaly the formast was	
	Off alle the schippis In that ras,	4252
	Saw he not no better to do	
	Ne on no wise to come to,	
	But thorow strokes and fyght.	
	He sayled forthe to hem streyght	4256
	With alle the schippis In his ledyng ;	
but by his great folly	But gret foly dede ther that kyng,	
	For he sayled In with a feble sayl	
	And pat was him to wrotherhayl :	4260
	For the wynd was hard and store	
he is driven so hard against the bank, that many of his ships are shattered, and the men drowned.	And so faste him to the lond bore,	
	¶ Azeyns the bank hem so droff,	
	That many a chippe ¹ ther al to-roff,	4264
	And the men fel out and sank	
	Dede and drowned by the bank.	
	And tho that on the lond dede lepe	
Those who get on land are slain.	The Troyens leyde vpon an hepe,	4268
	Thei bare hem down and sclow al-weyes	
	Doun to grounde the Gregeis ;	
	To scle hem the Troyens not belened,	
	In-to the sky the strokes dened.	4272
	¶ The Gregeys zolled and cried loude,	
The air is thick with arrows and bolts ; land and water are red with blood.	It was a-bouen hem lyke a cloude,	
	So fley the arwes to and fro	
	That the Gregeis dyed with mechel wo.	4276
	Lond and water was al rede	
	Off hem that were sclayn and dede.	

¹ MS. *chippe*.

Sithen schippis ȝode¹ furst with sayl and wynd, [lf. 64.]

Might neuere man In book fynd, 4280

With so gret wo to gete land,

As the Gregeys dede, I vndirstand.

PRothesaly hath his naue
Neyhondes lorn and his meyne 4284

Thorow his outrage and his vn-wit,

Opon the lond so harde he hit.

But than come sayland opon a rowe

Aftirward with sayles lowe 4288

A hundred
fresh ships
arrive, and by
better skill

An hundrid schippis gret and stronge

With semely mastes fair and longe

In-to that hauen war and wisly,—

Ther other men were wel grisly, 4292

In the water swam and flotered,

And there schippis a-boute totered ;

And to the lond so sofft thei sette,

That thei were nothyng lette 4296

reach land
without loss.

With bank ne cragge ne with ston.

But thenne come Troiens many on

To the bank to hem ful blyue,

Fro the lond hem to dryue.

4300

The Trojans
try to drive
them back, but
the Greek
archers bicker
on them,

But in the schippis were goode archeres

With dartes and gones & Arb[l]asteres ;

The Gregeis thenne her bowes bent

And many an arwe thei hem sent, 4304

Many a darte was ther cast and schotyn,

And many a bodi ouer-floten.

The Gregeis were apert and quyk,

That arwes on londe thei dede styk, 4308

That many of Troye to dethe fell

With dynt of Arwe and of qwareff ;

Thei drow a-bak—so were thei hurt.—

kill many
Trojans,

The Gregeis on the lond sturt

4312

and land.

¹ MS. ȝowe.

And faught boldely and at devis [lf. 64, bk.] 4313

Opon the lond with here enemys ;

Thei helden Troyens hard and stale,

The Greeks
would never
have held their
ground but for
Protheselaus,

But scholde thei neuere of bote herd bale, 4316

Ne hadde ben Prothesaly,

T[h]e noble kyng of Filaundry.

HE sclow that tyme with-outen vmbre

Mo Troyens than I can numbre ¹; 4320

who helps
them and kills
many Trojans.

Nadde he ben and his noblay,

Hadde neuere Gregeys passed a-way ;

For sicurly his doughtynes,

Alone his myȝth and his prowes,

4324

Saued alle the Grwes that ther were

Fyghtyng in feld tho there.

Still many
Greeks are
slain too.

But for alle his myȝth ² that he hadde ³

The Gregeis were so harde be-stadde, 4328

That many on ⁴ on grounde lay,

For tho of Troye were mo than thay.

Hem were leuere dye than fflee,

And to be drowned in the see ;

4332

To theire schippis hadde thei no teynt,

Thei were so for-foghten and almost faynt.

The Trojans
again drive
them back
towards the
sea.

The Troyens droff hem bak-ward

With harde strokes the see toward,

4336

Than were thei dreven to the bank,

That many fel In the see and sank.

¶ But thenne come many a gret karik,

Ful of knyghtes wel ydyght ;

4340

Then Procenor
and Archelaus
rally the
Greeks.

Kyng Procenor and Archelaus

Come then to helpe Protheselaus ;

With alle ther men on londe thei wente,

With hardi herte and good entente

4344

To socour her frendes: that was hem leff,

In dout of dethe that was In myscheff.

{ But alle }

¹ MS. *humbre*.

² MS. *myth*.

³ The last four words by another hand, *myth* on erasure.

⁴ MS. *manyon*.

- ¶ But alle thei were In drede of dede¹; [lf. 65.] 4347 But all of them
Schuld thei neuere haue eten brede, 4348 would have
Not for hem alle ne Procenor, died,
Ne hadde not come the duke Nestor: if Nestor had
But he come then to the batayle, not come to
As faste as he myght sayle, 4352 their rescue.
With many a schip and many a floyne;
For him and his schippis fil fair fortune,
And louely grace god to him sende,
That he and hise sauely des[c]ende² 4356
Opon that lond with-oute hurtyng,
With-oute harme or schipe³ brekyng.
¶ Then myght men se speres schake, A terrible
And many a man for drede qwake; 4360 combat
Here swordes⁴ thriffly to-gedur rang, follows;
Eche a man on other dang;
The arwes 3ede so thikke on hye, the arrows fly
That no man myght for hem se the skye; 4364 so thick, that
Arwes and quareles thikke flewe, one can't see
Euery man on other hewe, the sky.
Thei fel down ded on euery halue,
That neuere myght be heled with oyment ne salue. 4368
THen come a-londe kyng Alacris, Then Alacris
And Askalus with alle his, and Ascalus
With doughti knyghtes gode and fresche, come ashore,
With grete speres of Oke and asche. 4372
Thei wounen the Troyens thikke,
And faught with hem wel quykke,
And thei of Troye bakward drowe;
And many fel ded In sowe. 4376 and put the
Trojans to
¶ But fele Troyens stode be-syde, flight.
That hadde not meved of alle that tyde,
Ne neuere 3aff stroke of al that day,
But by-held the batayle ay. i j 4380

¹ MS. The last two letters of *dede* by a later hand on erasure.

² MS. *defende*.

³ MS. *schip*.

⁴ o corrected from e.

¶ *Hic venit ad bellum cum magno suo vlixes.*

The reserves of
the Trojans
come up, slay
and wound the
Greeks,

But whan thei sey her men hadde nede, [lf. 65, bk.] 4381

Thei come doun wel good spede ;

Thei socoured here felawes egrely

And sclow the Gregeys bitterly ; 4384

Thei wounded many in that poynt,

Ther was lorn many a Ioynt,

Many a leg and many a thye,

Many an hond and many a kne ; 4388

Some loste his nase and his lyppis.

and drive them
back again.

Thei droff hem bacward to here schippis,

For drede of dethe and myghtles

Thei were brouȝt al in distres ; 4392

That thei hadde dyed with swerdes orde

Or drowned vnder schippis borde,

Ne hadde Vlixes comen then

With many a knyght and doughti men. 4396

Then Ulixes
and his men
land, and help
the Greeks ;

THe Gregeis myght hem not defende,

But Vlixes was then ner-hende

And toke the londe, and ȝede forth streyght

With alle his men to the fyght. 4400

The Grues toke herte In his comyng,

That thei that were be-fore fleyng,

they turn
again.

Turned a-ȝeyn, and hertely ran

On her fomen, and ofte hem wan 4404

Off hem of Troye, be his helpyng.

Ulixes wounds
many Trojans.

Vlixes then began to spryng

¶ A-mong Troyens anon,

In many stedis bare he hem don, 4408

And hurt hem sore and lefft hem bledande

With a spere he bar In hande,

And wounded many gode Troyene.

When Philo-
mene sees
this,

And that beheld kyng Phylomene, 4412

How he bare Troyens to the grounde,

Wondir many In a stounde ;

Him thoght In-sonder his hert gnowe,	[lf. 66.]	4415	
That he dede Troyens so doun drowe ;		4416	
He thoght to him for to ride,			
To se if he him wolde abyde			
And made him of his dedis sese.			
Philomene rode to Vlixes		4420	he rides up to
And 3aff him certes suche a poppe,			Ulixes and
That he fel ouer his hors croppe.			strikes him to
¶ But Vlixes anon vp ros,			the ground.
And to the kyng a-3eyn he gos		4424	But Ulixes
Off that strok to take vengauce ;			starts up,
He smot Philomene with his launce			
Ryght euen In-myddis his scheld,			and so smites
That it flow out In the feld ;		4428	Philomene in
He brast his Pisan and his coloret			the throat,
And claff his vayn In his goriet :			
Vlixes 3aff him suche a wounde,			
That he fel dede almost to grounde ;		4432	that he falls
Alle the Troyens that ther wore			down for dead.
Wende, he scholde haue dyed thore.			
¶ A gret wayment and hidous cry			The Trojans,
Might men here then witterly,		4436	crying and
That the Troyens made y-wys			weeping, bear
For the wounde of Philomenys.			him away
Thei drow him fro his hors fete			upon his
And leyde him sofftly and swete		4440	shield.
Opon his scheld with gret wepyng,			
As he hadde ben sclepyng,			
And bare him faire of that stede,			
That men ne hors scholde on him trede.		4444	
¶ That fel faire for men of Grece,			This was a
Thei hadde elles dyed euery pece ;			good chance
For certes ne hadde ben that combraunce,			for the Greeks.
That ne hadde fallen that myschaunce,	i ij	4448	

¶ *Hic venit Imperator & omnes alij Reges Grecorum ad prelium.*

The Gregeis hadde neuere passed that place, [lf. 66, bk.]
 But thei had dyed,—suche was here grace. 4450

P Hilomene was wounded ille.

The¹ Gregeis were In poynt to spille; 4452

Thei nyste what thei schulde haue don,

Ne hadde ben the kyng hurt so sone;

Thei hadde ben hēwen euery a schrede,

But hem come help In that nede: 4456

if Thoas,

¶ For then come the kyng Thoas

With alle the naue that his was,

Thelamانيus,

And the doughti Thelamانيous,

Menelaus,

And with his schippis Menelaus, 4460

and Agamemnon

¶ And the Emperour Agamenon;

Euery man the lond lepe on

And toke her hors and theder rode

With baneres blauwande bright and brode, 4464

And the Gregeis were rescued,

And many a Troyen ther thei bowed,

And bare hem down upon the grounde,

With speres scharpe and with hidous wounde. 4468

Protheselaus
sits down to
rest;

¶ The noble kyng Prothesaly,

That alle that day so nobly

Hadde foughten ther In armes prest,

Sete be-syde to take his rest, 4472

Ther the batayle was ffurst by-gunne;

He saw the place was al by-ronne,

Spred with blod and dede bodyes,

That ther lay slayn that hadde ben hes; 4476

He saw hem slayn and ligge ther,

He wepit for hem many a ter.

Then he goes
to fight again,

¶ He toke his stede by the rayne,

To the fight he ȝede a-ȝayne,

Ful of woundes and of Ire;

He brende for wo as any fire 4480

¹ MS. *That*.

Still the
Greeks would
have been
beaten,

had not
rescued them
and wounded
the Trojans.

he sees his men
lying in their
blood, and
weeps.

For his gode men that were slayn	[lf. 67.]	4483	
And al to-hewen ¹ body and brayn.		4484	
He thoght, her dethe wolde he venge,			
He sought the batayle euery renge ;			
Off strong ne feble toke he no kepe,			
He sclow hem down, as it were schepe,		4488	and slays the
Many gode Troyen that tyde			Trojans like
Sclow that kyng with woundes wyde			sheep.
In his outrage and his wodnes ;			
The Troyens were then myghtles.		4492	
¶ Vnto her help and here refute			To their help
A worthi kyng and ful deuoute,			comes the
The noble kyng of Ethiope ;			King of
Then was ther many a blodes drope.		4496	Ethiopia.
When comen Ethiopenes,			
Gret hardines toke the Troyens,			
Thei Turned a3eyn on ther fomen			
And sclow hem down by nyne and ten,		4500	
And droff hem to the water efft.			
Ther schulde no Gregeis on lyue haue lefft,			
Ne hadde comen Palamydes			But then
With many a scheld, with bond and fes ;		4504	Palamydes
With hors and man was he thanne boun,			comes to the
To that batayle he come soun			rescue of the
And bar down men as he were wode,			Greeks ;
And spilled faste the Troyens blode.		4508	
¶ A doughti Troyen he by-helde,			
That many a Gregeis In that felde			
Hadde slayn that day, sir Sygamon,			he kills Syga-
The kynges brother gode Mennon.		4512	mon, the
With a spere—was scharp y-grounde,			brother of King
Better was non amonges hem all yfounde,—			Mennon.
Palamydes to him rode,			
That thorow his sydes bothe it glode,	i iij	4516	

¹ MS. *alto hewen*.

¶ **Hic venit Ector cum populo suo ad prelium.**

That Segamon his liff for-3ede [lf. 67, bk.] 4517

And fel down ded by his stede.

He rod forth & lefft him lygand,

To the batayle faste smytand; 4520

Palamydes
slays many
Trojans,

¶ He sclow the Troyens—as he were wod—

And schedde wel mochel of here blod,

That thei myght suffre no lenger;

Tho were the Grues wel the strenger, 4524

so that they
begin to flee,

On euery a syde the Troiens fiede;

Then thei were hard be-stede,

With mochel noye and wo thei fau3t.

and the Greeks
come nearer
the town.

The Gregeis then toke a drau3t 4528

Toward the toun ney halff a myle,

Many a Troyen died that while.

¶ The noyse was moche & gret clamour;

Hector hears
the noise of
the battle,

Ector herde hem make sorow, 4532

For tene his herte began to bollen,

And bothe his chekes gret swollen;

dons his silver
arms

He toke his armes and his atyre,

That were as bryght as siluer wyre; 4536

A better man was neuere on molde,

and golden
shield,

He bar a scheld of rede golde,

With thre lyons paynted ther-In;

A delful note he thoght be-gyn. 4540

rides towards
his men,**E**ctor¹ is armed, his stede be-strode,

He rod forth with-oute a-bode,

Toward his men gan he gange,

Him thoght he dwelled ther to longe. 4544

He saw the Troyens faste fleand,

He rod to hem faste criand

and bids them
not fear.

And bad: "thei scholde a-3eyn turne,"—

'Drede 3ow not 3oure enemys sturne!' 4548

Ihesu lord! what thei were glad,

When thei here noble leder had!

¹ MS. *EE*tor.

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Prothesalium Regem.*

Was non so feble his voyce [did] here,	[lf. 68.]	4551	The Trojans are very glad of Hector's arrival, and turn again against their enemies.
But it amendid herte and chere,		4552	
And turned a-zeyn with hardi herte			
A-zeyn here enemys wonder smerte.			
¶ Ector rode In that batayle,			
Armes myght him non a-vayle ;		4556	
Wo was him that he ful hit,			
For of his lyff was he quyt.			
He <i>partid</i> the Gregeis host in-sundir,			Hector parts the Greek army asunder,
Eche man of him hadde wondir ;		4560	
Off suche a man haue 3e non herd !			
Alle that he hitte, to dethe thei ferd.			
¶ As he rode ¹ Gregeis thus sleande,			
Azeyns him mette he comande		4564	meets Protheselaus,
A doughti kyng, Prothesalye,			
That many of Troye that day dede dye ;			
He smot him ofte with his swerd naked,			
That many Gregeis afftir qwaked ;		4568	
With his swerd Ector him smot,			
That he fel down anon fot hot ;			
He cleff the body euen In halff,			
As it hadde ben a clouen calff.		4572	and cleaves him with his sword to the middle.
W As non so bold, durst by him pas ;			
Eche man asked, "what he was ?"			
Thei fled fro him as fro the ded ;			
Whom that he hitte, ete neuere bred.		4576	
The Gregeis pride Ector abasched,			All Greeks are afraid of him, he slays so many of them.
He sclow so fele, er he sesed,			
That alle were ferd that on him loked ;			
He maymed many, and made hem croked		4580	
Off legge, of arme, of fote, or too ;			
But 3it sclow he of hem wel moo.			
Alle made him way and lete him ride,			
Was non so bold durst him a-byde.	i iiij	4584	

¹ to inserted over line between *rode* and *Gregeis*.

Towards evening Hector retires from the battle-field.	The sonne goth down, it is ney euen, [lf. 68, bk.] 4585
	Many a stroke hath Ector ȝeuen,
	He was weri of men scleyng,
	Off ffyghtyng, and of strokes ȝeuyng, 4588
	For he sesid neuere with-oute fayle,—
	And that was certes moche meruayle!—
	Fro the tyme that he by-gan,
	Off al that day he neuere belan. 4592
	¶ Gregeis be-gan for to fle,
	And Ector rod to his Cite
	And lefte that other ther ffyghtande.
Achilles with his Myrmidons now comes ashore.	Achilles cam thenne faste saylande 4596
	With alle his gode Mirmydanen;
	With sword and spere and gret burdonen
	Vnto that batayle he him hyed,
	The Gregeis thenne a-ȝeyn relyed; 4600
The Greeks are again comforted.	Thei hadde comfort of his comyng,
	On hem of Troye thei ¹ gonne thryng.
	AChilles be-gan Troyens to felle,
	Some to wounde, and some to quelle; 4604
	Thei died faste on bothe parties,
	He made aboutes him wayes and sties.
	Achilles brouȝt with him ridand
	Off men of Armes thre thousand; 4608
Achilles with his 3,000 men slays many Trojans.	Then hadde the Troyens ful gret doute
	Thei fel doun dede ouer-al a-boute;
	For then were Gregeis alle on londe,
	With swordes and speres & staff in honde, 4612
	Fyghtand faste In that assaut;
	The Troyens faste ther dethe laut,
	For Achilles wodely
	Sclow hem doun ful delfoly; 4616
	Thei myght no lenger him with-stande,
	Thei turned the bak faste fleande,

¹ MS. *i* inserted by a later hand.

Toward Troye to saue here lyues.	[lf. 69.]	4619	The Trojans
But Achilles afftir dryues,		4620	flee to the city;
He felde hem down on euery side ¹			Achilles
And lefft hem liyng with woundes wide.			wounds many
¶ Thei ffolwede hem to Troyes ȝate;			of them,
Wo was hem that come to late,		4624	especially
For he was sclayn with-oute pite,			those who are
That ther by tyme hadde non entre.			toolate to enter
It was hidous and right grisly			the gates.
Off Troiens thenne to heere her cry,		4628	
The fadres saw here children bold			
Lye ded In the strete Cold ² ,			
Then was ther dele with-oute lauzter;			
The Gregeis made of hem gret slauzter,		4632	
And wounded hem in here fleyng.			
But thei were lettid of her entryng :			
¶ For then come ride the gode Troylus,			Troylus and
And his brother Dephebus,		4636	Dephebus
And droff a-ȝeyn the ffel Gregis			drive the
With strokes sadde and mechel vnpes;			Greeks back.
Hit was derk nyght by thenne y-wys,			
Achilles ȝede with mochel blys,		4640	Achilles and
With mochel Ioye and gret preysyng,			his Greeks go
With his Gregeis to here restyng;			to rest full of
And thei of Troye with barre & haspe			joy.
Spered the ȝates with many a claspe,			The Trojans
That thei with-oute come not In		4644	bolt their
With-Inne the nyght with scleyght ne with gyn.			gates.
A Gamenon lokes on euery syde			Agamemnon
A place couenable on to ³ abyde;		4648	allots places
He bad hem alle, her tentis sette;			for the tents.
Thei swore alle, "thei wold not lette ⁴ ;"			
Thei sayde, "thei wolde neuere that place let ⁵ ,			
Or Troye were clene doune ybet."		4652	

¹ The last two words of this line, and the last three of the next, by a later hand, partially on erasure.

² MS. *wol Cold*, a letter (probably *d*) being erased behind *wol*, and *Cold* added by a later hand.

³ MS. *onto*.

⁴ MS. *Icehe lette*, *Icehe* being crossed by a later hand, and *lette* added by the same.

⁵ MS. *fyt*, but inserted by a later hand on erasure.

The Greeks pitch a camp.	¶ Stedis was delyuered to euery a lord, [lf. 69, bk.] 4653
	Thei ran alle to reste and cord,
	To sette vp tentis, Pauylons to bylde;
	Thei reysed vp bothe halle and tylde, 4656
	That riche were and mochel preysed;
	Many a tent was ther vp-reysed,
	Long, and round, and eke sqware,
	Semely dyght & faire to her sight thare, 4660
	With eglis faire and riche In syght,
	Off riche gold and mechel of wyght,
They go to their ships and fetch venison, victuals, and arms.	With pomeles bright—with-oute fable—
	Brode baneres on euery gable. 4664
	¶ Opon her tentis thei dede en-haunse
	Euery lord his contenaunce;
	And thei that hadde no teld ne tent,
	Scheldes and bowes faste thei bent 4668
	And be-gonnen a-boute hem bygge,
	That thei myght ther-Inne lygge.
	To thaire schippis ffaste thei zede
	And drow out vitayles good spede, 4672
They anchor their ships.	¶ Thei drow out larder of venyson,
	Salt beff, and salt bacon,
	And other flesch bothe fresche and salt,
	Cornes, wynes, mele, and malt, 4676
	Grete tonnes ful of flour;
	Riche Armor of riche a-tour,
	Coffres grete with stele barrells,
	That were ful of gode quarells, 4680
	And other armes in gret tonnes,
	Scheldes, helmes, dartes, & gones,
	And many other grete engynes;
	And tyed her schippis with ropes & lynes, 4684
	And Ankeres grete kest on the sond,
	That non of hem scholde wond.

Mules & hors bene put to cracche,	[lf. 70.]	4687	
And afftir that thei sette here wacche		4688	The Greeks set watches
With sicur men that wolde not slepe,			
On euery a side that ost to kepe ;			
Thei dede falle bothe oke and plane			
And made fir In euery a lane,		4692	and kindle fires.
That men myght se bothe ner and ferre			
Ouer-al a-boute In eueryche a corner ;			
¶ The fires 3euen a gret lyght,			
As of hit hadde ben day-lyght.		4696	
Mynstralles her pipes hente			The minstrels play the whole night.
And alle other of Instrumente,			
Thei nakered, piped, and blew,			
Vnto that the Cokkes crew.		4700	
¶ And thus was thanne the sege be-gonne,			Thus begins the siege of Troy, which lasts ten years.
That laste ten 3er, or Troye was wonne ;			
3it was it neuere wonne with fyght,			
With the Gregeis, ne with ther myght ;		4704	
Hit was be-trayed falsly—Alas!—			
With Antenor and Eueas.			
H It is day, the Cok hath crowen,			In the morn- ing.
Many an horn thanne was blowen,		4708	
Many an horn and many a pipe ;			
Thei be-gan her Armure gripe			the Greeks take up their arms and rear their banners [which are described].
Bothe In feld and In toun ;			
Thei rered many a gomfanoun,		4712	
Baneres brode of fyne asure,			
Grene, and white, of purpur pure,			
Some were rede as vermyloun,			
With pelotes, daunse, and Cheueroun,		4716	
Some with sauters engrèle,			
And some with bastoun wouerle,			
Off sable some, of siluer fyn,			
And some of hem be-gan to schyn.		4720	

¶ *Hic Ector ordinat prelium suum.*

Hector
assembles his
forces

¶ Ector bad his men ilkon, [lf. 70, bk.] 4721

That his meyne schold [brynge] echon

In-myddes Troie in a playn

Be-fore the temple in a champayn.

4724

His batayles ther Ector arayed,

With many gode kny3tes wel assayed ;

He ordeyned them ¹ in batayles nyne

With gode knyghtes & eke fyne,

4728

And set aboue hem gouernoures,

Hardy kny3tes and gode gyoures.

and divides
them into
nine batta-
lions.

The first, of
2,000 men, is
led by
Glaunton,
Theseus, and
his son
Archilogus,

THe furst ost lad sir Glauntoun,

A kyng sone of gret renoun ;

4732

And Theseus, kyng of Tras ² ;

And Archilogo, that his sone was ;

Two thousand kny3tes gode and lele

Lad thei in that eschele.

4736

and has leave
to march.

‘ I 3eue 3ow leue,’ saide Ector, ‘ with this,

To go & come with mochel blis :

To 3oure Enemys now 3e hye,

And come a-3eyn with victorie !’

4740

The 3ate was open on a rees,

Thei passed forth out of that prees.

The second
battalion
(3,000) is given
to Alkan and
Antipe.

The secunde batayle lede Alkan,

The kyng Antipe, that doughti man,

4744

A dou3ti kny3t, a noble kyng ;

The[i] hadde with hem in here ledyng

Thre thousand knyghtes gode & strong ;

Thei rode alle forth In that throng,

4748

With many doughti man hem myd.

He ordeyned then the batayle thrid,

Thre thousand of dou3ti kny3tes,

That were hardy at alle ry3tes,

4752

And called gode Troyle, and to him spak

And seyde : ‘ brother, I the be-tak

The third
(3,000) is led by
Troylus, whom
Hector
counsels

¹ MS. *then*.

² MS. *Tars*.

¶ **Hic Ector et alii Reges Troiani ibant ad prelium.**

These gode men In thi kepyng, [lf. 71.] 4755

I praye oure goddis, a-3eyn 3ow bryng! 4756

But I praye the, my broder¹ dere,

By-fore these kyng[es]² & kny3tes here,

That thou be wyse and not sauage ;

3if the not to outrage! 4760

not to be too
eager or too
rash ;

I drede me sore, thi hastines,

Thi noble herte, and thi hardines

Schal make the bold and vs schent ;

But thou take gode avisement, 4764

Vnto thi-self to-day take hede !

I pray oure goddis, that wel 3ow spede !'

TRoyle sayde in fair manere :

' 3if my god me helpe, that is me dere, 4768

Ne haue 3e of me no doute,

I schal do 3ow ther aloute,

And do alle 3oure comaundement,

And kepe 3oure heste in good entent.' 4772

Troylus pro-
mises to obey
Hector.

He toke his leue as curtais and hende,

To his Enemys he gan wende ;

His armes were gode and newe,

His scheld was of Asure blewe, 4776

With thre lyons of gold schynand ;

Out of that 3ate he 3ede passand.

¶ Aboute these batayles Ector him paynes,

The fourthe batayle³ he ordeynes 4780

Of th[r]e thousand and hundres seuene,

Off kny3tes gode—by god of heuene!—

With many a-nother dou3ti man,

Vndir that dou3ti kyng Vpan ; 4784

He was the strongest of that parti

Saue Ector him-self, but Dares ly.

is given to
Upan—the
strongest
knight but
Hector.

¶ The ffyft batayle then Ector made

Off stronge kny3tes and eke sade, 4788

The fifth
battalion

¹ MS. *moder*.

² MS. *kyng*.

³ MS. *batayles*.

is made up of
giantlike men
of Cesoygne,

Off doughti men with-oute ensoygne, [lf. 71, bk.] 4789

That comen were out of Cesoygne ;

Thes ilke men were wonder stronge,

As geauntes mochel and longe ; 4792

The kynges armes were blewe and blo,

With-oute other signes mo.

under Polimo-
das.

¶ He called to him Polimodas,

A douȝti kyng, that hardi was ; 4796

He made him lord and her leder,

And prayed god be her speder.

The sixth is
led by Prose-
men and Ste-
repes : they
are archers.

¶ The sixte batayle with-oute les

Ledes Prosemen and Sterepes ; 4800

Thei fauȝt vn-armed in here atyres

With longe Arwes and scharpe vires.

He cleped Dephebus that folk to lede,

And bad to hem to take good hede. 4804

He bad also to kyng Esdras,

Opon his heued his helm to las ;

and Philon.

¶ Kyng Esdras and kyng Philon

Bothe thei dede her helmes on, 4808

And wende to that batayle rude

With grete folk and multitude.

Philon's war-
chariot is
described.

K yng Philon a noble cart,

A wonder werk, made hade gart : 4812

It was clene and al yvore

Bothe be-hynde and eke be-fore,

Siluer and gold on aythe[r] whele

Was layd aboute fair an[d] wele ; 4816

Al was be-gon, syde and hemmes,

Ful of riche precious gemmes ;

Suche a cart ne precious

Saw neuere man, ne so gracious. 4820

Piktagorasen
is one of their
leaders.

That batayle lad Piktagorasen,

With kyng Philon and kyng Esdrasen.

The seuenthe batayle led Eueas,	[lf. 72.] 4823	The seventh
A strong kyng In euery plas,	4824	battalion's
With a noble Amerale,		leaders are
That hete Eufen—so sayth the tale.—		Eneas and
¶ The .viii. batayle led Paris,		Eufen.
That Alysaundre het also y-wys,	4828	The eighth's
With the noble kyng of Perse,		are Paris and
As Dares telles In his verse.		the Persian
E ctor sayde to Alysaundre :		king.
‘ Off the come al this foule sclaudre,	4832	
For thi wyffes foule rape ;		
I rede that thow wysly scape,		Hector coun-
That thow of hem be not dispised ;		sels Paris to
Come not among hem vn-avised,	4836	be wise and
Lete thyn ost be euer the by,		careful.
That thi fomen come the not ny !		
Paris seyde thenne : ‘ so god me rede,		Paris promises
I schal do, as 3e haue seyde ;	4840	to be so.
I schal be euere at thin heste.’		
Thei ride forth with many a crest,		
With many a baner by the wynde,		
Some of sable, som of Inde.	4844	
¶ Ector called to him blyue		
Off hardy kny3tes thosandes fyue,		5,000 of the
The stalworthest In Troye born ;		best Trojan
When thei come him byforn	4848	knights form
He made of hem the .ix. batayle.		the ninth bat-
As Ector coude, he arayes hem wele,		talion under
He bad hem be at his ledyng,		Hector and ten
Thei were wel glad of that biddyng.	4852	of his brothers.
Ten of his brether that were hardye,		
He dede In that companye ;		
Him-self ¹ was armed In helme & bryny,		
His stede by-gan wel loude to hyny.	4856	

¹ MS. *selt*.

Gret Ioye was of Ector ffayrnes, [lf. 72, bk.] 4857
 Off his strengthe and his goodnes.
 Dars the heraud—I the be-hote—
 Many meruayles of him he wrote. 4860

Hector takes
 leave of his
 father ;

Ector sat on Galathea,
 The swyfftest hors that myght ga ;
 To his ffader Priamus
 Rode he thenne, and seyde thus : 4864
 ‘ My lord, my fader leue and dere,
 A thousand knyghtes I leue 3ow here
 With alle the pedel better and werre,
 That the Gregeis vs not sterre, 4868
 To take oure toun with arte and scleght,
 The while we In feld feght.

he leaves 1,000
 knights to
 guard him,

3e ben wyse, good, and able,
 Loke 3e be gode and defensable ! 4872
 I schal 3ow sende with kny3tes and knapes,
 How the batayle with vs scapes ;
 And afftir that I sende 3ow sonde,
 Wele helpe 3e vs, if nede be-stonde.’ 4876

and will send
 him messen-
 gers from the
 battle-field.

Priamus says
 he relies on
 Hector alone,
 and will pray
 God to send
 him back
 whole and
 sound.

¶ Kyng Priamus a3eyn answeres :
 ‘ I prey god, that alle thyng weres,
 Saue the this day fro dedly wounde
 And sende the a3eyn hole and sounde ! 4880
 God sende me gode tythandes & blys,
 For in the now al myn hope is,
 In thi wit and thi connyng,
 In thi strengthe and thi gouernyng.’ 4884
 At his fadur leue he toke,
 And with his batayle forth he schoke.

Hector rides
 forth.

Ector rode forth In gode vertuus,
 Strong kny3t, hardy and prus, 4888
 So hardy kny3t was non a-losed ;
 Wel offte was he harde be-closed,

{ Wt þe Gregeis }

Hic veniunt Greci ad Prelium.

With the Gregeis alle vmbygon,	[lf. 73.]	4891	Hector is often surrounded by Greeks, but none dares attack him.
That of his men hadde he not on ;		4892	
With hundres fele and thousandes bothe			
Thei swore his deth with many an othe.			
And he on fote, when his hors was sclayn,—			
ȝit dar I for-sothe sayn,		4896	
That non durst on him hond lay,			
Ne non so bold come In his way.			
His armes were faire and bryȝt of hewe,			His arms and shield are described.
His scheld was of Asure blewe,		4900	
In-myddes his scheld a lyon stode,			
As rede as any blode.			
¶ He markys him bothe body and brest			
With Appolyn that was to him trest.		4904	
At his wendingȝ pan was he last,			
Alle his batayles sone he past,			
Til he was formest of hem alle.			
The ladyes ȝede upon the walle,		4908	The Trojan ladies are on the walls.
Ther myȝt thei se on euery syde,			
How the batayle scholde betyde.			
¶ Ther was Eleyne, the faire qwene,			
Hectuba and Pollexene,		4912	
And hir sustir Cassaunder ;			
Opon the walles thei gan wander,			
For to se and to be-holde,			
How thei fauȝt upon the wolde.		4916	
A Game[n] In his de-vyse ¹			Agamemnon divides his forces into 26 battalions.
Hadde ordeyned wel alle hise ;			
He hadde on horse, with pedales,			
Six & twenti grete batayles.		4920	
The formast warde ledde Patrodus,			Patroclus, Achilles' intimate friend, leads the first.
A riche duk and a glorious ;			
When he that batayle toke to kepe,			
Him hadde be betre layn to selepe.		4924	

k j

¹ MS. *de-gyse*.

He was Achilles alyaunce, [1f. 73, bk.] 4925

And dede him gret greuaunce,

For he was his sworn brother,

So was that on to that other. 4928

The second is led by Diomedes, Menon, and Menescene, the rest by many kings and dukes now dead.

¶ The secunde ledde Diodemes,

Kyng Menon, and Menescens.

The thridde, the furthe, and eke the fift

Lad many a kyng that neuere hadde schriffit ; 4932

Alle thei were dede, bothe duk and kyng ;

To telle her names were gret taryng.

Then come Nestor and Makaon, and Agamemnon, their emperor and general leader.

¶ Then come Nestor duk, and kyng Makaon ;

The laste of alle come Agemenon,

Off ther ost as an Emperour 4936

And ther alther gouernour.

Achilles lies wounded in his tent.

¶ Achilles bar non Armes that¹ day,

In his tent at home he lay

For a wounde, In strong aray 4940

That he hadde cauzt that other day.

¶ Now haue thei take the feld large

With helme, sword, and many targe,

Lased streyzt in cote-Armures, 4944

Y-heled² with riche covertoures,

Opon her stedes gaye trapped,

With yren and stele that were wel clapped 4948

For dyntes of Arwes and schotyng ;

A great battle rages ; many folk die.

Many man dyed at that metyng.

¶ Many a baner was displayed,

And many a stede aboute strayed

Among that ost Maystirles, 4952

That ther lay ded, lyffles.

Ther were schankes al to-schiuered,

And many of his lyff delyuered, 4956

Bakkes broken, bones brosten,

Many of here hors casten,

¹ MS. *thar*.

² MS. *y heled*.

¶ **Magnum bellum.**

Many a cote on erthe trayled, [lf. 74.] 4959

Many a wyff her lord ther wayled, 4960

When thei alle to-gedir mette,

The archeres faste a-boute hem schotte,

Thei sclow and wounded many a score.

Ector rod his men be-fore 4964

Hector rides
in front of his
men.

And Priked his stede, as he were wode,

That alle his sides ran on blode ;

So ful of yre as Ector was,

When he saw so many come a-pas 4968

Off so many Gregeis in his syght,

He wondred swythe, and so he myght.

Patroclus, a kyng gaylard, Patroclus and
Was ledere of the vanward ; Hector fight ;

Ector come as a lyoun, 4972

And Patroclus on a stede broun

Vnto Ector be-fore his men,

He strok his stede and dede him ren ; 4976

He bar Ector thorow the scheld,

But Ector faste his sadel held,

In-to the flesche he him smot,

And Ector to him [went] foot hot. 4980

Hector's shield
is pierced,

¶ He wex thenne wood and wroth I-now,

Out of his schethe his sword he drow,

He smot Patroclus on the hed,

Styff ded he him leued. 4984

but he kills
Patroclus.

His strok with-stode no basenet,

His strong helme, ne his palet,

He cleff his heued atwo,

And bad him smyte no more so. 4988

Doun on the grounde Patroclus fley

Off his hors, that many it sey.

¶ Ector saw his Armes schon

Off many a perle and riche ston ; k ij 4992

148 *Menon prevents Hector from despoiling the Corpse of Patroclus.*

When Hector attempts to despoil the corpse of Patroclus,	Doun of his stede Ector lyght That gode Armes to him dyght; He held his stede be the rayne, To spoyle the knyght that he hadde selayne.	[lf. 74, bk.] 4993 4996
Menon,	¶ Mennon led the ward the secunde, He saw Patroclus on the grounde, He saw Ector him wolde dispoyle, But rather him thouthe with him toyle; For Mennon to him ryght With thre thousand knyghtis bryght; Er he myght that body dispoily, Michel wo was sikurly!	 5000 5004
who has 3,000 knights,	M Ennon rode to Ector right euene And him myssayd with loude steuene, He spak to him wordes vnlede And seyde: 'thow wolff, thow art wel grede! Wenestow wyne that wyght rauyne, Certes his harneys schal neuere be thyne; Off this pray schaltow not tast, For thow schalt se comande in hast Fyfftithousand the to distroye, And alle thei thenke the to noye.'	 5008 5012
abuses Hector, and declares	¶ When Mennon hadde him myssayde, Alle the hepe on him layde, Thei thocht his stede fro him reue, And him to se and ded leue; ¶ Thei ȝaff him many a stroke to holde, Thei made his knes vnder him ffolde, With fyne fors thei made him knele; Ector tho loked as a deuele:	 5016 5020
he shall never have Patroclus's arms,	¶ Thei ȝaff him many a stroke to holde, Thei made his knes vnder him ffolde, With fyne fors thei made him knele; Ector tho loked as a deuele: Maugre her tethe vp he ros Aȝeyn the wille of alle his fos, He cleue hem with his swordis egge, As man doth the tre with wegge.	 5024
The Greeks try to capture Hector's horse,		
and beat him to his knees;		
but he starts up again, and		

Many a bale he al to-rit ¹ ,	[lf. 75.]	5027	
Many aboute kyng Menon flit;		5028	
He toke his stede maugre her chekes,			retakes his horse,
And afftir hem he sekcs,			
Opon his heued a strok to wynde,			
A-mong his men ȝif he him fynde;		5032	
In that prese hadde he him sene,			
He hadde on him venged bene.			
¶ But then come kyng Theseus,			
And his sone Archilogus,		5036	Theseus and his son Archilogus arrive with 3,000 Greeks;
And thre thousand knyghtes with bren bryght,			
And Ector thei felle on right;			
But he that formast to him ran,			
For-sothe he was a fey man:		5040	
¶ Ector sclow him hastyly,			Hector slays the first of them, Cartays,
And alle other that come him by;			
The Troyens fauȝt with gret force.			
Ector rod to the ded cors,		5044	
That he furst sclow, that het Cartays,			
To reue him his harneys;			and tries to take off his armour;
The kyng of Grece,—I vndirstonde—			
Come with knyghtes two thousande		5048	
Aȝeyn Ector, and bad him let be:			
‘Thow schalt not haue his Armes with the.’			
¶ Kyng Mennon come with moche route			but he is prevented from doing so by Menon,
And be-sette Ector al aboute,		5052	
Thei putte him certes fro his thoght,			
The harneys of him nedeth him noght;			
Loke afftir that, was it no bote.			
Ector whan he was on fote		5056	
With many thousandes vmbyset,			
An hondrid Gregeis on him bet,			
As fele as myght him reche,			
But Ector toke euere on hem wreche:	k iij	5060	

¹ MS. *alto rit.*

In many syde his swerd bared, [lf. 75, bk.] 5061
 And many an hed he of pared,
 He was so laid with armes and legges
 Als thikke as mire with segges, 5064
 He smot of and maymed thore;
 He was be-set with Gregeis sore.

who takes the
 corpse up, and
 bids his men
 bring it to his
 tent.

¶ Mennon toke¹ that ded body
 And lyfft it fro the erthe an hy, 5068
 And bad his men be-fore him lay;
 And ther-with thei ride a-way
 And bare it home to his tent,
 For Ector scholde not haue his garnement. 5072

Ector was strongly assayled,
 But al therfore nought availed;
 He wende he scholde not fro hem scape,
 But of his swerd euere thei lape. 5076

Gorion tries
 to slay Hector
 and take his
 horse;

Ther was a kny3t, sir Gorioun,
 A stalworthe knyght, with sir Menoun;
 An hundrid were at his assent,
 To sle Ector, that was his entent, 5080
 And fro him toke with-oute 3iff
 His noble stede that was so swyfft.

but Hector
 kills fifteen of
 his men.

But Ector sclow of hem ffyftene
 With-Inne a while with his swerd kene, 5084
 He defended him dou3htily
 A-3eyn hem alle ful my3thly.

A Trojan with
 two spears
 slays Gorion
 and another
 Greek.

¶ A Troyen stode be-syde lokande,
 He hadde two speres In his hande; 5088
 And sone he caste that on,
 That hitte that kyng sir Gorioun,
 That fro his body 3ede the soule;
 Delffully then gan he 3oule. 5092
 ¶ Another was on Ector brym,
 That other spere cast he at him,

¹ MS. *tōke*.

Thorow-out his Armure gert he it flye; [lf. 76.] 5095

Then thei of Troye be-gan to crye, 5096

To held Ector he cried and grad

For that ¹ perel that he was In stad.

¶ When Senabor, his brother, herde

That Ector thus In batayle ferde, 5100

He hied faste In al his myght

With al his ost In-to that fyght;

Thorow hem alle he to hem presed

And of that perel him releued. 5104

Off his strong men that were myghti

At his comyng were sclayn thritti,

Off hem that hadde him vmbecast

Thritti were ded, er thei past. 5108

¶ Then delt Ector dyntes a-ryzt,

Alle ȝede to dethe that come in his sight;

He wolde not longe dwelle In here dette,

He scelow down right alle that he mette. 5112

Alle ȝede to dethe affir that tyde,

That were so bold his strok to abyde;

He was with Ire so chaufed and het,

His armes were al blod & al wet; 5116

He dalte aboute him large lyuere,

Of his strokes was he so fre,

That alle toke part that come him ner,

Erle, duke, knyzt, & sqwyer. 5120

¶ Many a riche amerayle

Broght he that day to wrotherhayle

And at his dole, many a knyght

Toke her dethe with-oute respit. 5124

He fond no man wel many sithe,

On wham he myzt his wratthe kythe.

TRoyle was on that other syde

And ȝaf the Gregeis woundes wyde, **k** iiij 5128

Senabor, Hector's brother, comes to his rescue.

Hector cuts down every one who comes near him.

His arms are wet with blood.

Troylus wounds many Greeks.

¹ MS. *For In that.*

He smot hem on that yren hat, [lf. 76, bk.] 5129
That ney the heued ofte it sat.

Menescene of ¶ Then come to batayle Menescene,
Athens, with The noble duk of gode Athene; 5132
3,000 men,
comes against Thre thousand knyghtes were with him,
Troilus, Sturne knyghtes and grym.

He saw Troyle fel hem of Grece,
He rafft hem hondes, legges, and nece, 5136
He 3aff hem many an euel pat,
Menescen hadde dispite of that.

¶ He rode to him and hitte him lowe,
unhorsos him, And bare him ouer his sadel-bowe, 5140
That to the grounde doun of his stede
—Nolde or wolde—Troyle 3ede,
And for-stonet and wolde swouny.

Menescen made him þo besy 5144

With alle his men and his power,
and takes him prisoner. Troyle to haue to his prisoner;
He put ther-to suche bysynes,
That Troyle, that lay in duysenes, 5148
Was drawen out of hors trede,
And Menescen forth-with him lede

With mechel folk toward his prisoun;
He wende, for him to haue raunsoun. 5152

Meseres,
seeing this,
calls upon the
Trojans to
rescue Troy-
lus.

THer was a kyng—het Meseres—
Saw the duk of Athenes
Hath take Troyle, the kynges sone:

“Helpe him now, if that thei konne; 5156

3iff thei her leder refuse,
Iff he be taken In suche gyse.”

Echon loked thedirward,
Thei saw thei ledde Troyle thenward; 5160
With loude voyce thei hem a-scryed,
And duk Mescene, he hem defyed.

He rode to him that Troyle hath sayled, [lf. 77.]	5163	
And with his spere to him taled :	5164	Meseres kills one of Troylus's assailants ;
He bare him thorow lyuere and longe,		
He spak neuere afftir with tonge.		
¶ The kyng Antipe smot duk Mescene ;		Antipe wounds Menescene ;
Nadde his armes the strenger bene,	5168	
Ne scholde he neuere haue spoken word,		
Ne bred eten at no bord.		
T hes kynges two with her power		both deliver Troylus
Delyuered Troyle of that daunger,	5172	
Thei sclow of hem a gret parti ;		
And Troyle was horsed with gret hy,		and re-horse him,
He dede him horse amonges hem alle ¹ .		
Then be-gan Mescene to calle	5176	
Afftir help to Gregeis stale ;		
But ther-of Troyle 3aff no tale,		
But fro his power is he refft,		
Ther to come thenk he not efft.	5180	
I dar sothe say with-oute borwe :		
Menescen hath then gret sorwe.		
When he has thus his <i>presoner</i> lorn,		
To his mouthe he sette his horn ;	5184	Menescene calls the Greeks together and bids them take revenge ;
¶ In his horn blew he a blaste,		
His men assemblent aboute him faste ;		
He prayed hem wel hertely :		
"That thei schuld him helpe stalworthly,	5188	
To venge him on the kyng Troyene,		
He hadde don him schame and tene."		
He strok forth as a dragoun		he cuts down many Trojans,
And felde Troyens be-fore him doun ;	5192	
As he rode In his wode res,		
He met a3eyn him Meseres,		and meets Meseres again.
The knyght that made him Troyle tyne,		
On him wodly he rolled his eyne.	5196	

¹ This line *follows* the next one in MS.

Menescene
hurls Meseres

He felde him with a spere of Mapul [lf. 77, bk.] 5197
Among the feet of many capul,
He preked forth and lefft him thore,
For he myght harme him no more. 5200

and another
Trojan to the
earth,

Vnto another he tho turned,
That of his hors sone he fondred.

¶ Then come he to helpe stalward
With alle his men the toun toward, 5204

Four kings
fight
with one
another.

With alle his feloun Oripisus;
A-3eyn hem come Archilaus
With the kyng Procenore—
Off wham I haue told of byfore;— 5208

Hard batayle ther was sene
Off ffoure kynges hem be-twene.

Polimodas
comes from
Troy,

Pollymodas with-oute dwellyng
With alle the men of his ledyng 5212
Afftir that¹ come out of Troye,

With mechel ffairnes and mochel Ioye,
With many an hors and on fote,
Some to sclynge and som to schote. 5216

and so does
Remus;

Afftir that come kyng Remus,
A-3eyn him come kyng Menelaus;
Kyng Remus brought thousandes thre
Knyztes gode to that semble, 5220

¶ Menelaus brought suche two
And many man on fote also.

he and Mene-
laus fight.

These kynges two to-gedur rode
With kene speres with-oute abode, 5224
Vp 3ede thair feet & heued down,
To the grounde 3ede the croun.

Polimodas
kills Merenes,
Eleyne's
cousin.

¶ Pollimodas rod to Merenes,
With his spere he him scles; 5228
He was of elde of twenti 3ere,
And Eleyne Cosyn leue and dere,

¹ MS. *tho that*.

- In his 3outhehed and his floures, [lf. 78.] 5231
 Hardi, styf, and strong In stoures. 5232
- ¶ Menelaus saw that he was ded;
 It was to him a carful red,
 In his grete tene he smot Remus;
 Opon his hed he smot him thus, 5236 *Menelaus wounds Remus severely;*
 That thorow his helme he cleue his veyne;
 His men wende, he hadde ben sclayne,
 He was smeten to the eye,
 His men wende, he schuld dye; 5240 *his men think him dead and leave him.*
 Thei toke here red then to fle
 And wente her way and let him be.
- ¶ Polimodas hem made abyde,
 He bad: "thei scholde a3eynward ryde;" 5244 *But Polimodas keeps them back.*
 He seyde: 'it is 3oure vylony,
 Fle ffro 3oure lord so schamfully!
 Thei turned a3eyn at his byddyng,
 Thei wolde haue ben wel Iangelyng 5248
 At home with strokes seuene or eygte
 Then ben there among that fighte.
 A-mong the horses ther lord thei found
 With mochel sorwe and hard stounde; 5252 *They bear their sorely wounded leader off.*
 Men helde him ouerthwert,
 For he was brosed hed & hert;
 Some toke abouen and some benethen,
 Wel seke and sore bere thei him thethen. 5256
- T**Here was a kyng—het Cilydis—
 The fairest man that lyued y-wys,
 So fair a man was non on lyue;
 His fairnes myght no man discryue, 5260
 No man myght his fairnes say,
 Ne with no colour hit portray.
 Celidis smot Polimodas,
 That Antenores sone was: 5264

¶ *Adhuc magnum bellum.*

He rode to him to his vnprowe [lf. 78, bk.] 5265

With a spere stalwo[r]the and towe,

¶ Polidomas to the erthe he bare

Off his hors, er he were ware ; 5268

Polidomas ful wroth vp-sterete,

He pulled him by the skirthe,

He sette a strok vnder his choke,

That he myght neuere afftir loke ; 5272

For men myght se his tethe al white.

He lay ther ded as a kyte.

Ector fel[d] the while and sclow

Alle that euere aboute him drow, 5276

He felde and sclow the Gregeis euere,

Off al that day he sesed neuere ;

He sesed neuere sethen he began,

He rod a-boute fro man to man. 5280

If I durst say : the Gregeis blod,

That he hadde sclayn, a-boute him stod

In eche a batayle that he rod thorow,

As wynter water doth in forow. 5284

¶ Ther come a kyng ridynge a-cost

In help of Grece with alle his ost,

With many a knyzt hard & smert ;

He toke Ector at discouert 5288

With a spere, was not lyght,

That made his mayles vnright,

It roff In-two and brast In-sonder ;

It was a strok lyke a thonder. 5292

That yren was scharp and stalworthe,

With that strok Ector hurte he.

¶ Ector loked on him wrothly,

He cried afftir¹ him hertly :

‘ A-bye, thow coward kyng Tentan,

For the love² of thi lemman !

But Polimodas starts up again and kills Cilydis.

Meanwhile Hector slays many Greeks,

and is standing, as it were, in their blood.

King Tentan wounds him sorely with a spear.

Hector bids him stand.

¹ MS. *afftir afftir*.

² MS. *lowe*.

- A-byde and stond a strok of me, [lf. 79.] 5299
 As I haue don of the !' 5300
 Tentan was so sore aferd, King Tentan
 He nolde abyde for al mydelherd, is afraid and
 He prekyd away ouer the valowe flies.
 As swyfft as any swalowe. 5304
 ¶ As he rod affter walopande, Hector pur-
 In his way mette he comande sues him
 A riche lord, an Amerayle ;
 Ector him felde—the sothe to tale— 5308 and kills a
 He cleue his bodi In parties, Greek lord,
 That ded of his [hors] he syes.
 ¶ The Gregeis then sprede Ector wyde, but is then
 Fyue thousand on euery syde, 5312 surrounded
 Thei thoght him take or to sle, anew ;
 Thei Iuged him alle quyk to fle ;
 But he 3aff not a flax-bete
 Off alle her bost ne thaire threte ; 5316
 With him was non that to him longed.
 Many a strok thei of him fonged,
 Many a body he cleff also, however, he
 And many made he hedles ther-to. 5320 slays many.
THeseus was a kyng of Grece,
 In euery syde Ector he sece
 Alle with Gregeis stoute ;
 He bad him : “ of that presse go oute ; ” 5324 Theseus warns
 He bad him with wordes hende : Hector to
 ‘ I warne the as thi ffrende,— leave the
 That the mys-falle non euel hap,— battle.
 “ Ne that he fel In that trap, 5328
 It were a los to alle that were,
 3iff that þat kny3ht mys-ffere.”
 ¶ Ector him thonked with mylde mode, Hector thanks
 For he was kyng curteis and gode, him mildly. 5332

He thonked him of his gode wille ; [lf. 79, bk.] 5333

Ector loked his men tille,

Seeing Mene-
laus and
Thelamانيus
attack Poli-
modas,

He saw the kyng Menelaus

And the kyng Thelamانيus 5336

A-semble to Palodomas,

That in the prese fer fro him was ;

He herde mochel noyse & cry,

Ector wiste wel ther-by, 5340

Polydomas was feld and taken ;

Hector dashes
upon them,

He stroke his stede ouer the laken,

Er he come ther, wold he not lette.

With the Gregeis wel sone he mette, 5344

Polidomas thei were a-boute,

He 3aff hem many a sore cloute.

slays fifty
Greeks,

¶ He sclow ffyfty¹ with-Inne a throwe,

He ffelde hem ded as foules of snowe ; 5348

puts the others
to flight,

Thei fled away that Power hadde,

For fere of him thei were al madde ;

and rescues
Polimodas.

¶ Polidomas thei lete quyte go,

Off his takyng schope hem gret wo. 5352

Menelaus,
Thelamانيus,
and Episcre-
pus gather
their forces

THen come the kyng Episcrepus
With alle his men, and Menelaus,—
Thelamانيus before is named,—

Alle her men thei haue a-samed ; 5356

With harde strokes thei hem assayled,

The Troyens ther her myght fayled ;

The saut was hard and so dredful,

The Troyens saw it was nedful : 5360

and put the
Trojans to
flight,

For then thei fle and lefft the feld,

Or elles be dede ther vndir scheld.

¶ Then anon with-oute dwellyng

Thei turned a-way alle fleyng, 5364

Thei ne myght with-stonde that sau3t.

Hector fights
alone,

Ector him-self a-3eyn hem fau3t ;

¹ MS. *ffuffty*.

Hic Ector fecit magnum bellum¹.

The Gregeis cam thenne enviroun,	[lf. 80.]	5367	
¶ Ector ffauzt as [a] lyoun		5368	like a lion ;
Alle the hepe to him a-croched.			
For ther was non that him aproched,			they dare not
For who-so come with-Inne his swerde,			approach him
Sodan deth was his werde.		5372	or lay hands
Off alle the Gregeis that pursued first			on him,
Was non so bold, that ones durst			
Ones opon him hondes lay ;			
Alle his men were fled a-way ;		5376	
¶ Thei hadde selayn his stede him vnder.			though he is
I dar wel say : he slow an hundred,			on foot.
He reffte many bothe legges and thies,			
Hed and schuldres, armes & knees ;		5380	
Ther lay aboute him hondes & knokeles.			
As thikke as any honysocles,			
That In somer stondes In grene medes ;			
Many a wyff made he wedewes,		5384	He kills many.
Many a lady lordles ;			
He fauzt with more and eke with les,			
¶ But he was euere liche ffresche.			
Alle at ones thei on him thresche,		5388	
Dartes kest and put with speres,			
But Ector euere his bodi weres ;			
Was non so bold, durst come him nere,			
The whiles he myght his armes stere.		5392	
F Als Gregeis, to 3ow I speke :			False Greeks!
If 3e ben ought, now 3ow a-wreke !			Now you are
Now may 3e 3oure strengthe kythe			able to show
On him that greues 3ow offte sithe !		5396	your skill, you
He is on fote, his stede is selayn,			are afraid !
On fote he wil not fle a3eyn,			
For al the gold of Galilee			
He wol not ffro 3ow ffilee.		5400	

¹ MS. This line in black, not in red ; in the right corner, not in the middle ; very small.

Ye are ten
thousand
against him
alone! Shame
upon you!

3e ben-aboutē him ten thousand, [lf. 80, bk.] 5401

How may 3e for schame lete him stand?

A-3eyn 3ow alle on creature!

Hit is 3owre schame, 3e lete him endure! 5404

¶ 3e swore his deth at Thenedoun,

Now is he amonges 3ow gon,

Fyghtyng amonges 3ow alle;

I pray god, that 3ow foule falle, 5408

That may not don vnto him on!

Gret schame is, if he thus gon!

¶ Alas Achilles, that wicked dede,

That sclow him¹ so in vnmanhede! 5412

It was certes non honour,

But reproue and gret clamour,

That ten thosand myzt him not falle,

Ther he stode amonges hem alle. 5416

¶ The Troyens were fro Ector fled,

His bretheren faste afftir him gred,

Among her men faste him sought,

But thei con fynde him nought. 5420

A-mong the Gregeys thei him fond

Be-set with mo then .x. thousand,

That wold him take or elles qwelle;

But Alle thei myght him not felle. 5424

¶ A-mong Gregeys the prese thei brake,

Many an hed ther gan thei crake;

His on brother Damaderoun

Rode to a duk Polirasoun, 5428

That rod on a stede mechel & strong;

Damaderoun vnto him sprong,

He 3aff the duk a cruste of brede,

That he fel doun and lefft his stede. 5432

Damaderoun was not ydel,

He toke the stede by the brydel,

{Ther-with}

Hector's
brothers miss
him, and find
him among
the Greeks.

His brother
Damaderon
hurls Duke
Polirason
down from
his horse,
seizes it,

¹ MS. *him* very small over line.

Ther-with faste he him spede, [lf. 81.] 5435 and leads it to
And to Ector he him ledde. 5436 Hector,

Ector lepe on his stede ronke, who at once
And seyde: 'brother, I can the thonke.' mounts it.

Dephebus come to that saut
With alle the men him was be-taut, 5440 Dephebus
then comes on
With arwes brode, bowe and qwyuere; with his
archers,

With him come many a man delyuere ¹.

To that saut thei were wel rakel,

Eche man made redi his takel, 5444

Bende her bowes and set her flone;

Among the Gregeis thei gert hem gone.

¶ Many a Gregey was euel atyred, who slay many
With brode ² arwes al to-vired ³; 5448 Greeks.

Thei wounded hem with arwes brode.

The Troyens then forth rode

With gret comforth vnto that fyght,

That wel-ney before were discomfyght. 5452

¶ Dephebus wounded kyng Thentan
In his visage, that it wex wan; Dephebus
wounds
Tentan
in the face.

Dephebus wounded him so sore,

That he ther-on thought euere more. 5456

¶ Whyntelle and kyng Moderne
Theseus kyng sey fro ferre, Whyntelle
and Moderne
attack Theseus

Woundyng Troyens and sore bete,

And many on her lyff lete; 5460

Bothe thei swore with grete stryff,

Thei wolde reue Theseus his lyff.

The ton rod to him with maltalent,

That of his hors doun he went; 5464

He fel doun, and thei him toke,

Thei thoght him sle with grymly loke.

But Ector bad: "thei schold late be,"—

'Lete him go qwite he dede for me!' 1 j 5468

¹ MS. & delyuere.

² MS. browe.

³ MS. alto vired.

when Hector prevents them, because he warned him before (see l. 5321 sqq.).

¶ *Hic Cassibalanus Filius Regis Troiani occisus est.*

Theseus
thanks Hector,
and rides to
his Greeks.

Theseus was neuere so glad, [lf. 81, bk.] 5469
As when Ector his men bad;
He thonked him an hundred sithe,
To his Gregeis he rode blyue. 5472

Thoas then
arrives with
5,000 Greeks;

¹ **T**hen come thedir kyng Thoas,
I-armed bright² as any glas;
Fyue thousande knyghtes com with him wyght
Off bolde Gregeis In-to that ffyght, 5476
With sword and spere, gaelok and staff.
Many a strok Gregeis ther 3aff;

he kills
Cassibalanus,

Thoas smot Cassibalanus,
That he fel down upon the danes. 5480

¶ Ector was [right] sori than,
When he sei ded Cassibalan;
He was his brother borne abast,
He saw him lye & had lost his tast. 5484

a bastard
brother of
Hector's,

Might Ector Thoas haue reched,
Schuld neuere man haue him teched,
Not Ypocras with alle his scleyght;
But Thoas fiede³ with al his [myght]. 5488

and flees.

Ector sorow myght no man sclekke,
He smot In-two many a nekke.

Hector, en-
raged, cuts
down many
Greeks.
Nestor comes
with 5,000
Greeks;

¶ Then come Nestor with thousandes ffyue,—
As faste as he my3t dryue,— 5492
Off hardi kny3tes gode and bolde;
Amonges hem alle was non suche holde,
His⁴ hore for elde waxen was gray;
But he come thedur In good aray. 5496

Esdras, Philon,
and Reconitas
oppose him.

¶ A3eyn him come kyng Esdras,
Kyng Philon, and Reconitas⁵;
When thei to-gedur were then met,
Many on was to grounde bet, 5500

A great battle.

Thei died faste on bothe sydes;
But Philon thenne a-mong hem rides

¹ *T* has been washed out, but is distinctly legible. ² MS. *bright*.
³ MS. *felde*. ⁴ MS. *He is*. ⁵ MS. *reconitas*, *r* quite distinct, but cp. l. 5511, and the note on l. 530 (p. 16).

- With his swerd In honde drawen, [lf. 82.] 5503
 Many Gregeis did he on dawen. 5504
 The Gregeis vmbikest his cart
 With many a knyzt hardi and smart,
 Thei toke Philon his helm vnased,
 The gold was of his cart defased 5508
 With grete strokes set ther-on,
 Thei hasted faste to scle Philon.
 ¶ Iecomytas¹ was ful of wo,
 That Philon scholde with Gregeis go; 5512
 He saith: 'Esdras, for him vs wroght!
 How thei of Grece—ne sese thow noght—
 Haue take Philon and led a-way?
 Helpe we him, if that we may!' 5516
 ¶ The Troyens thanne at here callyng
 Among Gregeis made gret hurlyng,
 Thei delt strokes for her frendes
 And refft Philon of her bendes. 5520
EVeas come with alle his folk,
 With spere and swerd and gaulok,
 With alle his kny3tes and his men,
 And her leder, duke Eufren. 5524
 ¶ Ajax rode to Eueas,
 And he to him a gret pas,
 As harde as thei may ride;
 Wolde nother of hem lenger abide. 5528
 Thei stroke to-gedir with so gret myght,
 That bothe vpon here pol lyght.
 ¶ Ector toke to Eueas hede,
 And saw he hadde lorn his stede;
 He rod to him faste prikande
 With his drawen swerd in hande,
 He dede Eueas his swerd take,
 And sclow the Gregeis for Ajax sake. 1 ij 5536
- The Greeks
take Philon's
chariot and
helmet,

and are about
to kill him,
when Reconi-
tas and
Esdras come
to his rescue

and deliver
him.

Eneas and
Eufren arrive;

Eneas fights
with Ajax.

Hector, seeing
Eneas
unhorsed,

gives him his
sword,

¹ I quite distinct in MS., but cf. l. 5498.

- Here armes vayled not an hoppe, [lf. 82, bk.] 5537
 He smot In-two bothe chanel and choppe;
 He sclow an hundrid then and mo,
 Thei were so ferd, that alle tho 5540
 Be-gan bacward to fle,
 Thei durst not ones with eye him se.
 ¶ Ajax thoght, he was be-swyked,
 When his men a-way priked; 5544
 In his hert hadde he gret wo,
 He wiste not what for to do;
 He lokod on bak toward here stale.
 but gladdens, So mery was neuere Nightyngale 5548
 Syngand In no hasel-crop,
 Ne no child playing with his top¹,
 As Ajax was that ilke tyde,
 When he hadde loked him be-syde: 5552
 ¶ He saw be-hynde him stondyng right
 A ffresche Gregey, that was neuere aflyght
 Out of that stede, toward that fyght
 with fresh troops, With twenti thousand rekened aryght; 5556
 Ther was the flour of chiualrye
 Off Grece certes and Thesalye.
 Vnto that batayle come thei hard
 With baneres brode and here standard; 5560
 Ajax schewed his men that sight
 And bad hem for schame fyght.
 the King of Cassedone and two other kings. **T**He kyng come then of Cassedone,
 To helpe Ajax with-oute essoynе; 5564
 He broght with him to that poynе
 Off gode knyghtes thousandes tweyne.
 ¶ The same tyme come thedur also
 With bothe her ostes kynges two, 5568
 With hem come thousandes seuene;
 3et leffte be-hynde twyes eleuene

¹ MS. *thop*.

- That al the day thenne hadde rest ; [lf. 83.] 557¹
 Off hem of Grece were thei the best. 557²
- ¶ Then were the Troyens wel weri, The Trojans
 Thei myght not ¹ for weri hem steri, are weary,
 Thei were so for-fouȝten, that hem was wo ;
 Thei thought alle awayward go. 5576
- ¶ But Paris come thenne with his tropel ², but Paris
 With alle his knyghtes hardi and fel, comes up.
 Kyng Philicais Ector a-vised, King Philicais
 How he Gregeis sclow & bursed ; 5580
 He rode to him with tene & hate,
 To dere Ector come he to late ;
 To Ector with his spere he soughte, tries to cut
 But Philicais that strok boughte, Hector down,
 Ector rod to him aȝeyn 5584
 And smot him thorow the bak and brayn, but is killed.
 That he neuere afftir grunt ;
 He was ded afftir that dunt. 5588
- T**Hen come [to] the batayle kyng Humere ³ The Greek
 With many a cheld and brod banere, kings, Humere,
 With alle his knyȝtes, and Vlixes, Ulixes, &c.,
 That alle that day hadde rest in pes, 5592
 So did the kyng sir Humelyne ;
 With him come many dredful hyne.
 Kyng Pollidari and Macheroun,
 With alle his ost Agamenoun, 5596
- ¶ The kyng of Cypre, kyng Rody,
 Come with many a man pat was mody ;
 To ffyght come kyng Henes,
 With alle his men Philotenes, 5600
- ¶ Kyng Hencus and many other,
 Diodemes with his brother,—
 Al that day stode as oxe in stalle,—
 Now be thei comen to batayle alle. 1 iij 5604

with Diomedes,
 his brother,
 and many
 others, arrive.

¹ MS. *now*. ² MS. *torpel*. ³ MS. *humore*, but cf. ll. 5705,
 5709, 5718, 11391.

	Agamenon he was the laste ;	[lf. 83, bk.]	5605
	Now ben thei alle to batayle paste.		
The Trojans would have been spilt, if it were not for Hector.	But Ector helpe, the Troyens ben spilt—		
	I telle hem,—elles alle be kylt,		5608
	But doughti Ector hem rescowe ;		
	Many of her bakkes now schal bowe,		
	For sixti thousand ther ben or mo ¹		
	Off ffresche Gregeis to batayle ago.		5612
Paris kills the King of 'Frese.'	P aris smot the kyng of Frese,		
	With alle his mayles he gan lese ;		
	He smot him with a spere off beche,		
	That he fel down with-oute speche.		5616
	Ther was del with-oute play,		
	Mechel cry and weylaway,		
	The Gregeis were for him ful wo ;		
Ulixes threat- ens to slay Paris, the King of 'Frese' being his cousin ;	Vlixes thrette Paris to slo—		5620
	The kyng of Frese was his cosyn,		
	He was of Vlixes kyn,—		
	He rode to him with gret envye,		
	To take on Paris Maystrye :		5624
he kills Paris's horse.	He sclow his hors, he fel to grounde,		
	That was better than an hundrid ponde.		
Troylus smites ¶ Ulixes on the face,	Troyle saw Paris feld,		
	In poynt of dethe, or elles him 3eld ;		5628
	In his front he him smot,		
	The blod start out fot hot,		
	He set on him a foule seme ;		
	By his face ran down the strem		5632
	Off rede blode, but not-for-that		
	Vlixes In his sadel sat,		
	Of his hors fel he not down,		
and Ulixes does the same to him.	He smot to Troyle with gret randoun,		5636
	And In his visage he him smyt,		
	A wicked strok—he him hit.		

¹ MS. or now mo.

Ector rode euere to and fro,	[lf. 84.]	5639	
He made Gregeis blak and blo ;		5640	
Alle that day aboute he rode			
Fro ost to ost, he neuere abode ;			
He loked to his owne eschele,			
He saw the Gregeis with him dele,		5644	Hector sees his own division driven back by the Greeks.
¶ He saw hem dreuen out of that place.			
Ector seyde tho : ‘ Alace ! ’			
Al that day hadde thei ther ben,			
Might thei her mayster not sen,		5648	
Out of the feld gan thei hem dresse,			
Thei hadde so fouȝten, thei were mygh[t]les.			
Whether he were wroth, myght no man aske ;			
He rode to hem bothe wode & thraske,		5652	
He spak to hem wordes mylde :			
‘ Louely lordes, god it schilde,			He incites them to think of the villainy done them by the Greeks,
Fer to fle ; what haue ȝe thoght ?			
Haue ȝe for-ȝete, ne thenke ȝe noght,		5656	
What schame the Gregeis haue ȝow don ?			
Helpes now alle quyk & soun ¹ ,			
Turnes aȝeyn boldely with me !			and to return to take revenge.
I schal ȝow venge, so mote I the !		5660	
I schal a-saye—be seynt Loye,—			
Thei nede neuere so moche Loye.’			
And whan here lord was to hem come,			
Thei wende wel rather to be for-nome,		5664	
Thei swore to him that—so helpe hem god—			
Thei schal neuere [fle] for euene ne for od.			
E ctor brew the Gregeys bale,			Hector and his men
He ledde his men doun by a vale		5668	
A-gayn quayntly to the batayle ;			
Thei be-gan the Gregeis to assayle ;			attack the Greeks anew,
To ȝe Gregeis ffresche and so quykly,			
That thei died thanne thikly ;	l iiij	5672	and kill many of them.

¹ MS. *som*.

	For Ector thenne euere hem to dethe wounded, [lf. 84, bk.]	
	With-uten ende he hem confounded.	5674
Thoas is as- sailed	Thoas, that slow Cassibalan, Among the Troyens ¹ he rode and ran, As hundes doth vpon his pray, He did gret harm opon hem that day.	5676
by Qwyntelyne and ¶	Qwyntelyne hadde him aspied, Loude to his bretheren he cried : 'That is the theff, oure brother slow, Sele him anon amonges ȝow now ! Let him not go now al quyt With-oute dethe or som dispyt !'	5680 5684
other brothers of Cassi- balanes, and is thrown down. ¶	Thei rod alle to kyng Thoas, Hem was ful loth to lete him pas ; Thei bare him doun, his swerd was broken, As he amonges hem was loken ; His hed was bare, his helme was rached, Thei scholde for euere him haue tached, Ne hadde ben duk Menescene ; He halp him, and that was wel y-sene :	5688 5692
But Menescene comes to his aid, and un- horses Qwyn- telyne. ¶	He smot Qwyntelyne opon the hat, His hors bak he loste with that, Aboute Thoas for he was most ; He ² felde another with-oute bost.	5696
	P aris than be-gan to hale A strong arwe vp to the vale, To Menescen he drow that flot, In-myddis his ribbes wel sore he smot. Duk Menescen therfore ne lefft, Til he hadde Thoas fro hem reff[t], With many woundes and many a clyt Ther the bretheres hadde him hyt.	5700 5704
Paris wounds Menescene, but Menescene delivers Thoas. ¶	Kyng Humere was almost wode, That Ector spilt so moche blode ;	

¹ MS. *gregeis*.

² MS. *A*.

¶ *Hic venit Priamus Rex ad prelium.*

- He cleff Gregeis as men do swyn, [lf. 85.] 5707
 He made of hem gret moryn. 5708
- ¶ Humeres¹ bowe was redy bent, Humere wounds Hector
 Him hadde ben better, it hadde ben brent; with an arrow,
 A scharp Arwe ther-Inne he set
 And so to Ector he hit schet, 5712
 He hitte him euene In his visage ;
 But Ector quyt him his wage, but Hector
 He hitte him on his helme aboue, cleaves him to
 Hit roff to-gederes as a gloue ; 5716
 The strok 3ede to his herte colke,
 Humere fel down a-monges his folke,
 He bente neuere affter arblast ne bowe,
 To schete ouer hilles ne ouer lowe. 5720
- ¶ The Gregeis hadde gret angryng,
 That thei myght not him² to dethe bryng,
 With her men so foule he ferd ;
 Thei hadde him oft amonges hem spered, 5724
 Ther were kny3tes aboute him kene
 Hundres mo then ffyftene ;
 But he was not of hem abast,
 Opon him-selff mechel he trast, 5728
 To make him way who-so nolde,
 And wende away euere whan he wolde.
- E**ctor lefft ffyghtyng al to-gedur Hector leaves
 And wente hom to his fadur, 5732 the battle-
 And bad : " he scholde with-oute distaunce field, goes to
 his father,
- Come with alle his puruyaunce,
 That were leff[t] with-Inne the walles."
 Priamus then his men calles, 5736
 He brought thre thousand fresch & rested, gets 3,000 fresh
 Among the Gregeis In thei thrested ; men and
 Thei sclow ther many a gret sire, returns with
 When thei were comen In that toptyre. 5740 them to
 the battle.

¹ MS. *Humer*.

² MS. *hem*.

170 *Hector and Ajax unhorse each other. Some Commanders are slain.*

Hector and Ajax meet and hew each other down.	Ajax rod to Ector fast, That bothe his speres In-sonder brast, Ther hors fel down and thei 3ede ouer, Bothe were besy up to couer.	[lf. 85, bk.]	574 ¹ 5744
Menelausslays ¶ a Trojan.	Menelaus sclow that tyde An ¹ Emerayl on Troyens syde ;		
Celydonias slays a son of Thoas.	Ector brother Celydonias Sclow the kynges sone Thoas ;		5748
Madon slays Ced.	His half-brother Madoun of Clare Smot kyng Ced upon the bare, He smot him so upon the snoute, That bothe his eyen wenten oute.		5752
Sadolle slays ¶ a noted Greek.	His other half-brother, Sir Sadolle, A riche Gregay smot In that soille, That his harneis & his hatereff Opon the grounde al blody fell.		5756
Margariton fellsThelamon, and he him.	Another of hem, Margaritoun, Felde the while sir Thelamoun ; But Thelaman at that Iustyng Made the blode out of him spryng.		5760
Famel strikes ¶ Procenor down.	Famel bare Procenor doune, He hitte him sore vpon the croune.		
Duglas and Menescene fight ;	¶ Duglas ran to Menescen With gret envye and Mechel ten, He hitte him with a stalworthe spere, But he myzt him not down bere ; Menescen smot a-3ein Duglas With his swerd In-myddes the fas,— His viser vayled not worth a pese,— He wounded him in-myddes the nese.		5764 5768
Diamor comes ¶ to rescue Duglas,	Diamor saw his brother blede, He thoght quyte Menescen his mede, He smot him vndir his hors bely ; Then he was ferd, hit was no ferly :		5772

¹ MS. *And*.

For then come the brother thridde ;	[lf. 86.]	5775	and so does a
Menescen hadde than mys-be-tydde,		5776	third brother.
Ne hadde Tentan come to his socouryng,			Tentan arrives
He hadde be brouȝt to his endyng.			to aid
¶ Menescen was feld, but op he ros,			Menescene.
He faught faste aȝeyn his fos,		5780	
He fauȝt aȝeyn hem alle thre,			
But myght it not so longe be,			
For on his scheld was many an hole,			
He myȝt not longe that trauayle thole.		5784	
¶ Tentan saw his grete myscheue,			
He was In poynt of euel prœue,			
Menescen myght was almost wast,			
Tentan rod to him In hast		5788	
And halp Manascen, that fauȝt sore,			
Aȝeyn Duglas and Diamore.			
E ctor saw, that Tentan was			Hector attacks
Comen to helpe a-ȝeyn Duglas,		5792	both Mene-
He thought hem bothe to encombre ;			scene and
Him hadde ben better In-myddes Humbre,			Tentan,
Then he hadde it at his wille,			
Thei myȝt haue rongen here soule-knylle.		5796	
¶ Ector was with him ful wroth ;			
Thei hadde dyed for-sothe both,			
Ne hadde y-come Ayax ;			and they would
And In his hond he brouȝt an ax,		5800	have both died
The schafft was bounden, long was the bit,			if Ajax had not
Many a strok smot he ther-myt.			come to their
¶ A Thousand knyghtes alle at ones			help
Fel on Ector as bryddes in grones ¹ ;		5804	
To saue Menescen and kyng Tentan,			
For that sauyng died many a man.			with 1,000
¶ Ector him hew as flesch to pot,			knyghts.
The Gregeis died as schep In rot.		5808	

¹ MS. *groues* (?).

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Regem Merionem.*

He was Iustice, deth was her dome, [lf. 86, bk.] 5809

Ector made aboute him rome,

Then fel gret encombraunce

For Tentan kyng delyueraunce. 5812

But the Greeks ¶
flee from
Hector,

The Gregeis turned and fro him fledde,

Thei were so sore of him aferde,

Thei myght no-thing a-ȝeyn him stonde ;

He sclow that tyme a ful thousande. 5816

who slays
a full thousand
of them.

Merion¹ kyng come In his way,

Hector meets
Merion

Ector him smyte he thoughte asay,

(Menon), who
rescued the
corpse of
Patroclus,

For he bar Patroclus him fro,

His lyff he dede ther for-go. 5820

Ector saw, that it was he,

He swor by his godis dygnite :

“ He schuld neuere afftir him chide,

He schal a-bye his foule Pride !” 5824

abuses him,
and

‘ Say, thow fals faytour,

Thow losenger, thow fals traytour !

Now is comen thin endyng-day,

Thow that bar Patroclus a-way !’ 5828

He rod to him and made him stoupe,

He bar him ouer his hors croupe.

¶ Ector lyght a-down In hy

smites off his
head.

And smot his hed fro the body ; 5832

He saw his armes delytable,

Fair, and clene, and amyable,

When he tries
to take his
arms,

Ector stod and hem vndid,—

Sixti thousand, & he In-myd. 5836

Duk Menescen ther-of was war,

How he Meriouz dispoyled thar ;

Menescene
wounds him
sorely.

He rode to him and smot him depe,—

For Ector toke to him no kepe,— 5840

With a spere he him trauersed,

That alle his armes thorow he persed ;

¹ Cp. l. 4997 sqq., where his name is Mennon.

He 3aff Ector an hidous sore,	[lf. 87.]	5843	
Menescen fley ther-fore,		5844	Menescene flees.
He nolde not Ector longe abyde,			
Away he gan faste ryde.			
E ctor wiste him hurt he feled,			Hector binds up his wound,
He rod on-syde and him keled;		5848	
So wisly his wounde he bond,			
That no blode ther-of wonde.			
He rode a-3eyn to that baret,			rides again to the battle, and kills many.
And many a man to dethe he bet.		5852	
¶ For Dares telles In his bokes,			Dares says
As man may se that ther-In lokes :			
Or euere he belan after the wounde,			
He sclow of kny3tes In a stounde		5856	Hector slew more than 1,000 in an hour.
Passyng mo than ten hunder ;			
Off man was neuere so moche wounder.			
¶ The Gregeis were so for-dalled,			
So for-fou3ten, and so for-palled,		5860	
Thei hadde no wil hem to defende,			
To dye echon ful wel thei wende.			
The Gregeis flow vnto here tentis,			The Greeks flee to their tents ;
Mochel sorwe and wo thei hentes,		5864	
For Troyens hem folwed thorow tent & hale			the Trojans follow,
And bare a-vey harneys and male.			
¶ Thei robbed clene al that thei founde			and pillage them.
And sente To Troye many fair sonde		5868	
Off gold, siluer, & riche druri,			
That thei fond In coffres and ty ;			
Thei leffte ther nother pot ne panne,			
Dische ne dobler, cuppe ne kanne,		5872	
Pece ne Maser, ne riche Mesures,			
Thei fond ther wel riche armures ;			
¶ Thei myght onethes a-vey wagge			
With siluer and gold, walet & bagge,		5876	

¶ *Hic Greci frugerunt Ectorem.*

With riche gold and other vessel, [lf. 87, bk.] 5877

A-vey thei bere hit euerydel.

They set fire to
the ships.

Thei sette fir In schip and flune;

The Gregeis made a rewful dune. 5880

That day the Troyens were glad,

Lord! the Loye that thei mad!

But Hector has
no fortune this
day; he might
have had the
victory,

¶ But Ector was that day vnblest,

Off grace certes that day he myssed, 5884

He myght that day the batayl haue ent

And alle the Gregeis clene haue schent,

That thei schulde neuere haue passed the see

With lyff ne lym to here contre; 5888

but destiny
sometimes
hinders men,
when they
speed best.

But destene, that fortune ledes,

When he beholdis that men best spedis

With sicur traist of wel spedying,

He makes hem leue somtyme a thyng 5892

That he may haue at his wille,

That he schal neuere come ther-tille.

ME rewes of Ector namely,

That myght that day wel sicurly 5896

Haue sclayn alle his enemys,

And hem scomfited at [d]euys,

And al on-hap¹ haue put a-way

Fro him and his, euere and ay; 5900

For I haue herd offte say,

That he that wil not whan he may,

When he wolde, he getis it noght,

Then hit were ful faire be-sought, 5904

Som tyme, as good hap nere,

That comes not ones In seuene ȝere.

¶ Ector forsoke this grace also,

Ne myght he neuere come ther-to; 5908

But fortune is fficul and frele,

He is a fole that hath hir lele;

¶ *Exempla*².

Fortune is
fickle: a fool
is he who is
loyal to her!

¹ MS. *op hap*. ² The sign in blue, the word in red paint, in MS. in the left margin.

Many a body hath sche a-mayed	[lf. 88.]	5911	Fortune
And many a man hath sche be-trayed.		5912	dismayed many:
I holde it certes a gret folye			
To truste on here trecherie,			
For sche is wonder variable,			
Sche was neuere to no man stable;		5916	
The man that sche somtyme most likes,			
Alther-sonnest sche be-swykes.			
¶ With Alisaunder how dede sche,	¶ Alixander ¹ .		Alexander,
Whan he was most In maieste ?		5920	
Al this world did sche him wynne,			
And alle the kynges that were ther-Inne ;			
Sche hated him and thoght tresoun,			
And ȝaff him drynke foule poysoun ;		5924	
And sche that kyng loued mechel,			
Loke, how fals sche is and ffykel !			
¶ Iulius Cesar, that so was douted,	¶ Iulius Cesar ¹ .		Iulius Caesar,
That al the world to him louted,—		5928	
When he his trust opou hir hadde,			
Sche selow him foule with a ladde.			
¶ How did sche sithen with kyng Arthure ?	¶ Arthure ¹ .		King Arthur,
Sche was to him bothe sieur and sure,		5932	
Sche made him wynne In-to his hand			
Northway, Wales, and Scotland,			
Irland, Denmark, and al Burgoyne,			
And ouercome hem of Saxsoygne,		5936	
Bretayne, Gaskoyne, and al Fraunce,			
And al hath thorow hir gode chaunce ;			
Sche halpe him wel with Real & Rok,			
And at the Castel of Bestok,		5940	
¶ When he fauȝt with douȝti Frolle,			
Ther he smot on-two his polle.			
And the Romayce senatore,			the Roman
Tyberius, kyng of gret valoure,		5944	king, Tiberius,

¹ The signs in blue, the words in red paint.

Thorow here sclow he Romayns. [lf. 88, bk.] 5945

Som-tyme sche loues, & somtyme refrayns :

Off the kyng then sche filled,

Wel foule then the knyzt sche spilled, 5948

His sustersone sche made his bane,

When sche hadde a-zeyn him tane.

and many
others.

¶ Thus hath sche do with many mo,

For certeyn sothe with alle tho

5952

That euere sche loued or euere schal ;

Sche turnes & trendeles as doth a bal.

Hector never
after was
able to do
what he might
have done now.

¶ With Ector certes fel hit right so :

He myght neuere afftir come ther-to,

5956

That he that day myght haue don ;

Fortune turned fro him thus son,

For he that day his hap refused ;

He was afftir therfore arused.

5960

When he
chases the
Greeks,

AS he rode chasyng hem of Grece,

And myght haue hewen hem to pece,

And saued him fro alle perel

That him and his ther-afftir fel,

5964

He met azeyn him comyng right

His Aunte sone, that Ayax hight.

In the tyme of Lamedon

His Aunte was rauysched with Thelamon ;

5968

He held here longe In payrement

And gat sir Ajax verament.

He knewe Ector, and Ector him,

He hadde elles for-gon his beste lym.

5972

Hector invites
him to Troy.

¶ Ector seyde : ' my dere cosyn,

Come to Troye and se thi kyn :

Kyng Priamus, that is thin em,

And his Baronage, and his barnetem.

5976

Gret worschepe—so god me saue !—

Shaltow In Troye amo[n]ges hem haue.'

{ Ther-with-al }

¶ Hic Ector concedit Ajax [<i>sic</i>] peticionem suam.			
Ther-with-al seyde Ajax: 'nay!	[lf. 89.]	5979	Ajax says 'nay,'
But, dere Cosyn, I the pray,—		5980	but prays him
As thow me louest and art curtais,—			
No more harme do thes Gregeis!			to do no more
But let hem be this day in pes,			harm to the
And bid thin men that thei wol ces!'		5984	Greeks.
¶ Ector thanne with mochel vnsele			Hector grants
Graunted his askyng euery dele:			this
Ector bar a litel ruet,			
Vnto his mouth his horn he set,		5988	and calls his
Twyes or thries ther-In he blew;			troops back.
Wo were his men, when thei hit knewe,			
Thei leff[t] her chase and schippis brennyng,			
And come to him faste rennyng		5992	
With sorwe & kare and mochel wo,			
That thei ne myght the Gregeis sclo.			
¶ Thei rode the Cite than tille,			They return to
And sikurly this was the skille,		5996	Troy,
The victorie that thei for-ȝede			
And myght neuere afftir so wel spede;			
Ne hadde he graunted Ajax prayere,			
Schuld neuere Gregeis hadde powere,		6000	
Off he were comen of his blod,			
That euere he wolde be so wod.			
T Royens hadde here ȝates stoken,			and bolt the
With barre and bolt wel y-loken,		6004	doors.
Wel sekur arre thei wel kept,			
That, when men were In bedde and slept,			
The Gregeis scholde hem not brest			
And wake hem so of her rest.		6008	
In here bed slept thei not longe,			
The Troyens, when the day spronge,			In the early
Were Armed alle and redy dight,			morning they
To wende aȝeyn to that fyght.			go again to the
	M j	6012	battle-field;

but the Greeks
demand a
truce for eight
weeks,

But Gregeis hadde ther-to no nede, [lf. 89, bk.] 6013
Thei sent to Troye & asked and bede,
If that her consail wolde hit loke,
Treus to haue an .viij. woke. 6016

¶ Priamus and his consayl

which is
granted.

Graunted the treus with-oute fayle,
And swor to holde hit stable and ferme
The treus in pes lastyng the terme. 6020
Gregeis were fayn of that grauntyng,
For thei hadde nede of soiorning;
When thei hadde treuse, thei sought the feld,
Ther thei hadde foughten; thei be-held 6024

The Greeks
collect their
dead,

The bodyes¹ that ther ded lay,
That hadde be slayn In fight that day;
Ther come of hem a foul sauour
And smot to hem a gret rancour. 6028
But thei did wele and wrought wisly
Off the bodyes that were grisly,
Thei wroght best to here be-houe,
Tho that thei wolde thei toke and groue, 6032
And alle the other with fyr thei brent;
Many a man his frend be-ment.

bury some, and
burn some.

Achilles be-
wails Patro-
clus,

AChilles made both euen & morwe
For Patrodus wel mochel sorwe, 6036
But it was longe, or his del selaked;

and builds a
rich tomb for
him;

A riche tombe for him thei maked,
And layde ther-on that cors present
With gret wepe and wayment². 6040

they make
another tomb
for Prothese-
laus.

Thei made also of Marbul gray
Another tombe, ther-on to lay
¶ The doughti kyng Prothesalye,
That Ector sclow In his folye; 6044
With gret worschepe and reuerence
Thei made aboute him gret dispence.

¹ MS. *boydies*. ² The last four letters added by another hand; the careless copyist saw the rhyme-words of the next lines and wrote *way* only.

¶ And thei of Troye that wounded wore, [lf. 90.]	6047	The Trojans
Thei heled woundes lesse and more,	6048	heal their wounds ;
The while the trewe be-twene hem last,		
Thei toke medecyn and heled hem fast ;		
By that the treus were al gon,		
Thei were amended euerychon.	6052	
¶ But Priamus myght not drynke ne ete,		Priamus be-
For he myght not for-gete		wails his son
Off his sone Cassibalane,		Cassibalanes,
He cursed faste that was his bane ;	6056	
He dede make a tombe I-wys		and buries him
In the temple of Veneris,		in the temple
Crafftly coruen and wel endent ¹ ,		of Venus.
And layd him In that monument	6060	
With carful herte and sore mornyng ;		
Hit refft him many a nyghtes sclepyng.		
T He terme is gon now of treus,		After the end
Some it likes and some it reus ;	6064	of the truce,
Thei ben bothe y-dyght In feld & toun		both parties
With helm and scheld and haberioun,		take the field.
To the fight a-3eyn to fare ;		
Off bothe parties thei ben thare.	6068	
Agamenon was gretly carked		Agamenon
In his office, his men he 3arked		arrays his
Euerychon vnto that fyght,		battalions ;
Thei ben alle armed & redy dight.	6072	
¶ The first batayle lad Achilles,		Achilles,
The secunde Diomedes,		Diomedes,
Menelaus lad the thridde		Menelaus,
With many dou3ti men him mydde,	6076	
The furthe batayle lad Menesenes		Menescene,
That was lord of riche Athenes,		
And that other he wel ordeyned		and others
And with his goddis he hem sayned,	M ij 6080	are their
		leaders.

¹ MS. *ed* inserted after *endent*, very dim and indistinct, as if blotted out at once after writing.

And bad hem gon In here name, [lf. 90, bk.] 6081
 Here foos to schenschip and to schame.

Hector arrays
 the Trojans;

ECtor was besy and tentyff,
 To ordeyne hise, to saue her lyff: 6084

Troilus is
 leader of the
 first battalion.

The first batayle In kepyng hadde
 Doughti Troyle, so Ector badde;

In alle that other gouernayle
 Ordeyned he, as most myght avayle. 6088

With his goddis he hem merked,
 And alle his men he forward ferked
 Out of the toun toward that place,
 Ther thei scholde fight with sword & mace. 6092

The Gregeis were with-oute the dikes,
 With swerd and staff [&] with pikes;
 Achilles led the formast warde,
 As is als it were a lyparde. 6096

Ayther of hem knewe other wele;
 Thei rode ¹ to-gyder as men vnsele,
 Thei were bothe mychel and strong of myzt;
 Thei rod to-gederes at all riht 6100

With kene speres and wel y-grounde,
 That bothe thei fel on the londe.

But Ector start vp anon
 And to his sadel he gan gon, 6104

¶ Ector lepe on his hors bak,
 He hadde vertues with-oute lak;
 He sclow of the Gregeis many a score,
 As he hadde ydon before, 6108

He woundes and sles & maymes many,
 Vnnethes he leues stondyng any
 In any stide ther he may mete;
 Thei caste at him and arwes schete, 6112
 A thousand men on him smyte,
 But sword on him wol non bite:

Achilles and
 Hector meet;

they unhorse
 each other.

Hector re-
 mounts,

and slays
 many Greeks,
 as before.

¹ MS. *Theirote*.

Fro stide to stide aboute he wynces,	[lf. 91.]	6115	
He slees kynges, dukes, & princes ;		6116	
Thei fle fro him as ffox to hole,			
No man may his strokes thole ;			
He is so wete with blode of men,			
That no man may his armes ken.		6120	
A Chilles ros vp afftirward,			Achilles re- mounts after- wards,
He toke his hors & lepe vpward,			
To hem of Troye gan he gange,			
Him thoght gret schame he lay so lange ;		6124	
Among Troiens did he gret harm,			and kills many Trojans.
He wounded hem in body and arm,			
He ran amonges hem as a roo,			
He sclow manye & wounded moo,		6128	
He hurt hem som & nolde not spare.			
As he rod thus, he was ware			
How Ector ferde with his Gregeis,			
He wounded ¹ hem and sclow al weys ;		6132	
¶ He thoght he wold efft with him Iuste,			He and Hector meet again ;
He hadde to Ector a ful gret luste.			
But Ector 3aff him suche a but,			
And fro his hors Ector him put,		6136	Achilles is un- horsed.
That he fel to the grounde as a cat,			
Wel euen vpon his ketil-hat.			
¶ Ector wolde his hors haue sesed,			Hector is prevented from capturing his horse,
But so fele men aboute him presed,		6140	
Ther were so many his hors to defende,			
That Ector myght not come ther hende.			
¶ Achilles ros and gret dele made,			
For he his hors lorn hadde ;		6144	
His men his stede to him broght,			so that Achil- les can remount.
Ne hadde thei y-be, he ne hadde him noght ;			
He taketh him and on him lepes,			
And sprong azein among the hepes	M iij	6148	

¹ MS. *wounded*.

¶ **Hic Ector et Achilles pugnaverunt.**

Off his Gregeis, ther Ector stode; [lf. 91, bk.] 6149

Fauzt so faste, that stremes of blode

Ran in forwes ther of leyes,

Many a man be-fore him dyes. 6152

With alle the myght that euere he wan

Achilles smites
Hector on the
head,

Achilles smot to Ector than,

With bothe his handes, with sword naked,

He smot Ector, that his hed craked, 6156

That with the strok Ector enchyned;

but Hector
does not move.

But Ector not his stiropes tyned,

Noght In his sadel ones Icched,

Noght for that ones he quycched. 6160

¶ His hert gret angur surmounted,

That Achilles was remounted,

And suche a strok sithen him 3aue;

He thoght he scholde another haue : 6164

He turned his hors wel smartly

And smot to him wel hertly,

Hector wounds
Achilles sorely
on the head.

He smot him on his hed on hy,

The blod ran down by his eye; 6168

He brak his helm and his hed als,

The stremes of blode ran by his hals.

¶ Ayther on other began to hewe,

Here strong myght on other to schewe; 6172

A delful fight was ther by-gonne,

Hadde thei hadde rome, thei hadde not belonne,

Vnto thei bothe, or that on,

Hadde ben hewed as fflesche and bon; 6176

Hadde no man comen hem be-twene,

Then scholde men the better haue sene.

Diomedes
separates
them,

But then come thedur Diodemes

And saw that no man myght hem ces; 6180

With alle his men he neuere bylynned,

Til he hadde hem a-twynned¹.

¹ MS. *at twynned.*

Certes I holde he did synne,	[lf. 92.]	6183	It was a great mistake to part Hector and Achilles, before one had beaten the other.
That he hem parted so atwynne,		6184	
Vnto the ton hadde the gre,			
When thei were bothe In her pouste,			
And that men myght haue sey in doute,			
Whether scholde of hem to other loute.		6188	
¶ But Diomedes was ful sicur,			
Hadde he Achilles leff[t] In that beker,			
That he scholde haue had no pouste,			
Ne qwik with lyff ne grace hadde be.		6192	
T Hen come thedur ridyng Troyle,			
A-mong Gregeis he gan to royle,			
When he com, he did meruayles.			
Diomedes him assayles,		6196	Diomedes fights with Troylus ;
And Troylus him assayled also,			
Litel loue was be-twene hem two ;			
Thei reden to-gedur with speres so faste,			
That bothe were doun of hors caste ;		6200	both are unhorsed ;
Vnto Troyle faste he 3ede,			
Ther he sat upon his stede.			
¶ He smot to Troyle upon his fote,			
But Troylus did ther-In bote,		6204	
He smot his stede thorow the haunche,			Troylus kills the horse of Diomedes.
He myght no more afftir launche ;			
His stede fel doun, and he him by,			
Thei fau3t to-geder with envy,		6208	
But thei were horsed a-3eyn vp bothe ;			Again they are mounted and fight together.
Not-for-thi thei were so wrothe,			
That eyther of hem to other sought,			
When thei were on horse broght ;		6212	
Many a strok was be-twene hem cast,			
But Diomedes atte last			Troylus is captured by Diomedes,
Troylus toke with gret violence ;			
But many of Troye In his defence	M iiij	6216	

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Beotem & Archilogum.*

At that tyme ful smartly stryues [lf. 92, bk.] 6217

In gret aventure and drede of here lyues,

And delyuered Troyle out of his hand,

Thei come strikand on the sond. 6220

but rescued
by the Tro-
jans.Battle between
Menelaus
(Henes and
Theseus) and
Paris.

¶ To that batayle come Menelaus,

Kyng Henes, and Theseus ;

Aȝeyn hem come of Troye Paris

With other kynges and alle his. 6224

At that batayle died mechel folk,

Eche stede stod ful, bothe plasch & polk,

Of mennes blode that died there.

Ful sicurly Ector lefft neuere 6228

To selo Gregeis, and hem confounde,

Thei fled fro him as hares fro the hounde.

A young Greek
knight, Boetes,
engages with
Hector ;**T**hat saw an hardy newe-made knyȝt

Off hem of Grece, Boetes hyȝt, 6232

That no man myght make Ector leue ;

This Boetes thocht, he wolde that reue

With a spere stalworthe and towe,

But [Ector] at that strok lowe 6236

And seyde to him : ' what hastow don ?

Wolde thow wyne on me thi schon ? '

He ȝaff no more of his smytyng

Then of a fflyes bytyng, 6240

But he smot him aȝeyn so sore,

and is cloven in
two by him.

That fro his heued down to his schore

He cleue him down by the chyn,

As it hadde ben a lard swyn ; 6244

¶ He sent his stede Into his In.

His cousin,
Archilogus, to
avenge his
death,

Archilogus was of his kyn ;

When he his cosyn ded saw,

Him lyked noght with Ector plaw, 6248

He thocht him venge, if he moght,

He drank ful ille, and that was noght ;

- Him hadde ben better, he hadde ben than, [lf. 93.] 6251
 When he Ector smyte be-gan, 6252 attacks
 For him saued not his riche croun ; Hector,
 He carf a-two bothe flesche and bon, but is cloven
 He culpunte him ¹ as he ² were an ele, in two parts.
 ³ 6256
- ¶ He smote euen In-two his myddel
 Ryght euen at his gerdul,
 That half fel down, and half sat stille,
 His armes myght not do ther-tille. 6260
 Hit was a wondir sight to se,
 When þe hors be-gan to fle,
 A-mong the prese whan he ran,
 Op-on his bak with half a man. 6264
- P** Rocenor was that kynges Cosyn ; His cousin
 When he saw his witer-wyn Procenor,
 Hadde him ⁴ sclawe, sore him rewed,
 For-sothe ther-fore his bale he brewed,— 6268 to revenge him,
 The body was ther freli kut,—
 And smot to Ector so ful but ⁵,— attacks
 He rode to him euen sydilyng—
 Vn-til grounde he him bryng ; 6272 and unhorses
 He smot him euene vndir the cheke, Hector ;
 That he made him the ground to seke.
 Off him was not Ector perceyued,
 He was of him wel sore disceyued ; 6276
- ¶ Opon his hors lepe tite Ector, but Hector
 He ouer-toke kyng Procenor, cleaves him
 He set a strok vpon his heued, in two.
 That he ete no more bred, 6280
 He cleff him euene in two parties ;
 On eyther syde his hors he lyes,
 As it hadde ben two clouen stikkes,
 Or of a swyn two clouen flikkes. 6284

Hic Ector occidit Procenorem Regem ⁶.

¹ *h* altered from *b* in MS. ² MS. *here*. ³ No gap in MS.
⁴ MS. *by*. ⁵ *b* altered from *h* in MS. ⁶ This line in red paint
 ought to be the head-line, cp. special note. The head-line is erased.

AChilles saw his strokes echon, [lf. 93, bk.] 6285
 In his herte made he gret mon,
 Procenor was of his lynage,

A riche kyng of gret parage; 6288

He saw alle dye, bothe duk and kyng,

That come or ȝede In Ector goyng.

Achilles bids
 his men attack
 Hector, saying
 that

¶ Achilles seyde: 'if he lyue longe,

Here is non of vs so stronge,

6292

That euere schal wyne fro him lyue¹;

Ther bees sat neuere so thikke on hyue,

Ne corn In lond is² thikker sawen,

That he ne scles oure men and ouer-thrown.'

6296

¶ Achilles maketh alle his men redy,

And kynges to of his contrey,

And seide: 'se ȝe³ not, lordynges,

How Ector here to dethe brynges

6300

Alle that cometh vnder his hand?

I se no man⁴ his strok with-stand!

If he laste longe In his outrage,

He sclees vs alle bothe lord and page.

6304

¶ But of this world if we mowe

Deliuere him! but I not howe:

Iff we myght be so quaynte and sely,

That we vn-armed come him by.

6308

if he lived
 longer, he
 would slay all
 of them.

For iff he take vntil vs hede,

I wot wel we schal neuere spede;

Go we alle vpon a ffrusche,

Opon the erthe we schal him crusche,

6312

We schal him sle and al to-colpen;

But we do thus, we ben not holpen.'

But Hector
 does not mind
 their attack.

¶ Thanne strok to Ector alle that rabel,

But he ȝaff nouȝt ther-of a babel,

6316

For he was war of hem comyng

And of here malice and here thynkyng.

¹ MS. *on lyue*.

² MS. *In his lond*.

³ MS. *ȝe se*.

⁴ MS. *noman*.

¶ *Hic Achilles & alij Reges Grecorum ffugierunt.*

Thei smot on him, as thei were wode, [lf. 94.] 6319

But Ector euere here strokes stode, 6320

He smot of heuedes with basenettis,

Ther is no bote, ther he his strok settis.

¶ Achilles fley with alle his ffrape,

He was ffayn that he myght scape, 6324

He thoght wel longe he dwelled there,

He wolde haue ben he roght neuere where.

For Alle Achilles trecherie

Thei wolde not sen his ffisnamye, 6328

But fled a-way to her tentis,

For many of hem ther her hed of-hentis ;

¶ For Ector euere hem schased,

Helm and Coyffe he of-rased, 6332

And sclow hem bothe zonge and olde,

As wolues don schep that ben In folde.

Hadde thei had dayes lyght,—

But sicurly it was nyght,— 6336

That non of hem myght other chese ;

Ne Ector wolde not his men lese,

¶ Affter his men he be-gan to blowe,

For non of hem myght other knowe ; 6340

And that fel faire for the Gregeis—

What-so-euere any man seis—

Thei hadde elles ben bounden In thral,

Or thei scholde haue dyed al. 6344

¶ For witnes beres her-off Dares,

And Tites also with-oute les,

On ayther syde were thei heraudes,

In wham myzt be no fraudes ; 6348

Thei were ther bothe euen & mo[r]ne.

Dares was of Troye borne,

Kyng Troyen and kyng Frigais,

Tites of Grece, and kyng Danais ; 6352

Hector puts
Achilles and
his army to
flight.

Night coming
on, Hector
calls his
troops back ;

or all the
Greeks would
have been
taken or slain.

My witnesses
are Dares the
Trojan and
Dites the
Greek ;

they were in
the field the
whole time,

as Guido
relates, who
found both
their books,

and translated
them from
Greek and
Trojan into
Latin.

In the night
the Greeks
bewail their
dead,

and call down
curses on him
who led them
there.

They say :
'Nobody can
withstand
Hector's
strength;

Thei were with hem euere In the feld, [lf. 94, bk.] 6353
Whan thei stode and whan thei fled.

So saith the noble Clerk Cuydo,
He fond her bokes bothe two 6356

With-oute lesyng or variaunce
In siker *proses* and no romaunce,

And he translated wel and fyne
Bothe her bokes In-to Latyne, 6360

Bothe of Gru and Troye langage;
Heuene be his heritage!

H It was nyght, the sterres gan schyne,
The Gregeis made gret dele and dyne 6364
For her ffrendes that were sclayn,

And was be-reued blode and brayn;
For her ffrendes that died that day
Ther was cry and weylawey. 6368

Thei swore by god In firmament :
' If Ector lyue, we are alle y-schent ;
Schal non of vs aȝeyn him pas,

Kyng ne knyȝt, more ne las. 6372
Waried worth hem vs hedir broght!

For here we lese, and wyne nought ;
ȝit schal we lese and drye more
Oure lyues alle by goddis ore.' 6376

¶ Agame[n]on herde that playnt,
He saw his men were alle ataynt,
For her ffrendes thei made care,

Thei seyde : " thei scholde alle to deth fare " ; 6380
Thei cried and seyde euerychone :

" That he him-self sclow mo alone
Than alle that other of his parti " ;—
' Who may with-stonde suche An enemy ' ? 6384

¶ It was neuere man ȝaff² suche strokes ;
Off a man were mad of okes,

¹ MS. *Anenemy*.

² MS. *thaff*.

Off Marbil gray and grete stones,	[lf. 95.]	6387	even a man
And yren and stele were alle his bones,		6388	made of oak
He wolde hem al to-cleue ¹ —			and stone
By him that made Adam and Eue!’			would be
¶ Agamenon with care was cold,			cleft by him.’
He wiste neuere, how Gregeis to hold,		6392	
That thei a-ȝeyn to Grece ne ferde ;			
Whan he that playnt a-monges hem herde,			
In his herte he then kest,			Agamemnon
To sle Ector, how myght he best.		6396	decides to kill
A-non he sende his sonde			Hector,
To alle the kynges vpon that stronde,			
As thei loued here lyues dere,			
And prayed him in alle manere,		6400	and calls the
That thei wolde come for his loue alle			kings to a
With-oute dwellyng In-to his halle.			meeting.
¶ These lordes qwyk with-oute dwellyng			
Come to him In that euenyng,		6404	When they
Thei come to his paupyloun,			come to his
Duk, prince and kynges with croun ;			tent,
Thei set hem down vpon the des,			
Thei hoped wel with-oute les,		6408	
Whi that thei were afftir send ;			
Hit was for-sothe right, as thei wend.			
A gamenon seide : ‘ lordyngis,			he addresses
This man Ector to schame vs brynges,		6412	them :
Ther is of him gret noyse and cry,			
ȝe here it wel, and so do I ;			
Iff he lyue longe and goth forth thus,			
He wol sle oure men and alle vs,		6416	‘ Hector will
He schal not leue with-Inne two ȝere			slay all of us,
Off vs lyuande that now is here ;			if things go on
ȝe se wel alle, how he fares,			as they do
He chases vs as hound doth hares ;		6420	now.

¹ MS. *alto cleue*.

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium ad occidendum Ectorem.*

How hath he smetyn thes kynges and schorne! [lf. 95, bk.]

But he be ded, we ben alle lorne, 6422

Off we be fele, and thei ffewe;

We shall not win Troy, We schal neuere no maystrye schewe 6424

so long as Off hem of Troye, ne Troye wyne,

Hector lives.

The while that he this world is Inne.

¶ Him-selff alone hem alle saues,

Kyng and knyzt, sqwyeres and knaues, 6428

And he vs alle him ones greues.

By him that In oure god leues!

We must slay him with sleight, But we scle him with som quayntise,

'

We schal neuere In other wyse 6432

Off hem of Troye oure Iornay spede,

But we myght qwyte him his mede!'

They deliberate.

Now are these kynges In a-visement,

And eche man seith his Iugement, 6436

Many a resoun is ther y-schewed,

Bothe of lered and of lewed;

Eche man telles his reson

Aftir his beste discrecion. 6440

Now sitte thei alle, and taken here rede,

Agamemnon says:

Now the Emperour vnto hem sede:

¶ 'Alas, that 3e were mad knyztres!

3e scholde sitte and wake nyghtes, 6444

As hauke on perche that sittes in mewe;

A knyztres deth 3e can rewe.

Now are the knyztres hardi and strong,

'Why don't you slay him by treachery, as you see him every day?'

And euery day he is 3ow among; 6448

Whi ne scle 3e him, and make him die

With som tresoun and ffelonye?'

¶ A Ector, thin ere auzt to glowe,

For thow hast now fouzten y-nowe; 6452

Wold god, Ector, hit were the sayd

How thei haue thi deth purvayd!

- Thow scholde be saffe at devys, [lf. 96.] 6455
Iff that thow wolde be war and wys 6456
And kepe the fro alle her gyn,
Thow woldest be war to come ther-In.
- ¶ Thes lordes ben alle In gret stody,
Some are pale, and some rody, 6460
And some sittes in a dwale,
For pure angur thei wax al pale ;
Alle haue at Ector dispyte,
That he were ded with-oute refyte. 6464
- ¶ Thei prayed Achilles for her sake :
“ That he wolde that charge take,
For ther was non so wele couthe
In al the world by northe ne southe, 6468
Ne non that myght stonde strokes thre
In al this world of him but he ; ”
- ¶ ‘ For-thi we pray the with herte large,
On the thow woldest take that charge, 6472
And the owe best this nedis to do ;
‘ For if he leue and come the to
And dele with at his layser,
Ther saues the nother kyng ne kayser, 6476
That thow ne schalt thy lyff for-go,
For he the hatis and thenkes slo.
- ¶ Fro him ful wel war the ought,
Opon thi strengthe truste thow nought, 6480
But on thi wit and on thi scleyght,
And holde the euere fro him on heyght ;
Whan thow him sees in a myscheef,
Than schaltow him dedly greef 6484
By thi strengthe and thi wit ;
So schal we of him be qwit,
And alle these other schal we kyller,
Sele and take at oure wille.’ 6488
- They ask
Achilles to
take this
charge upon
him,
- only he must
not trust to his
strength, but
to his sleight.

The council is
ended, the
Greeks go to
sleep.

And thus haue thei her consayl ent, [lf. 96, bk.] 6489
And eche man is hamward went,
To ete and drynke and take her rest,
And to slepe, whan hem likes best. 6492

In the morning
the Trojans
rise and take
their weapons

H It is now day, thei haue sclepen,
The Troyens risen & tok her wepen,
Her armes al byfore hem fecched,
Some ben gode, and som ben wrecched, 6496
For many an hole and many a clyfft
The day be-fore on hem was lefft;
And dede on helm and basenettes,
Plates and mayle with gode horettes, 6500
Mayle of bras, and goode colers¹,
Aketones and genuleres;
Thei ordeyned hem and made hem graythe,
And thret Gregeis with wordes laythe. 6504

and horses.

¶ Now the sonne is vp rysen,
Thei brought forth bothe Mule and Fryson,
Hoby, stede, and gode rounsi;
Thei alle ben goynge and alle redi 6508
Toward the Gregeis with-oute the gates,
For thei wolde haue the fight al-gates.

Hector is the
first, and slays
many Greeks.

¶ Ector was be-fore al-weyes,
He belan neuere to sle the Gregeis, 6512
He cleues hem, and thorow strikes,
And throwes hem In clyf and dikes,
He makes here hedes naked and bare,
The bodyes cleue In-to the schare, 6516
He drow here scheldes fro here nekkes,
Ther aketons ferd as toren sekkes;
Off his scheld made he present
To alle that wolde 3eue strok or hent; 6520
His sword was wel with alle a-kuoynt²
With kyng, and duke, and prince anynt;

{ Men were }

¹ MS. *coters*.

² MS. *a knyoynt*.

Hic Greci et Troiani fecerunt magnum bellum.

Men were alle ferd of his lokyng. [lf. 97.] 6523

Men wolde seye "hit were lesyng," 6524

Iff that a man the sothe sayde,

What men that day to grounde layde.

¶ Achilles holdes him euere asyde, Achilles is
He maketh him redi to wayte his tyde; waiting aside. 6528

As ffische is dreven to the bayte,

So waytes he him at som defaute;

T[h]er-vpon he euere duelles, 6532

For he atentis to no-thing elles,

For whan he may his tyme se

Opon Ector venged to be.

Paris come with hem of Perse, Paris and the
With many a baner diuerse, Persians join
in the battle. 6536

With bowys gode wel y-strenged;

A-mong Gregeis whan thei were manged,

Thei schotte many thorow bak and brest,

That neuere spak afftir with prest. 6540

¶ Agamenon on syde houed,

With gode Armes and wel y-gloued;

He saw Paris was thedur y-comen,

That fro his brother his wiff hadde y-nomen; 6544

He was to him wel greuous,

For he hadde wedded his brother spous,

Him were leuer than alle Lorynge,

That he myght his brother venge; 6548

¶ He come to him ful wel batayled,

And with his ost Paris assayled. Agamemnon
attacks him,

Ector saw that Emperour

Was comen doun In-to that stour, 6552

He lefft alle other and rod to him,

And 3aff him certes woundes grym,

He smot him thorow his gode hauberk, but is wounded
by Hector.

Thorow his scheld and his serke, N j 6556

In-to the body and threwe him ouer; [lf. 97, bk.] 6557
 Hit was gret wonder he myght couer.

¶ But Achilles was In a-gayt,
 He come anon bothe stout and st[r]ayt, 6560
 With many a lord and many a knyzt,
 When he saw him In suche a plyzt.

Achilles with
 his men
 surrounds
 Hector,

Ector was his men with-oute,
 Achilles closed him al aboute, 6564
 That non of his scholde to him come;
 But he zaff not ther-of a throme,
 He layde upon hem dyntes grete,
 That sicurly thei made him swete; 6568
 Thei were many and held him hote,
 Wherefore he ran al on swote.

to whose
 rescue Troy-
 lus and
 Eneas come,

¶ Then come Troyle and Eueas
 With [sword] & scheld and gode anlas, 6572
 Dryuand doun to helpe Ector;
 Achilles was wel wroth ther-for.

But Diomedes
 wounds Eneas

¶ When Diomedes saw Eueas,
 A stalworthe spere to him he tas, 6576
 Wel ney his flanke his strok he teeles,
 And strikes him with spere and pricles,
 And he ran forth as foule that flyes.

But Eueas be war, he abyas 6580

The bolde wordes that dede sclyng,
 'When that thou sittes by the kyng';
 For he reuyled him so vylenslye,—
 He thoght right wel, he scholde aby,— 6584

When he was sent In message;
 But he be war, he getis his wage.
 So soffte sailes nother schip ne bote,
 As he rod thedur and to him smote; 6588

severely.

He zaff Eueas a grisly wounde,
 And bare him down to the grounde;

Out of his sadel he him selong	[lf. 98.]	6591	
Vilonsly among the throng,		6592	
¶ And seide ynto him his gole :			Diomedes
‘ Welcome be thow hedir to me !			taunts Eneas.
Thow art the kynges conseler ¹ ;			
Iff I may mete the efft her,		6596	
And thow this batayle efft haunte,			
I schal the teche for to chaunte,			
I schal the teche bothe burdoun and mene,			
Ne be thow neuere so wroth ne wrene !’		6600	
A Chilles fauzt with Ector zet			Achilles fights
With-oute wordes & with-oute flit,			with Hector.
Ther were douzti dyntes deled			
With al the myght that thei weled,		6604	
Ayther of hem on other layd ;			
Ther men myzt se wel hard brayd			
Be-twene two kny3tes of hardi mode,			
Thei fauzt to-gedur as thei were wode ;		6608	
Strongur was neuere be-twene two kny3tes.			
Ector sore Achilles dightes,			Achilles is
Opon his helme is many a score,			badly
Many an hole, and many a bore ;		6612	wounded.
So ney the deth Ector him dryues,			
That his vertu fast vnthryues,			
For sorily hadde he him dight ;			
Ther myzt men se bothe her myght.		6616	
¶ Ector was for-fouzten al day,			
And he dede not but wayted him ay,			
To stele on him as a theff,			
When he fond him at myscheff.		6620	
He wende then haue don him of dawe			
And his lymes al to-drawe ² ,			
But for al his quaynt thoght			
He was almost brought to nought ;	N ij	6624	

¹ Last e altered from a in MS.

² MS. *alto drawe*.

¶ **Adhuc Bellum.**

His myght was al-most y-don, [lf. 98, bk.] 6625

Nadde him come help son,

Ector hadde y-taken him elles;

In many a stid his blod out quelles. 6628

Theseus

¶ Him to helpe come Theseus kyng,

A strong knyzt In alle thyng

Als come thedur pricande sone;

He swore by him that sat in throne: 6632

“That him were leuere be al quyk fflayn,

Then Achilles were take or slayn.”

**and Diomedes
come to help
Achilles;**

¶ Diomedes saw also,

That Achilles myzt not do;

6636

Ector was on him so hidous,

So ful of wrathe and greuous,

That he was dryuen so ney the prikke,

That he myght not his lippis likke. 6640

**they attack
Hector**

¶ Thes kynges thanne to Ector goth,

And swor his deth, as thei were wroth,

And layd on bothe halues tho,

And 3aff him strokes y-nowe & mo. 6644

**from both
sides;**

But Theseus son to him lepe,

As knyzt that was good and zepe,

And 3aff Ector a stroke vnride,

That the blod be-gan out glide; 6648

**Theseus stuns
him by a sad
blow.**

The strok was huge and gret,

Men myght ther-with haue slayn a net;

The strok was smetyn with gret folye,

He barst of his mayle thre & thrittye, 6652

¶ He barst of hem mo than an hundur,

And persed his Armure, that hit was vndur;

Al he to-rent his armure,

That it come to his flesche pure; 6656

Afftir the strok the blode out sprong,

He hadde a strok a schafftmon long.

But Ector ȝaff ther-of but lytel :	[lf. 99.]	6659	But Hector does not mind it ; he attacks and unhorses Diomedes.
Diomedes he ȝaff a titel,		6660	
And with his swerd a comyssioun,			
That of his stede he fel a-doun,			
That men myȝt se his yren breche ;			
He ȝaff not of hem a leke.		6664	
¶ Then come theder Menelaus,			All the other Greek kings come up,
Vlixes kyng, and Theseus,			
The duȝti kyng Palamydes,			
Ermules, and Polymetes,		6668	
Neoptolomus, and kyng Schelene,			
The noble douȝti duk Menescene,			
Duk Nestor, and kyng Thoas,			
With alle his men Philocoas ;		6672	
¶ The kynges alle with here Meyne			and join in the fight.
Come doun alle to that semble,			
With knyȝtes, squier, Erle and swayn,			
Was non be-hynde—soth to sayn ;—		6676	
That were tho that strong be-sted,			
The blod was mochel that ther was bled.			
T He Troiens saw hem come doun alle,			The Trojans encourage one another.
Opon her men then gon thei falle,		6680	
Than seyde the Troyens : ‘ go we echon,			
Go we to hem, go we gon !			
We schal of hem to grounde warpe ¹			
With swordes bryght and speres scharpe.’		6684	
Than was ther a woful metyng :			A direful battle ;
Many a wyff made thei wepyng,			
Many a gaylard knyȝt and gay—			
When thei were met—dyed that day.		6688	
¶ I Trowe, sythen men couthe wepyn bere,			never died so many men at one time.
And hors bere sadel and other gere,			
Herde neuere man telle In boke ne rede			
So manye at ones lye dede,	N iij	6692	

¹ MS. *wrape*.

198 *Description of the Wounds. Hector fights best; all flee from him.*

Description of the wounds:	<p>At on Iornay lye and deye. [lf. 99, bk.] 6693</p> <p>Some were smeten thorow the eye, Some to the brayn vn-to the crowe, Some In-to the body, and some In-to the mawe, Some the schuldres, & som the mylte, Off bothe the parties were many on spilte. Eche man on other schetis, As thikke as heryng fletis;</p>	6696 6700
Limbs are lost.	<p>¶ Many a legge lay on that sond, Many on loste bothe arme & hond, Many an hed was smeten of thore; Thei cried and jelled as boles rore, Men myght here the cry a myle Off hem that dyed ther that while. The brethe thei blew stode lyke a smoke, Hit ros ouer hem as the roke¹, Hit ferd a-boute hem as a myst.</p>	6704 6708
Men's cries are heard a mile off.	<p>Many man to grounde ther dist With mouthe and nase, al her vnthonkes; Ector hewes of legges and schankes, Many a man doth he to dethe, He seses neuere, whil he hath brethe.</p>	6712
Many bite the dust.	<p>Hector fights best; O ff alle the men that euere god wrought I haue most meruayle In my thought Off Ector certis and of his dedes,</p>	6716
all flee from him;	<p>And so haue alle that of him redes: Ther dar non stonde of him a box, Thei fle fro him, as hen doth fro the fox. ¶ I trowe, god made neuere suche a knyzt, Ne 3af neuere man suche a myzt, That euere was borne In toun or port, But it were only to Sampson fort, For he [was] seker with-oute pere Off alle the men that euere were.</p>	6720 6724

¹ MS. *reke*.

Off Sampson hadde ben ther that tyde [lf. 100.] 6727 even Samson
And al that day hadde reden him be-syde, 6728 could not have
He ne myȝt haue don no more then he done greater
For al his myȝt and his pouste. deedis than
he did.

Red I neuere of knyȝt ne man,
That born was of womman¹, 6732
That dede the dedis that Ector did;
Alas, that euere him mys-be-tid !

A Gamenon and kyng Pandale Fight between
Thei rode to-gedur in that dale, 6736 Agamemnon
Ayther of hem made other tumble and Pandale.

Bothe on fyngur & on thumbe.
Menelaus saw Paris;
Off him wold he not mys; 6740

His spere was strong, the hed wel steled,
He smot Paris, that he down reled Menelaus
Ouer & ouer, as were a snayl; unhorses
He bare him ouer his hors tayl. Paris. 6744

¶ Paris ther-of gret schame thoght,
That he to grounde so sone was broght;
He ros vp ful pale and wan
For schame he hadde of fair Eleyne, 6748
He was ther-of wel sore aschamed,
That he of Eleyne schulde be blamed,
That sche saw so foule a falle,
Ther sche was set In castel walle. 6752

¶ Vlixes rod to kyng Arastre,
Thei fauȝt to-gedur In that plastre,
Strong batayle was be-twix hem two,
But atte laste be-tyd hem so, 6756
That kyng Arastre so sore was priked,
That his eres the grounde likked;
¶ Vlixes toke the stede by the rest,
And sende him hom, he dede the best. N iiij 6760

Ulixes strikes
down Arastre,
and captures
his horse.

¹ In the margin, by another hand, much faded, very indistinct :
'Driuyng hour (?) I pray the to . . . my well ordered.'

¶ Polidomes and kyng Hupoun [lf. 100, bk.] 6761

Eyther of hem barst other vpon,

That bothe here speris¹ barst,

Polimodas kills Hupou. That kyng Hupoun was ded doun cast ; 6764

Afftir that strok his tonge neuere wawed,

Hit was with him wel euel dawed.

Hupoun was a man of elde,

Palamydes that strok be-held, 6768

He saw the kyng ligge & dye

Right ther be-fore his eye.

S Ayd the kyng Palamydes :

'Thow schalt abyge, Palidomes !' 6772

He strok him so sore sidlynge,

That of his hors fel that kyng,

As it were a clewe of thred ;

Ne ete he neuere afftir bred. 6776

Now lyst thou ther on thi syde,

The deuel made the a stede be-stride,

For litel myght is In thi lymes.

Palamydes Hupoun vp nymes, 6780

And sent him to his Pauyloun

With mychel lamentac[i]oun.

and brings
Hupou's
corpse to his
tent.

Neoptolomus
and Archi-
logus unhorse
each other.

¶ Afftir that Neoptolomus

Rod to kyng Archilogus, 6784

Ayther 3aff other suche a kayl,

That thei flowen ouer the hors tayl

Opon that playn, as it were two rattes,

Thei lay ston-stille as two cattes. 6788

Carras is killed
by Schelene.

¶ Carras rod to kyng Schelene²,

Him hadde be beter at home to bene,

For Schelene 3aff him suche a balle,

That of his stede he made him falle, 6792

He 3aff him suche a benedicite,

That he fel dede opon the ble.

¹ MS. *stedis*.

² MS. *schenele*.

- ¶ Afftir that kyng Philomene [lf. 101.] 6795 Philomene un-
 Fel to ride to kyng Mescene, 6796 horses Mene-
 But Mescene rod ouer his cropere
 And lefft his stede, that was him dere;
 Philomene sende him vnto hise,
 For he him [wan] with valyauntise. 6800 scene.
- ¶ Philocoas and kyng Remus 6804 Philocoas and
 Rod to-gedur wel irus, Remus un-
 That to the grounde rode bothe kynges, horse each
 As euen as thei were drawn with strenges. other;
 6804
- C**ariolus, a kyng corouned,
 And Theseus kyng to-geder routed
 With speres scharpe, that men myȝt here;
 When thei to-geder met In-fere, 6808
 Here speres brast al In-sunder,
 As it were a blast of thonder;
 The strokes were strong, here bakkes bent,
 Ne hadde the speres a-sonder went, 6812
 Thei schuld haue dyed at my wenyng
 Bothe to-geder at that metyng.
 Here mayles barst, her aketons rofe,
 The yren In-to the flesch drofe, 6816
 The blod gerd out, as were a gote,
 Thei tombled ouer bothe hed and throte;
 Thei lay ston-stille In that plot,
 As it hadde ben an erthe-clot. 6820
 so do Cariolus
 and Theseus,
- ¶ Ector bretheren were mechel to prayse,
 Many a doughti man thei reyse
 Out of here sadles and bere hem bak,
 And lefft hem ligge as a sak 6824
 With grisly wounde and al ded leffte,
 That thei come neuere to batayle effte.
- ¶ The doughti kyng sir Thelamon
 Saw ther a kyng,—het sir Padon,— 6828
 Hector's
 brothers fight,
 and wound
 and kill many
 Greeks.

	To him he wolde [faste] ride,	[lf. 101, bk.]	6829
	He smot his hors and made him glide		
	Ouer forow and ouer falow		
	As swyff[t] as any swallow,		6832
Thelamon and Sir Padon (i. e. Sarpidon) meet,	Til he him met atte speres ende ;		
	Sir Pedoun a-ȝeyn him gan wende :		
	‘Thow semest,’—he sayde,—‘no lyuande creature,		
	In my god I the coniuere !		6836
	And if thow be the deucl Sathanas,		
	I schal the mete In this plas.’		
	Thei riden to-gedur with-oute fayle,		
and knock each other down.	That thei fel down top ouer taylor ;		6840
	Thei mette so wel, that nother fayled,		
	That the blod fro hem rayled ;		
	Thei fel down vpon the grene,		
	That men wende ded thei hadde bene.		6844
	A Boute Ector euere thei rayled ;		
	The Gregeis euel he assayled,		
Hector kills many Greeks.	He hewys hem ofte alle to grotes,		
	He falles hem thikker, than the motes		6848
	In somer-tide flyen In the sonne,		
	He spares nother quik ne donne,		
	Lord ne lady, riche ne pore,		
	Strong ne feble, stiff ne store.		6852
Achilles and his cousin Thoas resolve to attack Hector,	¶ Achilles clepes to him Thoas,		
	A douȝti kyng,—his cosyn was,—		
	He sayde : ‘Cosyn, I haue meruayle,		
	We are not worth a scynayle		6856
	A-ȝeyn that man, that ȝonde fyghtes		
	Vndir vs alle with myght & scleghtes ;		
	He sles oure men by fyue and six,		
	He countes hem as thei were a kex ;		6860
	He weries not, ne belynnes nere,		
	But lastes euere In his wode gere,		

Ryght as it were enchauntement; [lf. 102.] 6863

Many a knyȝt hath he schent. 6864

Go we to him on a closter,

Oure myght on him let vs now muster !

For now I hope and wot right wele,

His myght be passed som dele ; 6868

I trowe now wel, he be myghtles,

Or oure godis be not rightwes,

And he of myȝt is more than thay.

Go we and loke, what we do may ! 6872

And so schal we on him be wroken !'

When Achilles hadde thus spoken,

THese kynges two with-oute abode

As-tide thei to Ector rode, 6876

And layde on him as lytherlynes¹

Many a strok the two cosynes,

Achilles and kyng Thoas ;

Thei roffe his helme In that cas, 6880

That hadde ben made of tre or lether,

Hit greued not him of a feder ;

Thei brast his helme In many a stede,

And made his blode aboute him sprede. 6884

¶ Thei did bothe certis ther myght,

To him sle or take In that fyght

With many a knyght bothe fat & megre.

But kyng Toas was on him egre, 6888

Off Ector heued his helme he drow ;

But Ector ȝaff him strokes y-now,

With tene smot he that lorer,

That he brast helme and his viser, 6892

And halff his nase he did of-kerue,

Off suche a seruice he did him serue ;

Thoas fel to grounde thore,

For he was wounded swythe sore. 6896

as they think
he is now tired.

They fall
upon him,

break his
helm,

and wound
him in the
head.

Hector is
angry with
Thoas, and cuts
off half his
nose.

¹ MS. *lytherhynes*, but the down-stroke of the second *h* is crossed.

Hector's
brothers
come to his
aid,

ECtor brether come then alle, [lf. 102, bk.] 6897
Thei saw Thoas by Ector falle,

Thei ride to him and alle that other
And help right wel Ector, her brother ; 6900

slay the
Greeks,

Thei fauȝt with Gregeis meru[el]ously
And bare hem doun dispitously ;

¶ Achilles wolde no lengur abyde.

take Thoas
prisoner,

Thei toke Thoas In al his pride 6904

And ladde him to Troie to here prisoun,

Thei caste him In a depe dongoun,

Thei thrat him alle, tho he was tan,

For ther brother Cassibalan, 6908

That he hadde sclayn with glad spede,

Thei him be-hight In alle mede.

¶ Antenor and Dephebus

Lad him to Troye ful greuous

6912

Of his woundes and his takyng,

And also of his presonyng ;

Thei lefft him ther In sieur warde,

And went aȝeyn to her standarde.

6916

and wound
Thelamon.

¶ Kyng Thelaman at that rescous

Was born to grounde as a mous,

The bretheren him threw to grounde tho,

For he assayled Ector also

6920

With kyng Thoas and Achilles ;

Him hadde ben better haue ben in pes,

For suche a wounde thei him be-tauȝt,

That he leffte bothe mayn and mauȝt.

6924

Thelamon is
borne to his
tent.

Thei bare him to his Paulyoun,

Til he come ther In a ded swoun.

Menelaus kest al his wit,

How he myȝt Paris best hit ;

6928

¶ Paris saw wel his waytyng,

He was war of his laykyng,

- Off his euel wil was Paris war ; [lf. 103.] 6931
 His bowe he bente al redi thar, 6932
 He set ther-In a kene beket
 And to Menelaus he hit schet ;
 That hed was mad with foule venym.
 Paris wel euene schot at him, 6936
 And he fel down, as he scholde dye,
 The blod ran out of his eye.
- ¶ Paris at him euel taysed ;
 Fro the grounde his men him raysed, 6940
 And bare him home to his hale,
 And laide him down In-myddes the sale.
 To him come sithen surgiens
 And other noble ficiensiens ; 6944
 His wounde ful wisly then he soghte,
 When thei were to him broghte.
- ¶ Thei ȝaf him drynke & gode medecynes,
 And slaked him then of his pynes, 6948
 Thei schof aboute wel soffte his flesche,
 With good wateres thei him weche,
 Thei greythed him gode oynement.
 When he was dyght, his stede he hent, 6952
 And rod aȝeyn to that stour,
 And sought Paris with semblant sour ;
- ¶ He swor by goddis dyng[ne]te,
 He schuld on him wel venged be. 6956
 When Paris hadde with him thus toyled,
 Off his Armes he him dispoyled,
 He cast of al his armure,
 And fauȝt with him In cors pure, 6960
 With bowe and arwe fedred with po,
 He wroght amonges hem mechel wo.
- ¶ Menelaus was wel war,
 That Paris thenne non armes bar, 6964

Paris wounds
Menelaus in
the eye with a
poisoned
arrow.

Menelaus is
brought to his
tent,

where his
wound is
dressed.

He attacks
Paris anew,
who now
fights without
armour.

But was al naked In his clothes ; [lf. 103, bk.] 6965

He swor his dethe with gret othes,

A stalworth spere to him he kipped

With stelen hed that wel was tipped. 6968

I hope wel Paris ded hadde ben,

Ne hadde Eueas gon be-twen,

That he myght not Paris come to,

For no-thing that thei myzt do. 6972

Eneas separates Menelaus and Paris,

and leads Paris home.

¶ Eueas thanne hath led hom Paris

With mochel folk to Troye y-wis,

That Menelaus met him not with,

For he nas y-armed nother lym ne lyth. 6976

Ector saw al that fare,

How he was lad to Troye al bare.

To Menelaus zaff he tent,

To scle his brother how he hadde ment ; 6980

Ector therfore was sore greued,

Therfore his helme In-two he cleued,

Thorow his coyfe his gode swerd bot ;

Menelaus therfore not flote, 6984

Ne hadde no wordes him to speke,

Ne hadde no myzt him-self to wreke.

Hector wounds Menelaus,

and would have captured him,

if many Greeks had not come to his rescue.

¶ Ector wolde haue taken him fayn,

He put ther-to myzt and mayn ; 6988

But ther come many a moder barne,

Duk and kyng,—I the warne,—

With alle her kny3tes, him to rescowe,

For he lay stille as a sowe ; 6992

Ther come mo knyghtes to his defence

Than ben now In alle Tarence.

¶ On Ector alle thei gan leye,

Many a body he did ther dye, 6996

Many a man to dethe gos,

For thei lette him of his purpos ;

¶ *Hic Greci ffugerunt.*

He sclees hem & falles that he reches, [lf. 104.] 6999

Delful strokes he hem be-teches, 7000

He maymed hem and ouer-al slees,

That he hadde neuere more pees,

Many a man he ther spilles;

The Gregeys fleis ouer dales & hilles,

7004 But Hector
puts the
Greeks to
flight,

As faste as thei may ride,

Toward her tentis on eche a side.

ECtor affter euere chases,

At eche a lepe his stede vnbrasis, 7008

Thei fledde him as hare doth hound;

Men myzt haue filled a gret dromound

With bodijs that he sclow chasand,

And euere he folowed manassand.

7012

He swar here deth by bok and belle,

He nolde neuere sese hem to qwelle;

Scholde neuere man ne creature

Haue went fro¹ that batel sure,

7016

¶ Hadde thei of Troye had day-lyght,—

So were thei ferd and discomfyght;—

But sterres ros vpon the sky,

Ector lefft his chase for-thi

7020

And turned hem to his Cite,

With kyng, duk, and his meyne;

And did sone off hem her harneys

& set hem down on benche & deys²,

7024

And made her bones nesche and souple,

For ther was many a worthi couple,

For gret trauayle that thei hadde had

Off thaire restyng were thei glad.

7028

NOw is Ector comen to halle,

And the stedis stabeled alle,

Thei ar vndight and set In stable;

Then was reysed many a table,

7032

¹ MS. *for*. ² This line written in the margin very neatly, but by the same hand.—The *last* line of this MS. page (not printed here) is repeated there on the *back* of the leaf as first line.

The Trojans go to supper.	The bordes were layd, the clothes spred ¹ , [lf. 104, bk.] 7033 And thei are set and richely fed With mete and drynke, gret plente, With vernage, Cret, and clarre, 7036 With other drynkes and riche metes.
Priamus bars the gates.	¶ But Priamus no-thing for-ȝetes To make thaire ȝates fast— He was of the Gregeis so sore agast,— 7040 With many bare and many a croke, And men y-nowe the ȝates to loke, That alle men that were trauayled Schulde, when Gregeis hem assayled 7044 With noyse or cry or any affray, In thaire bed [be] ther thei lay. ¶ The ȝates he keped, and thei ben sere
His men feast.	To ete and drynke and make gode chere, 7048 To ete & drynke can thei not sese, Thei were serued with many a messe, With many noble diuers rost, With mete bakyn, sothen, and tost. 7052
They go to sleep.	T He clothes were drawen, when þei had eten ; Kyng and duk, and alle that ther seten, Layd ² be-side hem bothe gerdel and pouche, And wente than alle to thaire couche, 7056 And held hem vnder couertoure, And slepte wel a gode mesure,—
In the morn- ing	Til nyght was gon, and sonne schon wyde, That men myȝt se on eche a syde. 7060 ¶ With mechel noyse thei hem atyred, Thei hadde long slept and were en-ȝred, And as thei her armure held In hande, Kyng Priamus sente his tithande, 7064 That thei schulde be that day In pees And make hem alle wele at es.

{ Priamus send }

¹ This line is in the MS. a repetition of the last line of the preceding page, where only *leyd* is written instead of *layd*. See footnote 2 on preceding page.

² MS. *layd*.

- ¶ Priamus sende his messageres, [lf. 105.] 7067 Priamus con-
And afftir his priue counseleres, 7068 vokes a parlia-
To kyng and duk and to Ector, ment.
And afftir Troyle and Antenor,
Til Dephebus and Eueas,
Paris and Polamydes, 7072
That thei scholde come to his Paleis,
To here his consayl ther alweis.
- ¶ Thei spedde hem faste euerychon :
Thedir is comen kyng Monnon, 7076 The sons and
Gode Ector, and many another, privy coun-
Troylus, and Dephebus his brother, cillors of
To Priamus that were priue, Priamus
What he wolde, to here and se. 7080
When thei were y-comen alle
To Ylion In-to the halle, come to his
Thei sat hem down on that days, hall.
Thei were stille and held her pays; 7084
Saue Priamus, that kyng corowned,
Was non of hem that o word souned.
- H**E spak to hem with glad chere
And seyde: 'lordynges, 3e are me dere; 7088
With-oute 3oure wil and 3oure assent
Wol I not do, so haue I ment.
I schal 3ow telle myn herte wille,
What is my resoun and my skylle, 7092
Whi I haue sent afftir 3ow;
Sittes stille and herkenes now!
- ¶ Me thinketh oure goddis speciale
And haue vs 3euen gret riale, 7096
For vs haue thei mechel wrought;
To honour hem ful wel we ought.
Thei loue vs wel specially,
And worchin for vs rially, O j 7100

The sons and
privy coun-
cillors of
Priamus

come to his
hall.

He addresses
them :

' I'll tell you

why I sent for
you :

We must
thank our
gods much,

Ther-fore schal we on alle wyse [lf. 105, bk.] 7101

Do to oure goddis sacrificise

With riche offerand and gret dispense,

And hem worschepe and do reuerence. 7104

¶ We mot nede hem glorifye,

That hath vs sent oure enemye

And schamely lyght In oure prisoun,

That vs hath don gret tresoun 7108

With force and armes and cruelte,

That wolde sle bothe ȝow and me,

To robbe oure goddis, and oure Cite brenne,

And oure wyues ledde henne, 7112

And make oure childer thral and cherles,

That schulde be kynges, dukes, and Erles;

And we hem ones greued,

By alle the gode non ther leued! 7116

I think it ¶ Me thinketh by resoun, and ȝow thynk als,

right to put
him to death.

That this freke and traytour fals

Be ȝoure consayl and Iugement

With-oute the toun be ybrent, 7120

Or fle him quyk al by the lawe,

Or with wilde hors him to-drawe,

Or elles hong him on galowe-tre,

That wolde distroye ȝoure Cite; 7124

And so schal alle these other drede.

What sey ȝe now, what ȝe rede?

What do you
think of this?

¶ Lete se now, what dethe demes,

Wheche deth of thes him best semes?

7128

Schal he be qwartered¹ with a knyff?

To se him ded, were al my lyff!

Ther was no kyng that croune bered,

That Priamus that tyme answered

7132

With word, whan he was demand;

But sat stille as dere on the land,

¹ MS. *quarteler*.

- But were of that strong stonayd, [lf. 106.] 7135 All are
Of hem alle no word thei sayd. 7136 astonished and
silent.
- E**neas was wis, witti, and lered,
To speke than was he not fered,
He saw the kyng hadde wratthe I-tane
For the dethe of Cassibalane, 7140
The kynges sone, he loued best ;
For wratthe him thoght his herte brast.
- ¶ By-fore the kyng Eueas stode,
And spak to him with milde mode, 7144
And sayde to him as the wyse :
'Nolde god, that any of thise
Schamful dethe that to him deme!
Hit is wel better that 3e him 3eme 7148
Hole and sound In gode sauete,
For we wot neuere,—no more wot 3e,—
What may be-falle som tyme to 3oure,
How it wol schape to vs and oure. 7152
- ¶ The doughtiest man that euere was born
May falle, be tan, or elles lorn
Among his fos be chaunce and happe.
God made neuere so dou3ti a schappe, 7156
That was so michel of strengthe & myght,
Geaunt, champioun, ne other knyght,
He mot be take In batayle ;
Al day we sene it, no meruayle ! 7160
- ¶ Ther-fore, sire, I do not rede
That 3e do thus Thoas to dede,
For 3e wot wel, my lord the kyng,
That kyng Toas and his ospryng 7164
Is comen of alle the beste lynage
Off hem of Grece that ben of age ;
Alle the gret blod of Grece
Ben some his Emes, and some his nece, 7168

Eneas
answers :

'We must not
do such a
wicked deed,

as we do not
know what
may happen to
us and ours.

Thoas is a
relative of
almost all the
Greek nobles.

Alle of his kyn, and to him longe, [lf. 106, bk.] 7169
 Ther is non gretter hem amonge.

So thei wolde do to oure frende,
 Iff any come In here bende, 7172

And ȝiff vs the same Iugement,
 The beste of vs if thei mowe hent;

Off som of oure hit myght be-tyde,
 ȝe wold not for al the world wyde 7176

Se him haue suche a chaunce
 For al þe lond of Spayne & Fraunce¹.

¶ I rede therfore, kyng Thoas saue;
 The same a-ȝeyn ȝe mowe it haue, 7180

ȝe may ȝit kyng Thoas chaunge
 For on of oure or for som strange.

Ther-fore, lord, if I durst it say,
 I wolde ȝow rede and also pray, 7184

That ȝe wolde kepe kyng Thoas wele;
 Hit may be-quyt ȝow euery dele.

¶ Gode Ector, assente ther-to
 And rede thi fader, to do right so!' 7188

He radde his ffader "that consail holde
 That Eueas hadde ther tolde";—

'I holde his consail gode and trewe.
 Iff ȝe him scle, hit may ȝow rewe; 7192

For if any of ȝoure be y-take,
 We may him chaunge and so pees make.'

Priamus held him not payde,
 That Ector thus to him sayde; 7196

In his entent ȝet he lefte
 And sayde to Ector wrothely effte:

'And if we do with Thoas thus,—
 What schal oure enemys saye of vs, 7200

That we haue of hem suche awe,
 That we dar not do the lawe?

And therto amonges hem be wel ffawe³; 7204

¹ This line inserted in the margin, like l. 7024.

³ The last word, *ffawe*, on erasure.

² No gap in MS.

If one of ours
 should come
 into the same
 case, you cer-
 tainly would
 not like him
 to be judged
 thus.

Therefore I
 advise that we
 keep him as a
 prisoner, in
 order to
 change him
 for one of our
 folk, if oppor-
 tunity should
 arise.

Hector
 supports this
 counsel.

Priamus says:
 'They will
 deem us
 cowards if we
 do so.

Thei schal drede vs the lesse [lf. 107.] 7205

And holde vs ferd and hertlesse.

But not-for-thi! a-3eyn my wille,

I schal assente 3oure consail tille." 7208

But notwithstanding, I will assent to your advice.

And so was Thoas sauēd fro ded

Thorow gode Ector and Eueas red.

And Eueas 3ede to Eleyne, to se

Eneas goes to Eleyne.

That curtays quene of gret bewte. 7212

Kyng Thoas herte be-gan to qwake,

He wende to be hanged al nake;

But Ector wolde he were sauēd.

Priamus wolde that Troye hadde be pauēd 7216

With hethen hond and euery a membre;

That he hadde bended or Septembre,

If he myzt haue had his wille;

But Ector wold not lete him spille, 7220

And thus hadde thei that conseil ent.

The nyght is comen, the day is went,

When night comes,

¶ Euery man to his In owe,

The wayte be-gan nyght to blowe. 7224

Mone ne sterre saw man non,

The cloudes haue hem ouer-gon;

It wex al dym with derk cloude,

The wynde be-gan to blowe loude, 7228

the wind begins to blow hard,

The wynd turned In-to the west,

Hit made a wonder gret tempest.

Among Gregeis blew many a blast

And alle ther tentis to grounde cast; 7232

and a great storm beats down the Greek tents.

So wonderly the wynd it blewe,

That alle here tentis ouer-threwe;

Al 3ede to grounde bothe tent and hale,

Here ropes vayled not of a schale. 7236

Wo is hem In here¹ sclepes,

The wynd brast bothe tre and ropes, ○ [iij]

¹ MS. *hem*.

Ther was no stake that fast held, [lf. 107, bk.] 7239
 Nother of Pauploun ne of teld. 7240

Hit was as derk as helle,
 Might no man se—the sothe to telle,—
 To set a-zeyn teld ne tent;
 Thei were almost with wedir schent. 7244

It thunders, ¶ It be-gan dredly to thunder;
 Thei hadde nouȝt to hele hem vnder.
 rains, snows, Hit blew, it rayned, and eke snewe,
 Thei turned for cold bothe hide & hewe; 7248

hails, It thundred loude, it ffres, hit hayled,
 Michel wo that nyght hem ayled;
 and lightens, It lygthned vp In the firmament,
 As al the world hadde y-brent; 7252

Hem thought, the sky had y-brend al opon,
 In-to the erthe thei wolde haue cropon
 and the Greeks are very much afraid, For sorwe, and wo, and gret turmentes
 That thei hadde of the elementes. 7256

After that be-gan it rayne,
 As al the world scholde be sclayne;
 As water rennes In a goute,
 The sky gan falle hem aboute. 7260

Vp In the sky thei it hadde lade,
 Men myght with-Inne a wyle wade
 A-mong the hors vp to the hamme,
 Than lefte no man synge his gamme; 7264

They think Noah's flood has come again. ¶ Thei were a-ferd of Noye flode
 Hadde comen a-zeyn, thei vndirstode.

Al was fir in the firmament,
 As it scholde the world haue brent; 7268
 The stedes starte out of here stalle
 And ran aboute faste with-alle,
 Men wende, that thei hadden ben wode;
 The sky was as red as any blode. 7272

- Hem self to helpe thai ne myȝt, [lf. 108.] 7273
 I-wis thei hadde a vile nyȝt;
 It myȝt haue ben no worse wedur,
 Off heuene & erthe hadde gon to-gedur. 7276
- ¶ Thei banned & cursed alle tho,
 That made thedur hem for to go
 Fro thayre gode and fro ther wiff,
 To lede ther so karful lyff. 7280
- Lord, the sorwe that hem was with!
 That nyȝt hadde thei non other grith,
 Thei quok for cold, thei were al wete,
 Thei longed sore afftir hete. 7284
- I**N sorwe and wo the Gregeis are,
 For drede of dethe thei droupe & dare;
 That thei come ther ful ofte thei playn,
 Thei hopeth ful wel to be a-tayn 7288
- To neuere se thing that thei owe,
 Wiff ne child, moder ne mowe.
 Thei sorwe thus, til hit be day;
 "And her ffrendes"—thei seyde ay— 7292
- "That lay ther dede, and som were roten,
 Some smetyn, & some were schoten;"—
- ¶ 'Alas!' thei seyde, 'this foul vnwit,
 We were *with* sorwe so combred and knyȝt! 7296
- Whan that we passed the Grekysche see,
 We knewe ful lytel Ector poustee;
 Hadde we knowen,—as we do now,—
 Than hadde we wrought afftir oure prow, 7300
- And saued vs, and we dispende;
 For now may vs no man amende,
 Thes wederes done vs mechel tene.
 What wonder is, of we vs mene? 7304
- We leue oure lord and oure frende,
 And we ligge here in stormes and schende; O iiij
- The Greeks
 curse those
 who made
 them go to
 Troy, and
 leave their
 wives,
- whom they
 will never
 see again.
- They bewail
 their sad fate.

Er we wende hen, we schal be sclayn ; [lf. 108, bk.] 7307
 Litel wondir is, of we vs playn. 7308

A Ector, that we ne hadde knowen
 Thi douȝtines, er we hadde sowen !
 , Schulde neuere kyng ne Emperour,

Duke ne knyȝt, ne vauesour, 7312

Haue made vs passe the salte strem
 For alle the gode of Ierusalem !

Thei made gret del and playnyng ;

But it be-gan to leue raynyng, 7316

When the
 storm ceases,

¶ The wynd sesid the gret blast,
 The snewyng then no lenger last,
 The tempest then be-gan to sese,
 The thonder slaked & held her pese.
 Thei were glad of the sesed tempest,
 Thei were ful glad to cacche rest.

7320

next morning

¶ The nyȝt is gon, the cloudes with-drawe,
 The day be-gan for to dawe,
 The sonne schon, the wedir cleres ;
 The Troyens then with brode baneres

7324

the Trojans

¶ Were redi armed In the feld,
 On stedes stronge, with spere and scheld ;
 The ȝates were open, and thei rod out.

7328

and the Greeks

The Gregeis of hem hadde gret dout,
 But not-for-thi thei hadde no nede,

prepare for
 a new battle.

Thei armed hem with mechel spede,
 And made hem redi to the fight—

7332

With alle her power and here myght—

¶ A-ȝeyn Ector, that thei drede sore,
 With alle here men bothe lasse and more
 Here strengthe to kythe, her myȝt to proue
 Off hem of Troye that thei saw houe
 In-myddes the feld, and hem abode.

7336

When bothe parties to-geȝdur rode,

7340

¶ *Hic Rex Hupō Troianus mortuus est.*

Delful dyntes thei deled and dalt; [lf. 109.] 7341

Many in his armes swalt,

A direful
battle.

Er euen come and day was gon.

Suche batayle was ther neuere non 7344

Betwene two kynges on lande ne se,

Neuere was, ne neuere schal be.

B Othe parties ben y-dyght,

With scheld and spere and brynes bryzt, 7348

In playn feld on gode aray;

Ther is no speche of no loue-day,

For eche man wol on other be wreke,—

What bote is than of loue to speke? 7352

Achilles with his Murmindones

Achilles leads
the first
battalion;

Passed ouer dales and dounes;

He rides ouer dounes and dales

With alle his men out of his hailes, 7356

With baneres brode and many a sygne,

With many a worthi knyzt and digne.

¶ The furst batayle sir Achilles

To lede that day for-sothe ches; 7360

Out of his tent he is now yssed,

To kyng Hupoun was he wel wyssed,

he meets with
Hupon,

A douzti knyzt of gret a-fere;

But him thoght euel that he come there: 7364

Hupoun was michel and long,

Hey and brod, mechel & strong,

He was mechel as a geaunt;

But him hadde ben better to haue ben at Gaunt 7368

Or haue leyn seke in his bed,

who had
better have
been at Ghent
or in bed.

Then he that day batayle hadde led.

¶ Achilles smot him with a spere,

That al his Armes gan to-tere, 7372

He smot him thorow bothe flesch & bone

And thorow his armes euerychone;

218 *Hector kills Octomene. A Fight between Diomedes and Antipe.*

Hupon is unhorsed.	Thoow he were mechel and long,	[lf. 109, bk.]	7375
	Out of his sadel he him sclong.		7376
Hector fights with Octomene,	¶ To Ector rod kyng Octomene		
	With hate and moche tene,		
	He come to Ector faste fleande		
	With a stalworthe spere In hande,		7380
	He smot Ector, that his spere barst.		
	‘The deucl the honge hard and fast!’		
	Seide Ector, ‘what eyles the?’		
	Whi hastow thus smetyn me?’		7384
	¶ Ector was with him ful wrothe,		
	He drow his swerd and to him gothe,		
	And smytes him on a-nother manere;		
	Of his scheld a ful quartere		7388
	He carff a-wey at that strikyng;		
	The stroke was smyten at his lykyng,		
and kills him	He smote him doun vnto his chyn,		
	That men myȝt se the tethe with-In.		7392
Diomedes and Antipe fight	D iodemes and kyng Antipe,		
	With-oute trompe or pipe		
	Or any other Melodye,		
	Thei redyn to-geder with gret envye;		7396
	Here speres brast In splentes,		
	But thei fel not with here dentes,		
	With that Iustyng ne that Iornay.		
	But thei ȝede not quyte a-way:		7400
	¶ Thei drow here swerdes of here scauberkis		
	And smot on scheldes and hauberkes,		
	The rynges barst, the nayles out,		
	Thei were strawed al a-bout;		7404
and wound each other.	Her woundes bledde, her flesch was tamet,		
	The holdest of hem ful sore was lamet.		
	But at the laste be-tydde it so,		
	That Diodemes smot In-two		7408

Thorow douȝtines duk Antipe gorge,	[lf. 110.]	7409	
With his swerd—was fair of forge,—			
That he fel ded on gresse and rote,			Antipe is slain.
Off that wounde he hadde no bote.		7412	
G lorious kyng lord Ihesu !			
Who-so hadde sen Ector vertu,			Hector slays
How he the Gregeis ther reuerced ¹ ,			many Greeks.
Helmes and hauberk how he persed,		7416	
How he hem sclow by two and on,—			
He wolde haue sworn by Peter and Ion,			
By Marie bryȝt and persones thre :			
That god that is In vnite		7420	
Made neuere man that was so goode,			
Ne so many schedde of mannes blode,			
Ne non so strong as Ector was.			
By him myȝt no man pas,		7424	Nobody can
That he myȝt take or hent,			escape him.
That the lyff a-way ne went.			
Ector sles the men of Grece,			
Thei dyed thikkere then men dryues gece		7428	
To chepyng-toun for to selle ;			
It is a wondur for to telle,			
What men he sclow In felde,			
A-mong his foos how he him welde.		7432	
T Her come two kynges In that batayle,			The brothers
That saw Ector aboute rayle,			Episcropus and
As faucoun flees afftir drake,			Cedius attack
A-mong Gregeis gret murdir make ;		7436	him.
He made hem fle for drede a-ferd,			
As hound dos dere of his herd.			
That on was kyng Episcropus,			
That other his brother Cedyus ;		7440	
Thei rod to Ector bothe at ones,			
For to cleue him bothe flesch and bones.			

¹ MS. *reverted*.

Episcropus
defies Hector;

But Ector ȝaff off hem riȝt nouȝt, [lf. 110, bk.] 7443

Thei fond bothe that thei hadde souȝt; 7444

Episcropus, that ape and owle,

Spak to Ector wordes foule,

He called him "fitz-a-putayn¹,"

And seyth: "he was a cherl velayn." 7448

¶ Than seide Ector: 'as I am knyȝt,

Thow schalt of me haue a foul dispit,

Of me, thow kyng Episcropus,—

Thow hast defouled me thus!' 7452

EPiscropus Ector defies.

'Fals ataynted traytour, thow lyes;'

Hector
answers him,
glorifying
himself and
his descent,

Saide Ector, 'I was neuere thral,

I am fre, and my kynde al; 7456

In al my kyn is no throle,

But kyng and duk; knyȝt & erle;

My ffader is a gentil kyng,

Suche is non In thyn ospreyng! 7460

¶ Fyftene kynges, genteler than thow,

Doth him omage and fewte now;

And I, his sone, knyȝt, and Air,

Vndir me is man and mair, 7464

Duke and Prince, and knyȝtes strong,

And alle that euere to him long.

My moder is a gentil quene,

A trewe lady, and euere hath bene; 7468

¶ Sche did her lord neuere falshede,

But euere was trewe In word and dede.

It semes wel thanne, that I am fre,

I may be skyl no cherl be! 7472

And that thow schalt wite, if I the take,

Thi proude wordes schal I slake.

I drede neuere man of thi nacioun,

Whi scholde I now fle a glotoun, 7476

and
threatening
Episcropus.

¹ MS. *fitz aputayn*.

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Episcropum Regem et Cedium Regem.*

Suche a caytyff, suche a wrecche! [lf. III.] 7477

I holde the not worth a fecche!

¶ Then was wroth Episcropus

That Ector spake to him so spitous; 7480

Dispitusly Ector he myssayde,

And sadly to him he layde

With al his strengthe and al his myght,

With Ector sone he gan to fyght. 7484

Episcropus that schrewe vnorne

Might not his word performe;

¶ Ector sone to him gan take,

He thoght him venge of that wrake; 7488

Ector bare his sword on hye,—

For he hadde no spere him bye,—

He ȝaff the kyng Episcropus

Suche a recumbentibus, 7492

He smot In-two bothe helme & mayle,

Coleret and the ventayle;

He carff him down In-to his vent,

That to the deth sone he went. 7496

¶ 'Thow art now dede and ouer-throwen,

Thi bostful wordes that thow blowen,

Velenly thow hast thi mede;

To myssay thow eft take hede!' 7500

Cedius saw his brother sclayn,

The swot ran down—so doth the rayn—

And of his eye down by his lere,

For his brother that was him dere.

'Alas,' seide he, 'that euere I was born!

I se my brother In-sonder schorn,

I schal him venge—what-so be-tydes—

Thoow my hert brest out at my sydes.'

A thousand knyghtes that douȝti were

Cedius hadde with him there;

Episcropus
replies, and
begins fighting
with Hector.

Hector cuts
Episcropus
down,

kills him,
and scorns
him.

His brother
Cedius, who
has 1,000
knights,
resolves to
avenge
Episcropus's
death.

7508

Alle he called to him tho, [lf. III, bk.] 7511

And many other Gregeis mo; 7512

And asked him: "what was his wille?

Whi he so called and cried him tille?"

¶ Thei asked of him: "what him ayled?"

Cedius tells his
Greeks that he
must take
revenge on
Hector for his
brother's
death,

And he seide: "his lyff him ffayled, 7516

No-thing In erthe myght do him bote,

Er he saw Ector on his fote,"—

'For he hath slayn my dere brother,

Episcropus, and many other; 7520

And him folwe I thus aboute,

To seche Ector among the route,

and kill him.

And leue him not, vnto he be founde,

Ded or slayn, or cast to grounde.' 7524

¶ Cedius then with-oute lesyng

Souzt Ector faste with gret sikyng;

A thousand
knights ride
with him;

A thousand knyȝtes rod with him than

With many another douȝti man, 7528

To sele Ector and him wounde.

they find
Hector,

Thei ȝede him to seke & sone him founde,

And of his stede thei bare him down,

And ȝede to Ector alle en-viroun; 7532

And that me thenke no meruayle,

For he wist not of here consayle.

unhorse and
surround him.

Ector was to grounde I-bet,

A thousand knyȝtes thei on him set, 7536

To sele him ther thei aȝ hadde thoght,

For her euel wil ful thei boght.

Cedius strikes
many blows at
him.

Cedius strok to him wel offte;

Ector saw his arme on loffte 7540

Al redi him for to strike,

Then gan Ector sore myslyke;

¶ Than seide Ector to Cedyus:

'Wenestow to sle me thus? 7544

I sette at nouȝt alle thi Coueye, [lf. 112.] 7545

Whil I may se ȝow with myn eye!

¶ Ector ȝaff kyng Cedius on Cedius's arm
And cleff a-two his schuldir-bon, 7548 is cut off by
Hector.

That hond & arme bothe fley a-way;

The kyng fel a-doun, and ther he lay.

THen come thedir Menelaus, Most of the
And also the stronge Archilaus, 7552 Greek kings
And also the stronge Thelamon now come
together

With many a knyȝt, & kyng Makaron,

The noble kyng Diodemes

With many a thousand, & Vlives; 7556

Ther come also the riche Athene,

The noble man Duk Mescene.

The riche kyng ther Emperour,

That was her alther gouernour, 7560

He come doun with the rerwarde

Strong and yrus as any lyparde.

¶ These kynges comes with here batayles,
Eche man thanne Ector assayles; 7564 and assail
Thei died faste on euery syde. Hector.
A great battle.

Alas now! how schal Ector abyde

These kynges alle and her power,

Whan hem come socour fer and ner? 7568

¶ Prime was past, hit was Midday,
And ney-honde none—as I ȝow say.
Whan alle that armes bere myght—
Off hem of Grece thei fayled lyght—

7572 When all the
Greeks able
to bear a
weapon arrive,

Were comen doun to that batayle

With men & hors and pedayle,

With bowe and Arwe and alblast;

Then were the Troyens sore agast,

7576 the Trojans
are much
afraid.

For thei hadde fouȝten for the best

Al the day with-ouen rest.

¶ *Hic Achilles interficit Phillum Regem.*

For then were comen the kynges alle [lf. 112, bk.] 7579
 And begonne on hem to falle, 7580

The Greeks
 are fresh, the
 Trojans weary.

Thei were ffresch, these other wery.
 Then were the Troyens al sory ;
 Thei keped the Gregeys not-for-thi
 And stode a-3eyn strongfully ; 7584

The Trojans
 are put to
 flight.

But thei my3t not endure so longe,
 The Gregeis were that tyme so stronge,
 That thei be-gan so to fle.
 It myght with hem no better be, 7588
 So weri thei ben and ouer-charged,
 Here socour foule fro hem targed.

Achilles slays
 Phillus.

¶ Achilles folwed and alle hise,
 He ouer-toke the kyng Philluse ; 7592
 Phillus turned and with him fau3t,
 But suche a stroke Achilles him rau3t
 With his hondes sicurly,
 That he fel dede ther sodanly. 7596

Ector saw that Phillus was ded,
 ‘ Alas ’—seide he—‘ that I ete bred
 That euere was mad of corn of whete,
 That I schulde se my men so bete ! 7600
 I may not longe it suffry

Off that Achilles with his sculkery.’
 He turned and loked his men toward :
 Thei flowe the while faste a-weyward, 7604
 Thei wolde not bide be doune ne dale,
 For that the Gregeis were so fale.

Hector is
 surrounded by
 the Greeks
 under Alpenor
 and Doryus.

¶ Then my3t men se the Gregeis ride,
 Thei closed Ector on eche a side, 7608
 Some be-hynde and some be-fore.
 Ther was a kyng—het Alpenore—
 Another also het Doryus, 7611
 Thei were to Ector enuyous ;

{ On eche }

- On eche a side Doryus him strikes, [lf. 113.] 7613 Doryus and
With his spere ful harde he prikes; several other
Ector deled aboute lyueray Greeks strike
To alle that euere come In his way. 7616 at Hector.
- ¶ Then men myȝt se swordes drawe—
Thikkere then trees by wode-schawe—
A-boute Ector, to bere him doun ;
Thei thought he scholde neuere come to toun, 7620
But leue ther as a caytyff
Clene ded with-oute lyff.
- A Thousand swerdes aboute him clatered,—
As Masons hadde on stones bated, 7624
But al was nouȝt thei were aboute,
For hem alle hadde he no doute :
He deled a-boute him suche strokes,
That he carf bothe hed and chokes, 7628
Hond and foot & haterelle ;
Many on ded to grounde felle.
He sclow for-sothe the kynges two,
And many a-nother knyȝt also. 7632
- ¶ To sle the Gregeis hadde he neuere pees ;
He cried and seyde to Achilles :
'Thow sclow long er a kyng of myne,
Now haue I sclawe two of thyne. 7636
Come thi-selff to venge hem ;
I ȝeue of the right nouȝt certeyn !'
- ¶ The Troiens thanne that were fled,
When thei sey how Ector sped, 7640
How he him-self that stour mayntened,
With hem-selff ful sore thei tened ;
When he hadde sclayn the kynges bothe,
With hem-selff thei were wrothe, 7644
Thei turned a-ȝeyn on thaire enemys,
And died faste on bothe parties¹.

But Hector
slays many of
them,

and the kings
Doryus and
Alpenor too.

Hector
challenges
Achilles.

The Trojans,
seeing Hector's
success,

return.

P [j]

¹ Below the last line, upside down and very badly written, are the words :
'*paphylun was an vter man bothe of leȝing & dissuiuing*' [? *desseiesing*].

¶ *Hic Amphimatus Rex Interfectus est.*Eneas slays
Amphimatus.

AVeas thanne his sword out-drow, [lf. 113, bk.] 7647
 A kyng of Grece ther-with he selow ; 7648
 Amphimatus his name was kyd

That Eveas ther to dethe dyd.

¶ The Troiens keuered a-ȝeyn the feld,
 Aȝeyn the Gregeis fast thei held. 7652

A great Greek
duke

Ther was a duk of gret emprise,
 That saw Ector hem alle to-brise
 Alle tho of Grece that he myȝt reche ;
 Ful ffayn wold he take wreche. 7656

¶ He swore by him that sit in trone
 And made bothe sonne and Mone :
 “ He wolde him lette of his doying,
 Off his slawȝt and his quellyng.” 7660

attacks Hector,

Wel boldely to him he Ioyned,
 And with his spere faste ffoyned,
 That his mayles barst in-sonder,—
 That thoght Ector moche wonder ;— 7664
 He drow his sword and hoked stille
 And fauȝt with Ector al his fille.

and presses
him hard.

¶ Gret myȝt the duke schewed thore,
 He layde on Ector strokes sore, 7668
 He lettid him moche of his prowes,
 Off his scleyng and his rebelnes.

Hector is much
annoyed and
ashamed.

¶ Ector was with-al anoyed :
 ‘ Now is my myȝt strongly distroyed,’ 7672
 Ector sayde, ‘ whan I schal thole
 Off on that is not worth a cole
 Suche vilony and suche repruse.
 I may wel say, I am refuyse 7676
 Off alle the kynges sones of Troye,
 When that I suffre of suche a boye
 Suche vilonye to me be done,—
 Ne se I neuere sonne ne mone ! 7680

¶ Hic venit sagittarius.

But thow schalt dere thi strokes a-bye, [lf. 114.] 7681

Thi hardines and thi folye!

I schal kembe¹ thi zelowe lokke!

He ȝaff the duk suche a knokke, 7684

That helm and coyfe In-sunder ȝede;

He cleue him doun vnto his stede,

That he fel doun on that other side.

'Now wil thow ȝiff me leue for to ride, 7688

Where that I loue & thow not me lette!

Now hastow that I the be-hette!'

Now cometh a-nother kyng Episcropus

With many a knyȝt a-venterus, 7692

Out of Troie comes he ridande

With men of Armes thre thousande.

¶ With him come A quaynte Archer,

That mad is on suche a maner: 7696

He is halff hors and halff man.

With hem of Troye thedir he ran;

This archer ran to fight al naked.

Herkenes now, how he was maked! 7700

Fro his nauel downward

He was hors, and man vpward;

As a hors hadde he foure fete

That he ran on, whan he schete; 7704

Bak and bely of hors & tayle,

Thus was he maked saunfayle;

¶ His [s]kyn was hard and no-thing thenne,

His pyntel was of hors-kynne. 7708

And al that was fro the nauel aboue,

Al was man—for goddis loue:—

Sides and ribbes, hed and hals,

Bak and brest, & visage als, 7712

Armes, scholdres, chekes, & eres,—

Al was of man that he op weres.

P [ij]

The Greek lord is cloven down by Hector.

The Trojan king Episcropus arrives

with 3,000 men and a quaint Archer.

This Archer, being all naked,

is like a horse from the navel downwards,

and like a man from the navel upwards.

¹ MS. kemble.

His voice alone
is not human,
for he neighs
like a horse.

Saue that he hadde of man no voyce,—[lf. 114, bk.] 7715

As an hors made he the noyce, 7716

As it were an hors—for-sothe—he neyed.—

Many a man thorow him ther dyed!—

Tethe and gomes and mannes mouth—

Nobody ever
saw such
a beast any-
where!

Now lyues no man by north ne south, 7720

That euere saw suche a best

In feld ne toun ne in no forest!

¶ Al was of man bothe nese & throte,

And fynGRES als for his schote ; 7724

All his limbs
are covered
with horse's
hairs.

But alle his membris lasse and more

Were al be-grownen with hors-hore,

Bak and bely, & legge and nase,

Brest, Armes, & his visage ; 7728

As he were a hors, he neyes & ondes¹.

His eyen were lyke to brennande brondes ;

He fferd, as he scholde men haue brent

Sparks of fire
fly out of him,

With spark of fire that fro him glent ; 7732

His vice was red as any fir.

Bowe and arwe was his atir.

WHan he was comen, he bent his bowe ;

Alle that euere him sawe 7736

and frighten
the Greeks,
especially
their horses,

Were ferd of him and strongly wondred ;

The horses snored, as it hadde thondred—

So were thei of him agrysed,

So brend his eyen and dredful glysed. 7740

Ther durst not on loke to him ward,

Here hors turned awayward ;

¶ Thei wolde haue fled out of the feld,

But eche a man his hors held : 7744

which are with
difficulty kept
quiet.

With mochel wo thei hem resteyd,

To make hem dwelle thei offte assayed ;

Thei held hem stille with bridel & reyne,

With mechel wo and mechel peyne. 7748

¹ Line 7729 after 7730 in MS.

<p>THis Archer schotes & sendes Arwes, [lf. 115.] 7749 He slees the Gregeis, as men take sparwes With lym or net or lym3erdes,</p>	<p>The Archer slays many Greeks,</p>
<p>Hors & man that Archer ferdes; 7752 And Ector slees al that he hittes.</p>	<p>and so does Hector.</p>
<p>Ther is no man that on hors sittes Off hem of Grece, that may restay Ther hors lenger, but fled a-way; 7756</p>	
<p>Ther is no man that ther abydes, But eche man awayward rydes To here tentis & Paelons.</p>	<p>The Greeks flee to their tents,</p>
<p>Achilles with his Murmondons¹ 7760 Vnto his strengthe a-veyward prikes; Ector faste afftir him strikes</p>	<p>Achilles and his Myrmidons not excepted.</p>
<p>With hem of Troie; and that archer, He schet aboute him fer & ner 7764</p>	<p>The Archer pursues them, always shoot- ing.</p>
<p>With arwes that were wel I-heded²; The Gregeis offte In-sunder hem scheded.</p>	
<p>¶ A wonder chaunce he did hem thore: When thei of Grece discomfited wore 7768 And to ther tentis a-veyward fledde, Her Archer faste Afftir hem spedde;</p>	
<p>The Archer hadde so smartly ronnen, That he hadde lond of hem wonnen. 7772</p>	<p>The Archer goes too far,</p>
<p>As he thus ran aboute schetande, He saw a3ein him come prikande Diomedes vnto his tentis;</p>	<p>and is met by Diomedes.</p>
<p>The archer thenne an Arwe out-hentis, 7776 He smot at him—so was he thare— Diomedes was wel ware,</p>	
<p>¶ To schote at him so was he prest; He wiste neuere, whedir he my3t best 7780 To his payloun for to ride, For he most ride that Archer be-side,—</p>	<p>Diomedes doubts whether to ride on to his pavilion,</p>
<p>P [iij]</p>	

¹ MS. *Murmondous*.

² Line 7765 after 7766 in MS.

¶ *Hic Diomedes occidit sagittarium.*

or to go back,
and risk
capture by the
Trojans,

Or if he turned a-weyward,— [lf. 115, bk.] 7783

His enemys come on him bakward : 7784

For if he come a-monges her hondes,

For al the godis of Gregeis londes

Wold thei not lette the kyng quyk go,

With lyff and lym hem go fro. 7788

¶ He was In gret a-visement,

How he myght passe and be not schent ;

He saw be-fore him that foule best,

The Troyens afftir him with many a crest. 7792

The Archer
tries to slay
Diomedes ;

¶ The Archer was the kyng so hende,

To sle that kyng wel he wende :

To that kyng he gan to hale,

And drow an Arwe vp to the vale ; 7796

And as he was In his losyng,

Diomedes, that douȝti kyng,

Hadde his sword al redi drawe,

That many of Troie hadde done of dawe. 7800

¶ He strok his stede & to him rode,

Ar euere arwe fro him glode :

He smot the best vpon the bak

And ȝaff him right an euel knak ; 7804

He smot his bak [right] in-sunder,

That he fel doun his hors fete vnder.

but, before he
can shoot,
Diomedes slays
him with his
sword.

When the
Greeks see the
Archer is dead,

Now are the Gregeis fayn and bolde,

The Archer lyes vpon the wolde 7808

Sclayn and dede, as men telles ;

None is ther that langer dwelles,

Thei turned a-ȝeyn and toke the feld,

Thei droff Troians fro tent to teld. 7812

they return to
the battle-
field.

¶ To Ector rennes Achilles,—

But [of] him ȝeues he not two strees,

He kepte him and not for-soke.

A stalworthe spere to him he toke 7816

- And smot Ector with myght and mayn, [lf. 116.] 7817 Hector and Achilles meet and unhorse each other.
- And he smot him for-sothe a-3eyn,
That eyther fel down, er euere thei wiste,
That bothe her eres the grounde kiste. 7820
- ¶ But Ector was hurt the sorroure,
For he come down fro the fferour
As he had ben a man [a-]rage.
He toke Ector at his a-vauntage, 7824
Wher-by Ector In his ffallynge
Toke wel more the brussynge,
And lenger lay his hors beside
Then Achilles dede that tide. 7828
- ¶ Achilles ros op witterly
And lepe on hors sicurly,
He layde his hond on Ector stede
And went a-way wel gode spede. 7832
- E**ctor was risen and vp-stode,
He loked aboute as he were wode,
And swor I-tened¹ and he sporles,
The blod ran out at his nase-throlles; 7836
When he fro him his hors saw lede,
Mouthe & nase began to blede,
For tene & wo his hew chaunged.
Ector afftir Achilles sewed, 7840
- ¶ Opon his feet faste he hyes,—
To his men faste he cryes :
'Se 3e not, how myn enemy
Ledes a-way my hors 3ow by ? 7844
Iff he him lede thus fro 3ow alle,
Foule reproues 3ow schal be-falle !
But 3e him sonner ouertake,
3e bene not alle worthi an hake !' 7848
- ¶ Eche man than afftir rides,
Is none lengur that then a-bydes, P ii[ij]
- and calls up his men to help recapture his horse.
- They all pursue Achilles.

¹ MS. & tened.

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt Antynorem Regem.*

Eche man afftir rides & rennes. [lf. 116, bk.] 7851

Achilles¹ thenne for tene brennes, 7852

Maugre his tethe the stede he lefft,

One of Hector's
brothers
retakes his
horse,

For Ector brother ffro him it refft;

He myzt no ferther for him go,

Therfore for-sothe he was ful wo. 7856

¶ Lord! so Ector thanne was fayn,

and gives it
back to him.

Whan he his gode stede hadde azeyn,

He wold not for his weyght of gold,

That Achilles it hadde hold. 7860

Many of Grece bowte his takyng,

Men myzt se thenne speres schakyng :

Hector takes
bloody
revenge.

¶ Ector sceles and Ector felles;

His hors takyng dere he selles;

7864

He riues helmes and cleues hedes;

Ther is no Gregeis that him² [ne] dredes.

Ther died for him on that sond

Sixti that neuere layde on him hond. 7868

On the other
side of the
battle-field
Antenor fights.

A Ntenor rode aboute strikande,—

Fro Ector was he fer fyghtande

On that other half of that batayle,

And that was him to wrothe-haile: 7872

For thei of Grece opon him throng

And him be-closed hem among;

His men backward fro him frusched,

And many of hem to grounde crusched. 7876

¶ Antenor did that In him was,

But he myght not fro hem pas,

For thei of Grece were more then he :

The Greeks
take him
prisoner, and
send him to
their tents.

Thei toke him at that semble

7880

And sent him to her³ paulyons

With-outen any haulyons,

And held him In her prisoun.

Polydomas of gret renoun 7884

¹ MS. *Ector*.

² MS. *that thei him*.

³ MS. *his*.

- Therefore was he ful sori,— [lf. 117¹.] 7885
 That was his sone, was him bi :
 His hert forsothe wex al cold,
 When the tydandes were y-told. 7888
 ¶ Gret meruayles tho in hem he wrouȝt,
 Off his lyff as he nad rouȝt,
 But he ne hade no space at his lykyng,
 For it was thenne ney euenyng ; 7892
 ¶ The day was gon, thei hadde no lyght,
 For it was wel with-Inne nyght.
 To dwelle lenger² thenne was not gode,
 The[i] leue ffyghtyng, as hem be-hode, 7896
 And turned hom with weri bones,—
 Eche man to his owne wones,—
 Vn-Armed hem, and wente to reste ;
 To house come many a weri geste. 7900
 ¶ Thei layde borde & clothe & ȝede to mete.
 Polidomas myȝt not for-ȝete
 Off al that nyȝt for no thyng
 His dere fader takyng : 7904
 Ful litel he drank and les ete,
 The teres fel to his fete.
 ¶ Off alle that nyȝt myȝt he not slepe,
 Al that nyȝt he lay and wepe, 7908
 Til hit was day, the sonne gan schyne,
 Euermore dured his pyne.
 Then he ros vp, as most nede,
 To arme him, his men to lede, 7912
 Aȝeyn Gregais to fight to-morn.
 Wo was him, that he was born,
 For sorwe and care and mornyng
 That he toke for his lordis takyng. 7916
 ¶ The nyght is passed, hit is day,
 The sonne hath dreuen the sterres away,

Antenor's son
Polimodas
tries to rescue
him,

but is
prevented by
night.

The Trojans
return home
very weary.

They sup ; but
Polimodas

weeps the
whole night.

In the morn-
ing he arms
himself to lead
his men
against the
Greeks.

¹ At the head of this page, not very distinctly : *Aynesworth*.

² *was* erased between *lenger* and *thenne*.

	Ther is no sterre upon the sky ;	[lf. 117, bk.]	7919
	The sonne is resen & schynes on hy,		7920
	Fair & bryzt he schewes his bemes.		
The Trojans and the Greeks rise,	Thei risen vp of here dremes,		
	Off Troie and Grece [the knyghtes] bothe ;		
	Many of hem schal be wrothe :		7924
but take no notice of their dreams, as they ought to have done.	¶ Hadde thei of here sweuen taken tent,		
	That thei hade wyten, what it hade ment,		
	When hardi thynges thei did mete,		
	Tho that schold her lyf for-lete !		7928
	But ther-of toke thei kepe no-tyng.		
They prepare for a new battle.	But busked hem In the dawying,		
	And Armed hem In sail & schiþ ;		
	And than thei ȝede and toke a soþ,		7932
	Thei ete a sop, and afftir dranke,		
	For In batayle thei wolde be strang.		
	¶ When thei wente out of here hale,		
	Many drank nother wyn ne ale		7936
	Affter that, ne ete, ne drank,		
	But layen ded & foule stank !		
	Eche man sclow other & felle down,		
Many of the Trojans who marched out were never to come back to town.	Many of hem come neuere to toun		7940
	Hole aȝeyn, as thei ȝede out ;		
	Some lefft his hed, and som his snout,		
	Some to-hewen and foule ferd with ;		
	Some les his lyff, and som his lyth.		7944
The battle begins.	W Han bothe parties to-gedir wore,		
	Thei smetyn to-gedur strokys sore :		
	When thei were comen out of her hales,		
	And thei of Troye out of here sales		7948
	And passed her ȝates & here dikes,		
	Eche man at other strikes ;		
	He drow his sward, and he his bowe,		
	Mechel sorwe ther was y-sowe :		7952

He anon, his knyff he drawes, [lf. 118.] 7953 They wound
—And he is ded,—and ouer-thrawes, one another
He schakes his spere, he rides owerre, with knives
and spears.

And he fel doun I-hurt¹ wel sorre, 7956

He is ded, and he is slayn,

And he is born thorow the brayn,

He ses his lyuer and his entrelles;

Michel is the wo that hem ayles. 7960

AND thus ferde thei fro that thei ros

Til the day a-weyward gos,

And nyght was comen, and lyght was fayled.

Ector euere aboute rayled, 7964

As² faucoun doth opou his pray;

The bodyes thikke aboute him lay,

That ther lay with dethis wounde;

Many a knyȝt fel to the grounde. 7968

Ful sorily he hem ransaked

Fro that morwe that he waked

Til euen-tide that home he ȝede,

For he hadde neuere so moche nede 7972

To help and socour his meygne,

As he hadde at that Iorne.

¶ For Gregeis were so styff and stronge,

That thei his men doun sclow & sclonge, 7976

As thei of hem hadde ȝeue right nouȝt;

But euere among thei it dere bouȝt:

For Ector sclow hem al a-boute,

Many Gregeis made he loute; 7980

¶ Ector hem sclow, as it were mys,

Thei died faste on bothe parties

Off hem of Troye & of Gregeis,

Thei lefft liggyng many karkeis. 7984

Echon wolde other selo,

Off Grece died fele, of Troye wel mo.

This direful
battle lasts
from morning
till night.

Hector—like
a falcon—
pursues and
kills the
Greeks.

On both sides
many are slain,

but more
Trojans than
Greeks.

¹ MS. *and hurt*.

² MS. *And*.

	Glad was he that ther ascaped.	[lf. 118, bk.]	7987
	The better side the Gregeis schaped		7988
	As for that day,—as I herde telle.		
	With hem of Troye so it be-felle :		
Had not Hector been among the Trojans, all of them would have been put to flight;	Ne hadde douzti Ector ben,		
	Thei hadde not lefft a cyteseyn		7992
	With him In the feld, that thei nad fled ;		
	So were the Troiens sore adred,		
	For thei of Grece were so strongful,		
	That thei vnnethe stode hem a pul ¹ .		7996
he alone is victorious against the Greeks.	B Vt Ector mayntened his syde		
	For al here strengthe and here pride,		
	He brekes her hedes, her helmes & scheldes,		
	Ful nobly his men he ledes.		8000
	And thus he heldis with gret labour		
	A3eyn Gregeis al day that stour,		
	Til nyzt was comen and day gon,		
Night ends the battle.	And thei departid euerychon		8004
	On bothe parties more and les,		
	For it was so gret derknes.		
	¶ Thei 3ede euen home to her hous,		
	Thei fond ther many a sori spous,		8008
	That sori were for here husbondis ;		
	Some lay dede on the sondes :		
Both the Trojans and Greeks bewail their dead.	¶ The wyues of Troye made gret mornyng;		
	Amonges the Gregeis was gret roryng,		8012
	Thei blew and cried—as wilde bere brayes—		
	For her frendes that died tho dayes ;		
The Greeks despair of ever returning home.	Thei wende neuere that day abyde,		
	That thei scholde hom with her lyff ride,		8016
	To passe ouer the Grekiss ^h wawes.		
	Thei hadde In honde wel carful sawes		
	A-mong the grete and the smale,		
	Al nyzt ther-of thei hadde here tale.		8020

¹ MS. *apul.*

- ¶ That Agamenon was vp rysen, [lf. 119.] 8021
 That hadde Antenor In his prison;
 When he saw it was day cler,
 He sent out his Messenger 8024 Agamemnon
 To Priamus and to his baronage, sends messen-
 Trewes to aske and trewes to wage,— gers to
 Off thre monthes thei him besought, Priamus to ask
 Til the ded¹ to erthe was brought. 8028 for a truce of
 three months.
- D**iomedes and Vlixes 8032 Diomedes and
 To Priamus were sent in pees, Ulixes are the
 To aske this trewe, and make it stable messengers.
 On bothe parties with-oute fable :
 That non of hem schuld other dere
 With non harm In maner of were
 Lastyng the *terme* of that trewe,
 And who-so did, it scholde him rewe ; 8036 Breakers of
 thei be Iugement const[r]eyned the truce are
 To suffre therfore that men ordeyned. to be punished.
- ¶ These kynges to here hors take,—
 Wel richely dyght ffor worschepe sake : 8040 The messen-
 Thei dede on robes that hem best payes, gers don very
 Off riche gold were alle the rayes, rich apparel
 Off riche scarlet were bothe here champes, (which is
 Poudred ful of golden lampes, 8044 described):
 With lilye-leues and flour-delys ;
 The robes were of mochel prys,
- ¶ Thei were parted with riche palle.
 The knyghtes were fair & cleue with-alle, 8048
 Here hodes dyght with gold ribanes,—
 Better weres non among the Danes ;—
 Thei were with gold wel I-fret,
 The flour of gold on hem set, 8052
 With wilde bestes and flyande ffoules,
 Liouns, lipardes, ernes, and owles

¹ MS. *he did*.

	Off riche gold that louely schon ;	[lf. 119, bk.]	8055
They are adorned with most precious stones	In hem stode many a riche ston,		8056
	Saphur riche, and selidone,		
	Erbe-de-bothe, & Cassidone,		
	And euere among the dyamaund,		
	Sewed wel with gode orfoyle-suand ;		8060
	¶ The frette of gold was like a belle,		
	So were thei gret & horrible ;		
of great value.	Worth michel gode thei were apraysed,		
	Thei were so couched and hye vp-raysed.		8064
	¶ Thei rode to-geder with-oute debate ;		
The Greek messengers ask for admission at the gates of Troy.	Thei are now comen to Troye 3ate,		
	In forme of pes thei aske entre :		
	“ To lete hem In for charite,		8068
	That thei myzt wende with-out outrage		
	To Priamus on here message.”		
	T He 3ates are opened and vndon,		
	The kyng[es] were leten In son,		8072
	Thei were I-kept with curtesye.		
Delon, a Trojan knight,	Ther was a knyzt of genterye,		
	A riche man, that het Delon,		
	A gret courser sat he vpon ;		8076
	He was In Troye bothe geten & born,		
	He saw the kynges come him be-forn.		
	¶ On his hors that he be-strode		
	A3eyn tho kynges he thenne rode,		8080
	And kept hem faire as knyzt curtays,		
	And led hem In-to the kynges palays ;		
	He led hem bothe In-to the halle :		
	The kynges were at the mete alle,		8084
leads them to Priamus,	¶ Priamus and his kny3tes of myzt ;		
	Ther-Inne was a louely sight.		
who is sitting at dinner with his coun-cillors.	When Delon broght thes messageres		
	To the kyng and his consaleres,		8088

To speke with him, her erand to schewe,— [lf. 120.]

Off his consayl were ther but fewe. 8090

¶ Delon broght hem to the bordis,
Thei gret the kyng with louely wordis, 8092
Thei told her erand and asked respit :
“That alle myȝt reste, bothe knaue & knyȝt,
On bothe parties monthes thre
By siker hostage & gode surte.” 8096

Delon introduces the Greeks.
They speak their message.

With louely wordes and faire spekynges

Kyng Priamus answered the kynges :

¶ ‘I holde him certes with-oute manhede,
That loueth wrong or any falshede ; 8100

I dar of trewe make myn avaunt :

I schal helde siker that I graunt,

I schal holde trewes I vndirtake ;

I schal hem helde and siker make, 8104

That non of myne schal do ȝow skathe,

Nother late, erly, ne rathe

Lastyng the trewe ; and ȝe also

The same a-ȝeyn to me schal ȝe do. 8108

¶ But ȝe wot wel : It is not skylle,
That I assente the trewes tille
With-oute red of my consayle,

but says that he must first consult with his barons.

Off my baronage, & myn avayle 8112

That ar with me In myn enprise.

But I for ȝow now schal arise

And herkyn, what my consayl sais ;

So longe ȝe schal dwelle In peis. 8116

Iff thei assent, I graunt for me :

What thei wol say, ȝe schal sone se.’

Priamus wol no lengur ete,
He settis a-way drynke & mete, 8120
For curtasie of his two gestis

Priamus retires from the dinner-table.

He settis a-way borde and trestis.

He wolde thei were sone answerd, [lf. 120, bk.] 8123

That ther drecchyng hem not dered. 8124

Priamus calls
all the Trojan
nobles to-
gether,

¶ Priamus did to him calle

Kynges and dukes and lordes alle ;

Thei stode aboute him on a rowe,

He spak to hem with wordes lowe : 8128

' Wol 3e thus longe trewes fulfille ?'

Sayde Priamus—' say me 3oure wille :

What schal I tille¹ hem now say ?

Schal I seye : " 3e," or : " nay " ? 8132

and asks if he
shall say 'yes'
or 'no' to the
Greeks' de-
mand.

¶ Advise 3ow now alle In-fere,

Now 3e ben to-geder here :

What is 3oure wit ? how thenke 3ow ?

Hope 3e hit be for oure prow 8136

To graunt this trewe ? wol 3e assente ?

Telle me 3oure best a-visement !'

All the kings
say : ' It is no
shame to grant
the truce, as
the Greeks
have come to
ask for it.'

THe kyng[es] sayde by on name :

" To graunt trewe, it was no schame,"— 8140

' Sithen thei it aske at oure request,

Hit is worschepe to oure behest ;

And we may reste vs the whiles,

For we ben ful of woundes and biles, 8144

That ben ful of quytour & woress ;

We may the while hele oure sores.

We wol the trewe graunte and hauen,

Sithen thei comen hit to crauen.' 8148

They all assent, ¶ Ther was no lordyng In that halle,

That thei ne graunte the trewes alle

except Hector. And wel apayed—saue Ector one ;

Ther-to spak he wordes none ; 8152

He saw what thei alle thought,

Therefore wolde he say right nought ;

He saw it was al ther² lykyng 8155

To be In pes and haue restyng ;

{ And not for }

¹ MS. *telle*.

² MS. *alther*.

¶ Hic Greci pecierunt pacem.

- And not-for-thi hit liked him ille, [lf. 121.] 8157
 That thei schuld ligge so longe stille,
 And for he was not al wel payd,
 To hem thus mechel Ector sayd : 8160 Hectorsays: 'I
 do not believe
 the Greeks;
- ¶ 'The Gregeis haue the trewes craue,
 For thei wolde her ded men graue ;
 I dar wel say : hit is not so.
 But I wol not the trewes vndo, 8164
 Sethen 3e alle the trewes wol holde ;
 I wole it be as 3e haue tolde ;
 But I dar say that thei thenke falsnesse ¹,
 Thei are purvayd of gret queyntnesse. 8168
- ¶ I wot ful wel, her mete hem fayles,
 Thei haue defaut of here vitayles ;
 Thei may not fyght, for strengthe hem fayles.
 Thei schal the whiles puruay vitayles, 8172
 Off corn, wyne, and other store,
 And be better thanne thei were ore.
 And we that while oure good schal waste,
 Hit wol vs faile now In haste ; 8176
 Thei wol mis-lede ² vs with a trayn.
 What good be-houes vs to sustayn
- ¶ The folk that is with vs her-In ?
 Where schul we the godis wyn, 8180
 To mayntene vs and holde oure lyues ?
 I trowe that roste schal oure knyues,
 When we haue no bred for to kerue ;
 I not wher-of thei schal vs serue, 8184
 We may be serued with-outen brede.
 But now 3e haue graunted to take hede
- T**His trewes to holde, I say for me :
 I wole right wel thei holden be ; 8188
 For I schal neuere a3eyn calle
 That thyng that 3e assenten alle. Q [j]

But as all of
 you assent, I'll
 not stand in
 the way.

¹ MS. *salsnesse* distinctly.² MS. *vs lede*.

	I wol 3oure hele and 3oure wel-fare; [lf. 121, bk.]	8191
	3if 3e mys-ferde, it were my care;	8192
	I wole right wel that we vs reste,	
	Then may we be bothe tacte & preste	
	A3eyns the terme the trewe comes out,	
	We may be thenne bothe styff and stout.	8196
I will not oppose all the others.'	I holde me payd of 3oure Iugement,	
	I wol not fro 3ow disasent.'	
The Trojans are very glad of the truce.	¶ Then were the ¹ Troiens mury & glad,	
	When thei leue of Ector had,	8200
	That thei scholde reste so longe;	
	Many man for Ioye songe.	
	Hit was gret murthe & Ioye	
So are the Greeks.	To hem of Grece and eke of Troye,	8204
	That trewe is tane and last so longe;	
	That thei myght bothe ride & gonge	
	To take her murthe and her solace,	
	Eche man is glad In that place.	8208
The Grecian messengers return with the good news.	T Hese lordes toke leue of the kyng	
	And wente hom al hying;	
	And to the Gregais hom he brynges	
	Off his trewis gode tydynges,	8212
	That thei of Troie hath graunt the trewes.	
The Greeks sing and dance.	Then my3t men here many glewes,	
	Pipe and Trompe, and many nakeres,	
	Synfan, lute, and Citoleres;	8216
	Ther was so many a daunce.	
They get fresh provisions,	Thei made tho gret puruyaunce	
	Off corn and hay, of wyn and otes,	
	And thei songen wel merie notes;	8220
and heal their wounds.	Thei hele her woundes In gret quiete,	
	With mochel Ioye thei dronke and ete.	
	And thei of Troye were as fayn	
	Off here reste, bothe kny3t & swayn,	8224

¹ MS. *we*.

And hele her woundes at here layser,— [lf. 122.]	8225	The Trojans, too, heal their wounds.
Kyng[es] and knyȝt[es] & kayser.		
And al the while the trewes held,		
The[i] speke to-geder In toune & ffeld;	8228	
And that riche kyng Thoas,		Thoas is ex- changed for Antenor.
That with Ector takyn was,		
Scholde go quyte to his Paumloun,		
And Antenor home to Troye toun.	8232	
¶ Ayther of hem the prisons hom sendes		Each side frees its prisoners.
With-oute raunsoun & with-oute amendes,		
For that on that other is gre;		
And so schal thei quyte be.	8236	
T He trewes is graunt & schal be holden :		During the truce all don rich robes,
Riche robes were then vnfolden :		
Many a coffre was vnstoken,		
To drawe out robes that were y-loken ;	8240	
Eche man his coffer vnsperes		
And takes gerdeles of riche barres		girdles,
With bokeles of gold and fair pendaunt,		
Wel anamayled with the mordaunt ;	8244	
¶ Many a broche and many an oche,		brooches,
To stike on hede and on pouche.		
Thei toke out rynges and made hem gay,		rings,
Thei leued In Ioye & mechel play,	8248	
The whiles the trewes last ;		
But al was lefft, when that past.		
Whil it was trewes, was many hode		and gay hoods,
Gayli wered with mochel gode ;	8252	
¶ When thei were gon, thei layde hem doun		but put them off when the truce ends, and take up arms.
And toke the stelen haberioun,		
The ketil-hattes and stelen hure,		
And layd away the gay pelure ;	8256	
Thei toke her spores with kene roweles,		
And leyde a-way the riche jeueles ¹ .	Q [ij]	

¹ MS. *reueles*.

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad Reges Grecorum in tempore pacis.*During the
truce,

H It was a day lastyng the trewes, [lf. 122, bk.] 8259
 And eche a lord his clothynge newes; 8260
 Ector was ffair and semely dyght.

The day was fair, the sonne was bryght,
 Merye synges the nyghtyngale,
 The throstil, and the wilde wode-wale; 8264
 It is gret Ioye to here the larke
 In toun and feld, fforest and parke.

Hector pro-
poses to visit
the Greek
camp.

¶ Ector sayde: "that he wolde go
 Achilles to se and other mo; 8268
 He wolde with him haue daliaunce,
 To se her hertes and her contenance."

He rides out
of Troy
with many
lords.

He rod him out of his Cite,
 The lordes of Grece for to se; 8272

Agamemnon
and the other
kings welcome
him.
Achilles in-
vites him to
his tent.

¶ With him 3ede many a riche lordyng,
 Many a duke, and many a kyng.
 He was welcomed with gret honour
 To Agamenoun her Emperhour, 8276

The kynges did him worschepe alle;
 Achilles bed him to his halle,
 Ful Inwardly he him be-sought:
 "That he fro him departid noght, 8280

Til thei to-gedir In his tent
 Hadde dronken vernage and pyment,
 And that thei myzt to-gedur carpe;—
 Hit were him leuere then note of harpe." 8284

Hector accepts
and goes with
Achilles;

¶ Ector graunted alle his prayeres,
 He 3ede with him and alle his feres.

they drink
wine and make
merry.

When thei were comen and alle doun set,
 The wyn was asked and forth y-fet; 8288
 At here comyng thei made fair wedur
 And spak of many thynges to-gedur.
 Achilles euere Ector be-holdes,
 His legges anon on crosse he foldes, 8292

For he was naked, he was fayn.	[lf. 123.]	8293	
He myȝt not his tong constrayn,			
He most nedes say out his wille,	[lf. 132.] ¹	8295	
He myȝt not holde his tonge stille;		8296	
And that was mochel his vilony,			
He sayde to Ector al an hy:			Achilles ad- dresses Hector:
¶ 'Sithen I se the, I haue desired			
To se the, Ector, vn-atired;		8300	
And now hastow me loyful maked,			'I am very glad to see thee unarmed.
Now I se the vn-dight and naked.			
And I hadde sclayn the,			
Then wolde I fayn be;		8304	
And I haue offte assayed my myȝt,			I have often tried to slay thee,
When we haue met to-gedur In fight;			
Ful sorefully hastow me gret,			
When that thow with me has met ² ,		8308	
Mi blod thow ³ hast offte y-tamed,	[lf. 132, bk.]	8309	but thou woundedst me often.
I haue of the wel offte be lamed,			
Many a strok has thow me payed;			
By thi strokes haue I assayed		8312	I know thou art stalwart and strong.
That thow art stalworth and strong;			
Thoow I the hate, I do the no wrong,			
¶ I am ȝit hurt of thi strykyng.			
Hit were therfore al my lykyng,		8316	
That I myȝt sele the with my hond:			
I hate the mochel, for my frend ⁴			I hate thee much, because thou slewest my friend Pa- troclus, whom I loved much.
That thow selow the formast day			
In thi wodenes and thi deray.		8320	
Patrodus kyng I loued wele;			
Many sore mete and mele			
Hastow made me for to ete,			
¶ His dethe may I not ffor-ȝete.		8324	
But if I leue fully a ȝere,			No full year will pass,
His dethe schaltow bye wel dere,			

¹ For the disorder of the MS. from here to line 9124 consult the Introduction, and my paper in the *Engl. Stud.* 29, p. 390 sqq. ² R iiij below this line in the right corner of the page. ³ MS. *that thow*.

⁴ e might be o.

before I take
revenge for his
death.'

With my hond schal I the slo,
That hath brougt me In this wo;
For me to slo euere thow thenkes,
And ther-a-boute faste thow swynkes.'

Hector an-
swers:
'Hast thou
finished all
thou hadst to
say?

Ector sat & held his pes,
That herkenes alle that he seis,
Til he hadde saide his gret gole :

It is not
courteous

'Hastow no more to say to me?
Hastow sayde what thow wilt?
Thow puttist vpon me gret gilt
But me thynke it is no curtesye,
But vnmanhede & vylonye!

to invite me to
drink with
thee in thy
tent

Thow bad me come to thi paylons,
To drynke with the Murmindons;
Thow prayes my knyghtes and my burgeis,
To drynke here with thi Gregeis;

¶ *Hic Ector respondit Achillem*¹.

and then to
threaten me.

For vylonye I trowe thow lettes, [lf. 133.]
That me among thy men thow threttes.
Sicurly I schal thurste sore,
Or I drynke with the efft more!

But I don't
care for thy
pride;

Thow schalt here me no more chide,
I ȝeue [ryȝt] not of thi pride:

I am not
afraid.

¶ By him that made al mydelerd!
I am of the no-thyng aferd,
I ȝeue not a threden lace
Off thyn euel wil and thi manace!

I know thou
wouldst be
glad to have
slain me;
but whenever
thou attack-
edst me,

Wel I wot and am certayn,
Thow wolde be glad, hadde thow me sclayn;
Offt hastow me assayled,
When thi wille hath not a-vayled.

¶ Ther was neuere theff In no hostage,
That wayted better his a-vauntage,
To do his stelthe and his robrye,
Than thow waytest me In skolkerye;

¹ This rubric is head-line of lf. 133.

But thow hast ben glad al-wey, to ride With broken hede and bloody syde.	8361	thou hadst to ride back with a broken head.
S Ir Achilles, thow art wilful ' —Sayde Ector—' and vnskyful ; No meruayle is—so god me saue !— Thoow I to the gret herte haue. Sicurly I haue no wrong, Afftir thi dethe thoow me long ;	8364	
¶ Thow hates me with-oute desert, And that is knowen and apert. Me & myne thow wolde distroye, And art aboute me to noye In al that euere thow mayt, And waytes me with dissait With alle thi men bothe day & nyzt, For to sele me, ȝiff thow myzt.	8372	Thou hatest me, and sayest so openly ; thou wishest to destroy me and mine.
It were therfore a-ȝeyns kynde, [lf. 133, bk.] In my herte if thow schold fynde In any wyse to loue the, That to the dethe hates me :	8376 8377	So I can feel no love for thee
And if I may, I schal not selepe For thi proude wordes, or many wepe ; Iff I may leue two ȝer to the ende, Wel ffewe of ȝow schal hennes wende.	8380	
¶ I hope riȝt wel and me affye, That thorow my strengthe alle ȝe schal dye, Thow and alle the lordes of Grece ; I schal ȝow hewe al to pece.	8384	Before two years pass,
¶ And sythen thow [be] of such mode That thow fyndis thyn herte gode, That thow thi-self ¹ wil with me fight And ther thow wolde do thi myght,— Do, that vche a kyng and lord Off hem of Grece to this a-cord :	8388 8392	I shall slay all of you. If thou wilt fight with me alone, get the Greeks to assent to it.

¹ MS. *thi selff* distinctly.

That thow and I to-geder don be 8395

To-morwe erly, that men may se, 8396

In feld ffyghtyng with-uten respite,

Til thow or I be discomfite.

If thou be
victorious,

¶ And if I falle In thi daungere

With any vn-hap or noun-powere, 8400

That thi god suche grace the sende

That I fro the not defende :

I schal the swere good sothnesse

Opon my goddis more and lesse ; 8404

And 3it schal I the borwes ffynde,

That fader and Moder and al my kynde

Schal go a-way with-oute dwellynge

Or with-oute godis sellynge, 8408

And leue the al with thyne and .the,

And thei and I schal hennes fle.

And 3it may thow almes the wyne,— [lf. 134.] 8411

For we do euel and mychel synne, 8412

Off mannes blod that we don spille,—

Iff that thow wol holde ther-tille.

But if I van-
quish thee,

¶ Iff happe so with me schape

That thow may no wyse askape 8416

Fro me with-oute discomfiture,

Make thi Gregeis make me sure

By borow and book and sikur band ¹,

That thei schal wende out of this land, 8420

And vs be her In gode quyetē.

And but thow do, so thow be-hete,

I prayse the lasse than I dede ore ;

Iff that oure men schal fyght more. 8424

But lete it be on vs y-done

To-morwe be tyme, or hit be none !

And wyn worschepe who that may !

God for-bede that thow say "nay" ! 8428

assure us that
the Greeks
will leave this
land.

Let our fight-
ing be to-mor-
row before
noon, and don't
say "Nay."

¹ MS. *sikurband*.

A Chilles was gretly aschamed	8429	Achilles is very much ashamed
That Ector thus foule him defamed,		
He was a-schamed many-folde		
That he so litel by him tolde	8432	
Among his men ther In his halle,		
That he asked him fight amonges hem alle		
Be-twene hem two with-outen mo.		
He was Angwysched so for wo,	8436	and enraged,
That of his forhede barst the swote,		
That al his face ther-of was wote;		
He ferde as he hadde ben araged,		
That Ector him that batayle waged,	8440	
And seyde to him as man that yred :		and says to Hector :
‘Thow schalt haue that thow hast desired !		‘I agree !
I se riȝt wel thi couetise :		I see well why thou wilt fight
Thow settes on me In alle wyse,	8444	
¶ <i>Hic Achilles iurauit & optulit cirotecas suas</i> <i>ad pugnandum cum Ectore</i> ¹ .		
To fight with me In feld alone ;	[lf. 134, bk.] 8445	with me alone.
I ȝeue not of the a bone !		
¶ But here my trowthe to the I plyght		But I accept thy challenge.
To-morwe erly with the to fight,	8448	
And therto here I ȝeue the þe gloue,		There is my glove !
Be-twene vs two alone to proue		
With strengthe or myȝt, whether thow or I		
In fight schal haue the victory ;	8452	
And therto here my gloue I bede,		
In trewe forward to holde this dede.’		
‘And I hit take,’ gode Ector sayde ;		‘I take it up,’ says Hector,
‘For I was neuere so wele apayde,	8456	
In-to this world sithen I was brouȝt—		
By him that al this world hath wrouȝt !’		
¶ Ther is no man that spekes with tonge		
In al this world, old ne ȝonge,	8460	
Lered ne lewed ² , lord ne lad,		who is full of joy.
May telle the Ioye that Ector had,		

¹ This rubric is head-line of lf. 134, bk.

² MS. *lewel*, cf. l. 3578.

	Ne foule with his mury song,	8463
	As Ector hath his gloue to fong.	8464
	But that thyng myzt not be hid :	
The news of the proposed single combat of Achilles and Hector	Among the Gregeis it was kyd, That Achilles hadde take on hande, The next day afftir ffolwande	8468
	¶ To ffight with Ector man for man.	
runs through the Greek camp,	This thing wel swithe a-boute ran Fro kyng to kyng, fro halle to boure :	
	So it was seyde to the Emperoure	8472
	And alle that other kynges be-dene, How ffight was taken hem be-twene,	
and what con- ditions are agreed upon.	¶ And no man myzt here ire a-swage And thei hadde 3euen to-gedur wage :	8476
	And if it schape be-twene hem thore That Ector discomfit wore, Catel, godes, and the land	[lf. 135.] 8479
	Schal be-leue In Gregeis hand ;	8480
	And if it happe with Ector so That Achilles he myzt sclo, That he and his schul dwelle in pees, And alle the Gregeis on a res	8484
	Out of that lond thei schul wende, And ther no lenger schold thei lende.	
When the Greeks hear of this chal- lenge,	T Hes thinges were y-told and brouzt, The Gregeis wondred In here thouzt,	8488
	Hem wondred of Achilles, That he on that wyse graunted pes, To ffight with Ector al alone ;	
they are very angry,	Ther-fore thei maked moche mone,	8492
	Off that couenaund that hem was told ; The kynges seyde : " thei wolde not hold " ;	
and are re- solved not to agree to the terms.	¶ Kynges and dukes and lordes alle	[lf. 126.] ¹ 8495
	Seide : " thei wolde a3eyn that calle,	8496

¹ For the disorder of the MS. at this place cf. Introduction.

Thei wolde for-sake it euery a dele,	8497	
Thei nold not so put her quarele		
In a-venture ne In Iopardie."		
Thei seyde: "it was but folye";	8500	
Thei seyde: "it was not so done."		
Thei made hem redi alle & some,		The Greek lords go to Achilles,
¶ Alle the lordes that ther ware,		
To Achilles for to fare;	8504	
Thei hyed faste, wold thei not blynne,		
Er thei come to his Inne,		
Ther thei bothe to-geder stode.		
These lordes alle to hem 3ode,	8508	
¶ Achilles his wordis alle with-sayde,		and try to keep him back from the single combat.
Ther-with were thei euel ypayde		
Off his profre ne of his a-vaunt;		
That he hem bad, wold thei not graunt:	8512	
Thei wolde neyther putte lyff ne lym		
A-3eyn Ector for-sothe In hym;		
Thei seyde: "it was not equitye,		
That lyff & lym schuld so put be"—	8516	
' Off so fele kynges as are now here		
Be-twene 3ow In such manere.'		
T Roiens come thedir gret won,		Trojans come with the same intent.
The lordes of Grece ben ther echon;	8520	
Ther standes a-boute hem many hundre		
To parte the kny3tes two In-sundre;		
Thei seyde echon at on assent:	[lf. 126, bk.] 8523	
"Thei wolde not holde that Iugement."	8524	
¶ Ector my3t not the batayle haue,		Hector, on seeing that the single combat will not be allowed,
He my3t no more ther-of craue,		
For thei of Grece with-sayd it alle,		
Kyng & kny3t, bothe fre and thralle.	8528	
Hit was no bote hem to greue,		
Off hem of Grece toke he his leue,		retires.

Hector and
his men ride
back to Troy
very angry.

¶ Opon his hors vpward he lyghtes 8531
And wente to Troie with alle his knyghtes, 8532
An-angered sore and alle his.
Thei of Grece toke ther-of no pris,
Hem angered sore that he come thore;
Achilles schold abyte hit sore. 8536
Thei wolde his hond were an harowe-tynde,
His herte a mylleston for to grynde,
His flesche & bon as assches smale,
Ther-of wolde thei zeue no tale. 8540

Alas! that
Hector did not
have this fight,

A Las Ector, what was the schaped,
When he fro the so skaped!
Fals fortune was not thi ffrend,
Whan sche delyuered him fro hir bend; 8544
Sche made the Gregais alle say "nay,"
For sche hadde cast his endyng-day.
Kyng Priamus, where was thi grace?
Thi happe was take fro the, alas!— 8548
When thei of Grece that feyth vndid;
Hit hadde the vayled, hadde it be-tid,
And ¹ Hectuba, thi worthi quene,
And thi dougter Pollexene, 8552
And also to Andromede,
Nadde no man no fight for-bede.
Alas! that it was so for-bed!
Elles schold ze ful wele haue sped. 8556

and that the
Greeks said
"Nay";

woe befell all
the Trojans in
consequence.

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad Troianum* ².

It would have
benefited Troy
and all its
inhabitants,

A noble Troye, thow fair Cite, [lf. 127.] 8557
Hit hadde a-vayled alle thin and the,
¶ Thi toures hye and thi faire walles,
Thi ladyes alle with golden palles, 8560
And alle that woned with-Inne the,
Iff that batayle hadde y-be!
Fortune hated the so sore
And alle that In thi Cite wore, 8564

if that single
combat had
been allowed.

¹ MS. *That*.

² This rubric is head-line of lf. 127.

That he wolde not lette it be so, 8565
 But sche wolde the and thine for-do ;
 And ther-fore letted sche that batayle,
 And elles not, I say saunce-ffayle. 8568

Ector is comen to Ilyoune,
 Fro hem of Grece vnto his toune ;
 In-to that worthly halle he gose,

The ladyes alle a-zeyn him rose, 8572 *The Trojan ladies honour Hector on his arrival in Ilion,*
 Thei kept him alle with gret honour,
 Lord and lady and vauesour ;

Thei loued him alle with herte and mouth,
 That any good or loue couth. 8576

For he on defendet hem alle,
 That no harm hem did be-falle : *as they know he is their chief defender.*

¶ The while that he was lyuande,
 Thei were sicur of his hande, 8580
 Thei hadde gret trist In his dede ;

The while he leued¹, thei hadde no drede.
 When he was ded, than ros here bale ;
 Alle thei died by oure tale, 8584 *After his death all died or were made prisoners,*

¶ Alle were dede and put to prisons
 And put In gret subieccions,—
 Saue Eueas and Antenor,
 Goddis curs haue thei ther-for ! 8588 *except Eneas and Antenor, whom God curse !*

Thei were saued and alle theires,
 Seruaunt, mayden, wiff, and Ayres.
 For thei dissayued her lige lord, [lf. 127, bk.] 8591 *They betrayed their lord ;*
 The deucl hem honge vpon a cord ! 8592 *the devil hang 'em !*

Haue thei neuere so good pardoun,
 For thei wrougt suche a gret tresoun !

HIt drawes faste toward the day,
 The trewes wendes faste a-way ; 8596 *The truce nears its end.*
 Ther is no man that lengur lotes

Off these gay golden cotes ;

¹ First *e* corrected from *o* by the scribe himself.

	Thei garnysched here swerdes, speres, & clubbes,	8599
When the truce ap- proaches its end, they pre- pare again for a battle.	Eche man now his harneis rubbes, That thei be clene and Parisaunt ; Now is besy eche good seruaunt, Ther is no man that now is ydel : Some make redi sadel & bridel, Some her horses thei let scho ; Eche man lokes what is to do.	8600 8604
The women are very sor- rowful,	¶ Now eche man to fyght him 3ares, Now euery wiff ffor hir lord cares A-3eyn that nexte semble, For no man wot how it schal be,— When thei gon out at morwen-tyde, Who schal dye, and who schal abyde ? Alle curses that ilke man, On hem the werre furst by-gan, Fader and Moder and alle his kyn For sorwe and wo that thei ben In.	8608 8612 8616
and curse him who first began the war.	¶ Thre monthes the trewes was tan, Now are thei passed, and no day wan ; And thei of Troye ben 3arked 3are Out of Troye for to fare ; What folk he hath Ector assays, With-Inne the walles he hem arays ; Thei were arayed, er hit were prime. Dares says : he hadde that tyme	 8620 8624
Hector arrays his warriors.	¶ <i>Hic ordinant prelium Magnum.</i> Off kny3tes strong an hundred thousand [lf. 128.] That dou3ti were and wel fightand, With-uten 3emen and sqwyeres, With-uten bribours and arblasteres, With-uten men that were on fote— So god do my soule bote !	 8625 8628
He has 100,000 men and more.	E ctor then partied his men : To Troyle he tau3t thousandes ten Off dou3ti kny3tes In his ledyng ;	 8632

He prayed : ' his god be his spedying,	8634	To Troilus he assigns 10,000,
And be his help and his gouernayle,		and wishes
And spede hem wel in that batayle,	8636	him good luck.
That him that day be-tyd not mys !'		
¶ He called to him then Paris,		Paris has the archers
With louely wordes he him be-tauzt		
Alle that coude on bowe-drauzt,	8640	
And alle that bare arwe or bire		
Be-tauzt he hem In here A-tire ;		
Thre thousand knyghtes that mechel were worth		and 3,000 other
Off douzti men called he forth,	8644	knightes.
Armed wel upon here stedes,		
To be with hem In al here nedes,		
Fro men of armes hem to rescouere,		
For thei were most with-oute Armure.	8648	
¶ Then come Dephebus and Eueas,		Dephebus leads 3,000,
Ayther of hem her batayle has :		
Thre thousand knyghtes Dephebus ledis,		
Armed wele In iren wedes ;	8652	
But Eueas brynges with him wel mo ;		Eneas yet more,
Than be-gan thei for to go.		
¶ Ector has with him ffyftene		Hector himself 15,000.
Thousandes knyghtes gode and clene,	8656	
To him-seluen that were reserued ;		
Euery an ost is dight and serued ;		
With his batayle passed the zates, [lf. 128, bk.]	8659	
Assayle he[m] furst he wole algates.	8660	
A Worthi kyng of Grece, Phillus,		The first battalion of the Greeks is led by King Phillus.
Was In the feld redy by this,		
With many a man on horse and fote,—		
To telle the nombre it is no bote ;—	8664	
The fferste ¹ batayle that day he ledde,		
Him hadde be better that he ne hadde.		

¹ MS. *ferthe*.

Then comes Menelaus with 7,000 men,	Menelaus come afftir that With spere & scheld and many a bat, Dou3ti kny3tes thousandes seuene— Here names alle can I not neuene :	8667 8668
	¶ Thei toke the feld and passed the boundes On stedes that were worth many poundes.	8672
Diomedes with 7,000,	Diomedes with as fele Kny3tes of worschepe and of wele 3ede forth afftir to that stour ; Hem liked wel her gouernour.	8676
	¶ Now goth to flyght Diomedes, And afftir him comes sir Achilles With dou3ti kny3tes seuen thousand, With bri3t bryneis fair schynand.	8680
Achilles with 7,000,	Thei rode to-gedur wel sare, Many a stalworthe kny3t thare. After him come Xancipus, And Ayax Thelamanyus,	8684
Xanthippus, Ajax Thelamonius, and Agamemnon.	Agamenon with alle his ost, With many a kny3t ridande a-cost ; The nombre was gret that come with him Off hardy kny3tes stoute and grym ; Ther was many on that Ector thret, That bou3t thei sore, when thei met.	8688
	¶ The sonne schynes on euery a tre, Hit is a fair matyne :	8691
Hector awaits the Greeks.	E Ctor is out of Troie reden, The Gregeis longe hath he a-byden, After hem on horse he houe ; Who-so-euer come furst, he wolde aproue. Many an ost saw he comyng, Rydande faste whil thei may fflyng, With baneres brode and gold-be-gon ; The sonne on hem wel faire schon.	[lf. 129.] 8693 8696 8700


{ Ector is }

- And many an armes was ther reuersed ; 8701 The Grecian
Iff on bare sable hit was diuersed : banners and
¶ He bar of gold and of goules, emblems are
He bare bestes and he bare foules, 8704 described.
He bare apes and he bar cheuronne¹,
And he of siluer with a cloue chestone,
He bare a bend and he an horne,
He bare his corneres gerone, 8708
He beres grene and he asure,
Engreled with a fair bordure,
¶ He beres an egle and he merelettis²,
And he a daunce and he pelettis³, 8712
And he hath rose & he has molettis,
And he hermyn and he croselettis.
And thus haue thei her armes schiffted,
Ther baneres are wel hye lyfted ; 8716
Euery a lord his baneroure
Biddis him go be-fore the stoure.
Now are the Gregeis and alle of Troye Both armies
Arayed In the feld and haldes hem coye ; 8720 are arrayed.
The formast ost assembled ner
A wonder noyse that men may her
Off staves & swordes and speres brekyng
With-oute wordes or any spekyng. 8724
A-zeyn Ector and his Troiance
Ther were In the feld that tyme of Danes⁴,
¶ **Hic Ector occidit Phillum Regem**⁵.
Off men of Grece knyghtes bold [lf. 129, bk.] 8727
Horsed mo then the double-fold. 8728
Phillis spredis bank and hirste,
With mochel folk come he doun ffirste :
¶ The Troiens first Phillus assayed,
But with Ector euel he was hayled : 8732 The Trojans
Ector loked and saw Phillis first assail
Come ridande before alle his, Phillus.

¹ MS. *chueronne*. ² MS. *more lectis*; but it seems to be the earlier form of 'martlets'. ³ MS. *perelectis*; the stroke through the tail of *p* seems to be a scribal error. ⁴ Signature in the right corner: R.

⁵ This rubric is the head-line of lf. 129, bk.

	Armed wel and gloriously ;	8735
	He rod to him dispitously,	8736
Hector assails and wounds Phyllus ;	He smot him thorow his doublet, Ryght as it hadde ben an net ; He hadde non Armes non so gode, That his stroke that tyme with-stode :	8740
Phyllus dies.	He bare him thorow bak and bely, Ther-of hadde many a man sely ; Phyllis fel to grounde al flat As a ded body, when he hadde that.	8744
The Greeks take ven- geance for his death.	¶ Off Phyllis deth was michel cry, Many a sword was hounen an hy, Off Phyllis deth thei toke veniaunce : Ther was broken many a launce, Many an hed was thanne y-craked, And many a scheld al to-schaked, Schankes to-schyuered, bones y-broken, On Ector wolde thei fayn be wroken.	8748
His nephew Xanthippus	¶ When Xancipus that noyse herde, He wist wel that som mysferde Off hem of Grece that were fyghtand, With alle his men thedir drawand	8752
	And as he come thedirward, A wounded knyȝ brouȝt him tythand, That Phyllus was ded of Ector hand ¹ .	8760
	¶ <i>Hic Ector occidit Xancipum Regem.</i>	
	¶ Phyllus was that kynges Eme : [lf. 130.]	8761
	He stode as he hadde ben In dreme, He honged his heued as he hadde dremed, As he hadde died for sorwe hit semed ;	8764
rides to the battle-field to avenge his death.	He made for him gret wayment, He rod forth ful of mautalent To that batayle on his stede, To venge his deth, if he myght spede.	8768

¹ A line is wanting here, but no room left; but see note 2. ² *Hic caret*  (i.e. *hic caret versus*) is inserted under this line in the margin by another hand; cf. note 1. Space is left for a line.

- ¶ He felde Troyens at his comyng 8769 Xanthippus
And sclow hem down old and 3yng, slays many
He ferde as man that hadde ben wode, Trojans,
So he distroyed the Troyens blode ; 8772
To seche Ector wold he not blynne, and looks out
Til he him fond, he is vnwynne ; for Hector.
He fond Ector among the pres :
To sele the Gregais wold he not ses, 8776 Hector slays
As hongre¹ lyoun bestes vories ; Greeks like a
Ther nis no tre so thikke of chiries, hungry lion.
As Gregeis ligge aboute him couched,
All 3ede to grounde that he out touched. 8780
- W**Hen Xancipus of him hadde sight,
He wende he scholde haue made him lyght :
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,
Ector vnwarned down to bere ; 8784
But sicurliche he myzt nouzt :
Xancipus that strok a-bouzt.
- ¶ Ector to him was wrothe y-now,
To Xancipus a strok he drow 8788 but is slain by
In his wodenes & In his wratthe, Hector.
That he fel ded down In that patthe ;
His hed 3ede down, & vp his breke,
The grounde sone gan he seke. 8792
Thei toke him vp & went homward
With gret care and sikyng hard².
- ¶ Achilles come thenne ffast ridande [lf. 130, bk.] 8795 Achilles with
As a deucl with foule semblande, 8796 all his men
With alle the knyghtes that he ledde comes up ;
A-boute Ector he hem spredde :
Ther was gret noyse and clamour,
The Gregeis for tene turned colour, 8800
That he was ded so reufully ;
Thei sclow thenne Troyens carefully. they slay many
Trojans.

¹ MS. *honger*.

² Signature in the right corner : R.

- The Trojans ¶ Troyens be-gan to faile faste, 8803
 begin to flee. Thei myzt not wel lengur laste, 8804
 So were Gregeis manye and stronge,
 The Troyens than a-bacward thei thronge.
- Hector alone **B**Vt Ector stode a-mong hem alle : 8808
 fights on, He sclow Gregeis and made hem to falle,
 He droff a-bak bothe 3onge & olde,
 And made the Troiens her place to holde.
 Troiens abode In gret perel,
 In many stedis to dethe thei fel, 8812
 So thei werei thei be-gan to go.
- Achilles slays Achilles thanne be-gan to slo
 many Trojans, The Troiens, faste he hem rebukes,
 and the dukes He sclow of Troiens two gode dukes : 8816
- Euforbis ¶ That on was duke Euforbis,
 and Lataon. A noble knyzt and a vertuus ;
 That other hight duk Lataoun,
 A gentil lord, a stalworth man. 8820
 Thei were men of gret vertuse,
 Doughti, strong, and [of] prouese.
- It is a wonder It was wonder thei myzt a-bye,
 that the Tro- The Troiens were so fewe that tyde, 8824
 jans are not That thei nade ben alle quelled,
 all killed. Hit was gret wonder how thei dwelled.
- But Hector ¶ But Ector held euere the felde,
 rallies and He 3aff of hem alle nouzt a nelde¹; 8828
 defends them The while that he hadde his hele, [lf. 131.] 8829
 against the Ther he sclow Gregeys as vn-vele,
 Greeks, And Mayntend wel that stour
 With gret trauayle and labour. 8832
- though he is **T**He stour was strong, thei blew & blustred,
 surrounded A-boute Ector the Gregeis clustred
 by many of Ryght as thei drow aboute a swarm,
 them. He toke of hem that tyme gret harm : 8836

¹ MS. *nouzt alle anelde.*

Some dartes at him sclong,	8837	Many Greeks attack Hector ;
Some with swordes at him flong,		
Thei ȝede him a-boute and made hote,		
Many a man on him ther smot ;	8840	
And he ȝaff hem aȝeyn suche pattis,		he kills many of them,
That thei fel down as dede cattis.		
¶ But not-for-thi so it be-fell,		but is him- self severely wounded in the face by he knows not whom.
That he was hurt at that turpetf,	8844	
But he wiste neuere vnnethe of wham,		
Ne how, ne whenne that it cam ?		
In his visage was he smetyn—		
As I fynde of him ywreten,—	8848	
That blod ran out gret plente,		The blood runs down his face,
That hit was meruayle for to se :		
It bled faste as it were wode,		
Vnto the ground ran the blode,	8852	
Ouer his eyen the blod so ran,		so that he cannot recog- nize anybody.
That he myȝt knowe wel no man.		
¶ The Troiens then that gan se,		The Trojans flee.
A-weyward faste gan thei fle ;	8856	
Thei were a-ferd and discomfit,		
When thei saw Ector so dyght.		
Ector was ful lothe to fle,		
Iff it myȝt any other be ;	8860	
But he was dreven backward streght,		Even Hector is driven back, as his eyes are blinded by the blood running down his fore- head.
For he myȝt not se to fflyght ¹ :		
Hadde not his visage ben reuen,	[lf. 131, bk.] 8863	
He nad not ben bakward dreuen ;	8864	
He fauȝt a-ȝeyn with mychel pyne,		
But whan he lyfft vpward his eyne		
Toward Troye and se ther stande		
Opon the walles to hem lokande	8868	
¶ Hectuba that gentil quene,		
And his suster Pollexene,		

¹ In the right corner the signature: R.

262 *Hector sees the Queens on the Walls of Troy and returns to Battle.*

When Hector sees the Trojan ladies on the walls of the town,	And his wiff dame Andromede,	8871
	And hende Eleyne so fair In wede,	8872
	And saw Gregeis him bakward dryue :	
	‘ Alas !’ he sayde, ‘ I am on lyue !	
	I wolde I were with-oute lyff !	
	I se be-fore me stonde my wiff	8876
	And alle these other faire ladyes,	
	And beholden bothe parties	
	And haue be-helded alle oure dedes ;	
he bewails his weakness,	And for my visage a littil bledes,	8880
	¶ Thei se now me on bak be-set,	
	Mi vylony it wol be ret.	
and wonders what they think of him.	What may thei wene but I be faynt,	
	Fals of herte, and a-taynt,	8884
	Or of the dethe that I haue drede,	
	That I thus fle for that I blede ?	
	But be him that made alle thyng,	
	Tre to growe and gras to spryng !	8888
He resolves not to leave the field before taking re- venge.	I schal hem quyte her trauayle,	
	Iff that I be hole and hayle.	
	¶ Out of this ffield I schal not wende,	
	Or I be venged with my hende ¹	8892
	Off this schame and vilonye,	
	For therfore schal many dye.’	
	Ther is no man that euere was wroght	
	May say that schame that Ector thocht,	8896
	When he vpon the ladyes loked ;	[lf. 132.] 8897
	It was meruayle so his body croked,	
	He swat for tene, for wratthe he schoke,	
So he returns,	That he that schame be-fore hem toke ;	8900
	Some of hem her deth schal take,	
	Er it be nyzt, for that wounde sake.	
and on seeing Mennon press- ing the Trojans hard,	¶ Ector be-held how kyng Mennon	
	How the Troiens fast vpon,	8904

¹ MS. *honde*.

- As man that were out of his wit ; 8905
 He vowed to god : " it scholde be quyrt
 Alle the harm that he hadde don
 To him and his, er it were non." 8908
 'Thow hast,' he seide, 'my men defouled,
 Me and myne bakward retroyled ;
 ¶ Sithen thow dos harm, thow schalt haue some :
 Were the fro me, for now I come !' 8912
 Ector rod to Mennon than
 And brake his hede and his pan,
 That of [his] hede ran blod y-wys,—
 That were euel for Mennon this : 8916
 A man schuld not so sone say " trayse," [lf. 123.]¹ 8917
 As he fel ded & held his payse,
 That neuere so moche that he ones quycched
 Ne his lymes ones clecched. 8920
 ¶ Achilles hadde than sorwe y-now,
 When he saw how Ector sclow
 The kyng Mennon, his cosyn dere ;
 A lothely cry men myȝt then here 8924
 That thei of Grece among hem made,
 When thei saw Mennon ded & fade.
 His tethe for tene Achilles gnastrid :
 'Many a gode,' he sayde, 'hastow maystrid 8928
 And ouercomen with thi prowesse,
 And sclayn fele In thi wodenesse.
 ¶ Ther may no-thing me to loye brynge,
 Til I se the at thyn endyng.' 8932
 A stalworth spere off wonder tre—
 That was gretter than other thre—
 Achilles toke to him tho,
 For he thoght Ector to selo : 8936
 ¶ He smot Ector with al his mayn,
 For he wolde him fayn haue slayn ;
 and smites Hector with all his might.

¹ For disorder of MS. at this place cf. Introduction.

Thorow his scheld his spere droff¹, 8939

That his hauberk al to-roff, 8940

Achilles
wounds
Hector,

And depe In-to his flesch it ran,

That the blod fast out span.

but is not able ¶
to unhorse
him,

¶ But yet he bar not Ector doun

For his prise and his renoun, 8944

Yet he hadde no spere that tyde

That he myght azeyn him ride.

though his
spear is
broken.

Achilles spere in-sonder barst,

But Ector was not doun cast²: 8948

¶ *Hic Ector & Achilles pugnaverunt*³.

He held his hors & sat ston-stille,— [lf. 123, bk.] 8949

Achilles myȝt [him] not kylle,—

That strok abode he hertly

Hector breaks
the helmet of
Achilles and
wounds him,

And smot to him a-zeyn smartly : 8952

¶ Opon his hed he leyde suchē dyntes,

That helm and Coyfe brast al In splyntes,

The blod brast out at his eris.

Hadde he laste longe In his wode geris, 8956

Achilles hadde zeuen vp his dische,

Hadde he neuere eten flesche ne fische

He myȝt not the strokes susteyne,

so that he
almost sinks
down.

But held his hors with mechel payne, 8960

That he fel not doun at ilke a braid,

With euery strok that Ector layd

Opon his hede, so sete thai sore,

With mechel strengthe his myȝt thai wore. 8964

¶ On euery a side Achilles schakes

With euery a strok that he ther takes,

Now be-fore and now be-hynde,

As levis wagges with the wynde. 8968

Ector saw Achilles wagge

As with the wynd doth the flagge,

On euery a side he louted lowe,

He was In poynt to ouer-throwe 8972

¹ MS. *to roff*.

² In the right corner the signature : Q.

³ This rubric is head-line of lf. 123, bk.

- With eche a strok that he ther toke, 8973
 Out of his sadel almost he schoke,
 He myȝt not sitte stille In pes.
 Then seyde Ector : ' Achilles ! ¹ 8976 Hector speaks
 Achilles ! ' Ector seyde he, to Achilles,
 ¶ ' Whi coueytes thou to fight with me ?
 When thou sese tyme, on me thou sekess.
 I trowe right wel that thi hed akes ; 8980
 I schal the sclo, hadde I layser ;
 Ne scholde of thin ost kyng ne Cayser
 ¶ *Ad huc bellum* ².
 By heuen tyde thi lyff scholde saue, [lf. 124.] 8983
 That thou of me thi deth schuld haue.' 8984
 ¶ Achilles myght him not answeere, but he cannot
 For thenne come Troyle with many spere, answer, as
 With many spere and many a darte, Troilus separ-
 And made him and Ector departe : 8988 ates the two
 Troyle rod euen be-twene hem two, heroes.
 For he Achilles thought for-do.
 A wonder stoure ther was by-gonnen,
 Er man myȝt a forlong haue ronnen, 8992
 ¶ Ther were fyue hundred knyȝtes slayn Five hundred
 Off hem of Grece upon the playn ; Greeks are
 Thei hadde but litel to-geder streuen, slain,
 Er thei of Grece were backward dreuen. 8996 the others
 But Menelaus, when he beheld are driven
 How thei of Grece had lorn the feld, back ;
 Opon his stede the kyng him dresses,
 To Troiens euen he him gesses ; 9000
 He lased his helm, his spere he riȝtes,
 And rides thedir with alle his knyȝtes.
HE halp hem wel and wan hem erthe,
 He felde the thridde & sclow the ferthe ; 9004
 He and his bare Troiens ouer,
 And hem of Grece made hem couer

¹ MS. *Achilles Achilles*.

² This rubric is head-line of lf. 124.

	And tok the feld the Troiens opon.	9007
But King Odemon comes from Troy with many soldiers;	But then come thedir kyng Odemon Out of Troye with mechel ffolk, He spared neyther the appul ne the colk, Vn-til he come to [the] Melle :	9008
	Many a man then myzt thei se	9012
	¶ Set vp the fet and down the hed, And many lefft among hem ded.	
hemeetsMene- laus,	To Menelaus Odomoun rode, And Menelaus him abode ¹ ;	9016
	But Odemoun, that doughti kyng,	[lf. 124, bk.] 9017
	Toke Menelaus In that swyng	
unhorses and wounds him sorely.	And him bare ouer his hors tayl : He 3aff him there suche a wassail,	9020
	That he lay longe In colde swot ; Odemoun on his face smot And wounded him among alle hyse,	
	That he myzt not wel vp aryse.	9024
	O Demoun ffelle Menelaus, And that be-held douzti Troylus : He saw the kyng on grounde lyand,	
When Troylus arrives,	Troyle come faste thedur ridand,	9028
	He wolde him take wonder ffayn, That he myzt haue lad him to Elayn ; He departid alle the route,	
he and Ode- mon try to take Menelaus prisoner,	He and Odemoun were aboute To take the kyng, and so the[i] did. But not[-for-]thi it so be-tid, That thei that tyme so wel not sped, Out of that pres thei him not led :	9032 9036
but are not able to get him out of the press.	¶ For ther was then so mychel pres— For-thi be-gan than to encrese,— So fele batayles a-boute him spread, That thei were sone with hem so sted,	9040

¹ In the right corner of this page is the signature: Q. iiij.

- Thei myȝt not lede fro hem not ferre 9041
 For al here myȝt and her powere.
- ¶ For than come Diomedes doun
 With many a worthi bold baroun 9044
 And many a knyȝt douȝti In dede :
 When thei saw Troyle a-weyward lede
 Menelaus her ost outward,
 Thei hyed hem faste thedirward. 9048
 Whan he come ner, he stroke his stede,
 That he made bothe his sides blede :
 I trowe ther was neuere wilde ro [lf. 125.] 9051
 That ran faster then his stede tho. 9052
- ¶ He strok Troilus¹ so wonder sore,
 That fro his hors fel he doun thore ;
 And ther-fore was it no pris :
 He hadde a spere at his deuys, 9056
 And Troyle that tyme hadde non ;
 Thoow he hadde broke bak and bon,
 Me thynke it hadde ben litel wonder,
 Off Troyle lay his hors fete vnder. 9060
 He toke his hors and lad a-way,
 He sente it to the semely may,
- ¶ Vn-til Cresseide, pat² fair womman,
 That sumtyme was Troyle lemman : 9064
 A bischopis douȝter that het Calcas,
 That sumtyme byschop In Troye was,
 Her mayster-byschop of the lawe ;
 But he was ferd of that sawe, 9068
 That ther god saynt Appollo
 In Delos yle had sayd him to³ :
HE sayde : " that Troye scholde be distroyed."
 He was therfore ful sore⁴ anoyed, 9072
 He durst not wende to Troye aȝeyn
 For fferd he scholde haue ben slayn :

They are prevented from doing so by Diomedes coming up with many knights.

Diomedes unhorses Troilus,

takes his horse, and sends it to Cressida, Troilus's late leman.

Cressida is the daughter of the Trojan bishop Calchas,

who was frightened by Apollo's prophecy, and went over to the Greeks.

¹ lus on erasure. ² Vn—pat on erasure by another hand.

³ MS. so.

⁴ MS. fulsore.

	He dwelled stille with the Gregeis	9075
	A-mong her ost—as Dares sais,—	9076
	Or elles to lese his lyff he wende.	
	Afftir his doughter theder he sende :	
Calchas bids Diomedes and Ulixes	¶ He prayed the kyng Diomedes	
	In here Message and Vlixes,	9080
	When thei delyuered the kyng Thoas	
	For the ffader of Polydamas,	
ask Priamus to send him Cressida from Troylus. Priamus does so.	That thei wolde preye kyng Priamus	
	To sende hir him ffro sir Troylus :	9084
	¶ Priamus graunted her prayeres	[lf. 125, bk.] 9085
	And sent hir hom with-oute dangeres.	
Diomedes is in love with Cressida,	And Diomedes loued here sithen ;	
	In hir loue was he so writhen,	9088
	That he myght not his wille refrayn	
	And suffred for hir sithen payn.	
and so sends her the horse of Troylus.	To hir therfore Troylus stede he send	
	In token of loue and to presend.	9092
	O Pon the grounde ther he lay,	
	His stede was taken & lad away ;	
	Wo was him that it was so !	
	But he ne myȝt not do ther-to :	9096
Troylus rises, and slays many Greeks.	But he ros vp and drow his blade	
	And rome aboute him he made,	
	¶ He sclow Gregeis with al his myȝt.	
Hector has seen his fall,	Ector ȝaff to him wel gode syȝt,	9100
	He saw him wel to grounde go,	
	His stede ytaken and lad him fro ;	
	He was ney wod for ire and tene :	
	He wolde meruayle, that had sene	9104
	What wonder that Ector wrought !	
and takes revenge on the Greeks.	Many a man that stede dere boght ;	
	¶ He drow hem down, as men doth dere	
	In wilde wodis to lordis lardere :	9108

Thei fled away, as thei were wode ;	9109	
Ther was no man that lenger stode,		
Off here lyues hadde thei ¹ gret doute.		
Achilles fledde with alle his route,	9112	Achilles and all the Greeks flee to their tents ;
And so did alle these other Gregais,		
Than folued Ector and his Frigais :		
¶ But Ector euere afftir dryues,		Hector pursues them and slays many of them.
Many of hem he reues the lyues,	9116	
He droff hem home riȝt to here hales		
And selow hem ther riȝt In her sales ;		
He smot of bothe hondes & nayles,	[lf. 126.] 9119	
Ne durst no man aske " what him ayles,"	9120	
Ne speke with him In that Ire		
For al the gode of here Empire !		
He hadde be ded and vndoyng,		
Hadde thei sayd any thyng.	9124	
The Grekes were in point of vndoyng ² : [lf. 135.] ³	9125	The Greeks would have been undone,
Ne hadde ther comen ther riche kyng,		
That riche kyng her Emperour,		
Agamenon, to here socour,—	9128	if Agamemnon had not come to their rescue.
Schuld neuere haue passed no Dane,		
Ne haue ben lengur in pat ⁴ wane.		
The peple was gret he with him brouȝt,		He brings with him many fresh troops ;
On hem of Troye ful harde thei souȝt ;	9132	
¶ Thei were ffresche and al day rested,		
Thei drow here swerdes ; whan thei brested		
Here stalworthe speres opon the Troians,		
Thei droff a-bak ⁵ the Dordanes	9136	they drive the Trojans back to the walls of Troy.
With strengthe of men vnto her dikes.		
Ector thenne aboute ffrikes,		
Ther were thlikkere aboute him men		
Then bestis In somer liggis In fen ;	9140	
He smytes of legges and lendis.		
Vnnethe ther is any man ⁶ defendis,		

¹ MS. *thei no*.

² This whole line by another hand on erasure.

³ For disorder of MS. cf. Introduction.
by another hand.

⁴ *in pat* inserted over line
⁵ MS. *a blak*.
⁶ MS. *men*.

	That thei nere slayn and ouercomen [lf. 135, bk.]	9143
	For Gregeis that ouer hem were ronnen.	9144
Polimodas comes to the rescue of the Trojans.	But then come thedur Polydomas, That 3it In Troye al ffresch was, With wonder mychel <i>quantite</i> Off kny3tes, of men of gret surte.	9148
	P olydomas a spere hath lauzt With al the ost him was be-tau3t Out of Troye is he no ryden :	
He asks his men to help Hector well,	His men hath he prayed & bidden To help wel Ector In that stoure, That thei my3t haue for here labour	9152
and win his thanks for it.	Off Ector bothe loue and thonk ; He rides forth by brynke & bonk To assaut with that abuschement. Now are thei alle out of Troye went And comen alle to that semble With stour sembland & gret ferte :	9156
With sword and spear they fight against the Greeks.	Thei bresten here speres and drow her swerdes And beten on hem, as don herdes On weri bestis that drow In the plow ; Ther was amonges hem sorwe ynow.	9160
Diomedes, see- ing Polimodas damage the Greeks,	¶ But Diomedes he beholdes Polydomas, how that he boldes ¹ Them ² of Troye with his sokeryng, And deres Gregeis with his fyghtyng And the feld make hem lese :	9168
assails him with a spear.	A stalworth spere to him doth chese Polydomas ouer to bere, That the Gregeis schuld not dere.	9172
But Polimodas ¶	¶ Polydomas was wel perceyued Off his comyng, he him wayued And toke a spere stalworth & strong And met him so In that forlong,	9176

¹ The last four letters by another hand on erasure.

² MS. *Then*.

¶ *Ad huc magnum bellum.*

- That he ȝede doun & his hors bothe, [lf. 136.] 9177 strikes Diomedes down,
Were he ther-of neuere so wrothe.
- ¶ Diomedes ful sore was hurt,
But his stede ros, and he vp stert; 9180
Polydomas ther-of was fayn,
He tokè the stede by the rayn,
A-boute his hand the brydel he knyht
And ȝaff him Troyle, ther he fauȝt ȝit 9184
Opon his feet with his enmys;
Ther was no foule so merye on ris,
- ¶ Then 'Troilus was when he hors hadde;
Lord In heuene, what he was gladdè! 9188
He takes that stede and sone on lepes,
And sclow the Gregeis doun on hepes.
- B** Vt Achilles loket to Troyle,
And saw how he be-gan to royle, 9192
When he hadde hors, a-monges Gregeis:
'This is no gamen,' Achilles seis;
Achilles rod to him sone, comes up,
For he wende wele he hadde done. 9196
- ¶ But Troyle was war of his comyng,
He ȝaff riȝt not of his thretyng:
A stalworthe spere he to him sesed,
And smot his hors and him so feses, 9200
He bar Achilles quyte and clene
Out of his sadel vpon the grene;
He made Achilles to reste thore,
So was he wounded wonder sore, 9204
- ¶ He made his eres the grounde likke.
But he ros vp stoutly and quykke,
As he no harm hadde y-lacched;
Troyle wold with more haue macched, 9208
He wolde haue hurt him fayn sarror,
But the Gregeis held him then forrор,

captures his horse, and gives it to Troylus.

Troylus, glad to be horsed again, attacks the Greeks anew, and slays many of them.

Achilles

comes up,

but is unhorsed by Troylus.

Achilles starts up, and—surrounded by the Greeks—

To Achilles he myȝt come noght, [lf. 136, bk.] 9211
 For-sothe to him, as he hadde thoght. 9212

AChilles is vpward copen,
 Opon his hors he is lopen :
 Him were leuere than al Lubik,
 That he myȝt Troyle to dethe strike ; 9216
 He and his smot at him alle,
 As men smeten atte balle.

he assails
 Troylus anew.

Hector comes
 to his rescue,
 and

¶ But Ector was ther-of war,
 How thei be-gan with Troyle to fare ; 9220
 He hied him thedir wonder swythe,
 When Troyle saw him, he was blythe :
 He ȝaff Achilles suche a dasche,
 That al his helm be-gan to crasche, 9224
 He smot In-to his serkelet.

fights with
 Achilles alone :

Now are thei to-geder met
 Among her men hem two alone,
 Thei delen dyntis wel gode wone ; 9228
 Be-twene hem two was gret hate,
 Thei haue be-gonnen a gret bate :

both on horse-
 back fight
 with their
 swords

¶ Eyther on other be-gan to hewe,
 Here strengthe to kythe, her myȝt to schewe, 9232
 Dredful dyntis be-twene hem dele ;
 He is a fole, with hem wol mele !
 Thei are now bothe on hors-backis,
 Ether of hem on other hackis 9236
 With swerdes scharpe opon her scheld ;
 A strong batayle was ther In feld.

and tear
 each other's
 'aketouns.'

¶ Here Aketouns roff as hadde ben pokes,
 Ayther of hem on other strokis, 9240
 And tar here armes that were newe,
 A wicked brotthe thei ther brewe ;
 With swerdes gode that were trenchaunt 9243
 Fauȝt thei to-gedur by that hil pendaunt. {¹Ector fyghtes}

E	Ctor fightes with Achilles, He hewys his mayles res by res, He hewys hem alle In taterwagges,	[lf. 137.] 9245	Hector fights fiercely with Achilles;
	His hauberk heng alle In ragges; And he 3eues him a-3eyn good pay, The grettest strokes that he may.	9248	
¶	But Ector 3aff Achilles one And claff his flesch on-to the bone, Hit barst his helme & his coyfe eke, And it made him the grounde seke: The stroke was gret—as I 3ow tolde,— Achilles myzt not his sadel holde, Opon his hors myzt he not sitte, When sir Ector hadde him so hitte.	9252	wounds him sorely,
¶	He lefft his hors and fel to grounde And swoned sore In that stounde; Top ouer tayl he gan loute. The Gregeis gadered him aboute, His Murmidones were alle agast He hadde be slayn, for he was cast; Thei stode aboute him alle fyghtande, For Ector scholde not come him hande, Til he were rysen & vpward couered: Many a man aboute him houered, His body al for to fende, That Ector schold not come him hende.	9260	Achilles swoons.
		9264	The Greeks and Myrmi- dons defend him;
¶	Then myzt men se strokes ride, Gregeis feld on eche a syde That thedir come In his defence, For thei made ther thanne resistance A-3eyns Ector & his Troians: He sclow that tyme a thousand Danes That then defended sir Achilles, Many on swalt In his owne gres.	9272	many of them are slain by Hector and the Trojans.
		9276	
	S [j]		

- ¶ Ector wolde Achilles take, [lf. 137, bk.] 9279
 And the Gregeis defence did make : 9280
 Thei wolde rather dye right ther,
 Then Achilles I-take wer.
 Achilles stode on fote & fau3t,
 Til he was almost out of mau3t : 9284
 ¶ He was careful and wel drery,
 For that he was so wery,
 He my3t not wel his scheld vp bere,
 He my3t not him fro Ector were, 9288
 He my3t not wel his breth blowe,
 He was In poynt to ouer-throwe ;
 His vertu hadde he clene lore,
 But Ector wolde not lette ther-fore. 9292
- ¶ But than come thedir Thelamon,
 With alle his men Agamenon,
 And the dou3ti Menescens :
 That halp him wel a-3eyn Troyens, 9296
 With mychel wo and gret trauayle
 Halp thei him In that batayle.
- ¶ Thei brou3t him hors, and brou3t him vp,
 He hadde lau3t many a pop, 9300
 For ther was many a strok 3euen ;—
 But it was welney euen.
- E**Ctor was sori that it was ny3t,
 Er thei of Grece were discomfit : 9304
 For hadde thei had the lyght of day,
 Achilles hadde not went a-way
 To [be] taken then vnto his teld,
 But hadde died In that feld. 9308
- Thei departid on bothe side—
 For it was ny3t and derk that tyde,—
 ¶ Ector to Troye ouer the downes,
 And Gregeis to here Paulyones. 9312
- Achilles fights
 on foot until he
 grows weary ;
 he is sorrowful
 that he cannot
 defend himself
 any longer.
- Thelamon,
 Agamemnon,
 and Menescene
 come to his
 rescue,
- and bring him
 a new horse.
- But night ends
 the battle, else
 Achilles would
 have died in
 the field.
- The Trojans
 return to
 Troy ; the
 Greeks to
 their tents.

The clothis were layd, and thei doun lyght : [lf. 138.]	9313	
To soper were thei alle dyght,		
Thei sette hem doun and ete & drank ;		They take
Many hadde his clothis al blank	9316	supper and go
Off blod that thei hadde bled.		to bed.
Thei ete and drank & ȝede to bed,		
And rested hem, til the sonne vp ros :		Next morning
To Arme him there eche man gos,	9320	they arm
¶ The stour a-ȝeyn wolde thei be-gynne,		themselves
For good on erthe wol thei not blynne ;		anew.
Her hors are brouȝt, and thei vp lepe,		
Thei ren to-gedre on an hepe,	9324	
As thei hadde don that day be-fore ;		
Ther died be-twene hem many a score.		
B Othe parties In the feld were prest,		They begin to
In pees wol thei neuere rest ;	9328	fight again ;
Eche man rides vnto his macche,		
Many a man here deth there lacche.		many are slain
Whan thei to-gedre were met with speres,		on both sides.
Many on other ouer beres ;	9332	
Thei drow here swerdes of good metal ;		
Er it be nyȝt, manye dye schal.		
Echon on ¹ other ffaste doth bete,		
Ryght as threscheres doth on whete ;	9336	
On smytes his felawe thorow the pap,		
And he ȝeues him a sori wap.		
¶ Thei sclow or euen a thousand knyghtes,		1,000 knights
Men saw neuere suche other fyghtes—	9340	are slain.
Sithen In erthe god made man,—		Never did a
That of so litel thing be-gan !		fight arise
Ne so fele lordes with-uten fayle		from so little
Were neuere slayn at on batayle,	9344	cause !
Ne men of Armes and also naked,		Never were so
As were at Troye—sithen man was maked !	S ij	many lords
		slain in a
		battle !

¹ MS. *or*.

¶ *Hic pugnans .xxx. dies absque respectu.*

They are
wounded
many ways.

Some were smyten of by the knes, [lf. 138, bk.] 9347

Some thorow-out bothe thies, 9348

Some lay dede, & som cast down,

And some lay wounded and brostoun ;

Some In his body bar a tronchoun,

As it were put In with a ponchoun. 9352

They fight as
long as they
can breathe.

The while thei myghten endure,

Thei threw down men—I telle 3ow sure,—

Thei smyten hors and helmes barst,

The while the brethe wold hem last. 9356

Michel sorwe hem was a-mong ;

Sicurly hit were to long

The poet is not
able to tell all
their deeds ;

Me to telle, and 3ow to here,

How thei ffauzt echon In-fere, 9360

I may not al the dedis devyse ;

Ther wolde no boke it al suffice

Alle here dedis for to holde,

Iff thai schulde alle be y-tolde, 9364

And I schulde alle here dedis say,

How thei fau3t to-geder euery day.

The bible ne no Missale,

The legende ne no Iornale, 9368

The Grael ne the Tropere,

Schold not holde here dedis plenere.

They fight 30
days without
respice.

¶ For .xxx.^{ti} dayes with-uten pes

Thei fau3t to-gedur with-uten ses, 9372

Al was sprad bothe dicke and bank

With dede bodies that lay & stank.

Men redes In gestes of dou3ti men,

How thei fou3ten to-geder dayes ten,— 9376

Euery day with-uten rest,—

To se whiche of hem were best ;

Men tellen of Ywayn and Wade

In gestes that of hem ben made, 9380

In other tales
men fight ten
days,

How thei fauȝt a day or two,	[lf. 139.]	9381	
And afftir that more than so :			
Thei ffaȝt ffourtene nyȝt,			or a fortnight;
And that was kampiounȝs right.		9384	
¶ But I say : Ector and his feris,			but Hector
Achilles als & his comperis,			and Achilles
Thei fauȝt to-geder dayes thre,			and their men
And wold thei not in pes be ;		9388	
Thei fauȝt to-gedir fourtene nyȝt,			
And that was the Troiens right ;			
With-uten rest thei fauȝt al-weyes,			
Til thei hadden fouȝten .xxx. ^{ti} dayes—		9392	fight 30 days,
Euery day til it was nyȝt,			every day till
That neuere be-lan whil thei hadde lyȝht.			night separ-
¶ Now wol I of this thing telle,			ates them.
I may not alle here dedis melle ;		9396	
For mochel wo be-twene hem wex :			
Off Ector brethere were slayn sex			Six of Hector's
With-In the dayes that thei so fauȝt,			brothers are
And Ector also a sore wounde lauȝt		9400	slain,
In his visage on of that day,			and Hector
Wherby Ector In his bed lay			himself
In Ylion a ful gret stounde,			is sorely
Er he were hol of that wounde.		9404	wounded in
T Hretti dayes when he hadde foughten			the face.
With-uten reste bothe euen & oughten,			
Priamus sente to the Gregeis			Priamus then
Kynges two that were curtays,		9408	demands a
And other lordes mo wente hem with,			truce for six
Trewe to aske a six monyth.			months, which
And thei it graunte al at her wille,			is granted by
Thei were fayn to holde hem stille		9412	the Greeks.
And rest In pes al that terme ;			
The trewes is graunt and holden ferme,	S iij		

¶ *Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem per vj. Menses.*

And therto haue thei trowthes plyght: [lf. 139, bk.] 9415

No one is to
harm a foe.

"That nother of hem be dayes ne nyght 9416

Lastynge the trewes schal other wayte

With vilonye ne other desayte ;

If he does, he'll
be hanged.

And if any man be gylti founden,

Hand and fote schal he be bounden, 9420

On galowe-tre to honge hye

For his falsshede and his folye."

¶ The trewes be graunt a ful half 3ere

Be-twene kynges, dukes, & bachelere, 9424

Alle that on bothe sides wore :

Now every-
body heals his
wounds.

Now euery man helis his sore,

Alle taken medycine that myster hade,

To reste that while alle were glade. 9428

And Ector is to Ilion brou3t,

A riche bed ffor him was wrou3t,

Hector lies on
a bed in a
great hall in
Ilion,

He was leyd In that paleis,

That was of riche werk Sarsaneis ; 9432

¶ His bed was made In that riche halle

And y-couered with many riche palle :

To him come fycisiens,

The beste of alle Troyens, 9436

And sougte his woundes on eche halue,

And leyde ther-to plastres & salue,

And 3aff him herbes & gode raysyns,

And heled him vp with gode medysyns. 9440

IN Ilyon Ector was layd

In that riche halle—as I sayd ;—

and all the
lords and
ladies come to
comfort him.

For alle these lordes & the ladyes,

That were of worschepe and of pris, 9444

Scholde him comforte In his penaunce

And with the speche do him legaunce

And of his Angwis and his sekenesse,

To come to him bothe more & lesse. 9448

Hit was an halle of gret noblay, <i>Aula</i> ¹ . [lf. 140.]	9449	The hall of Ilion has very high towers.
The halle ther-as Ector lay ;		
The toures were of out-done hight,		
I-made with wonder art and slight.	9452	
If thow wolt that halle discryue,		
Sicurly 3e wolde not leue		
The wonder werk of the Pyleres ;		
Men wolde holde hem grete lyeres,	9456	Men would not believe me, if I should try to describe them fully.
Man wolde wene that men did lye,		
And holde it alle for fairie.		
¶ But man wolde wene In his thoght,		
That suche werk myght neuere be wroght ;	9460	
For now is non so glorious,		
Ne non In this world so vertuuous,		
As Ilion was the while it stode,		
I-set ful of stones and perles gode ;	9464	
Rofe and wal and euery a gable,		Roof and walls and all other parts
Dore and wyndowe, trestles and table,		
Courbel, beme, and euery a ston,		
With riche gold was vmbigon.	9468	are covered with gold
¶ Alle the walles of that wones		
Were thikke y-set with precious stones ;		and set with precious stones ;
A thousand rubies on a rowe		
Were set a-bouen on the wowe.	9472	
Ther stode a-long & eke a-crois		
Many a riche erbe-debois ;		
The matistre and a riche saphur,		
And other stones many & sur ;	9476	
Ther stode many a charbocke-ston,		
That as bryzt aboute hem schon		they shine at midnight as bright as a summer day.
In that halle aboute mydnyght,		
As doth the somerday lyght.	9480	
That halle was brode & long,		
Off semely werk sicur & strong,		

S iiij

¹ In red paint.

¶ *Qualiter palacium Regis Troiani factum est.*

Twelve alabaster columns support this hall;	Two hundred fet was it be-met. [lf. 140, bk.] 9483
	On stones twelue was hit al set 9484
	Off Alabaster that wele were wrouzt,
	It was gret meruayle how thei were bouzt
	Vnto that werk to rayse that ground,
in every corner stands an image, as natural as if it were alive.	It was meruayle where men thei found. 9488
	¶ He was worthi be called a clerk,
	That of twelue stones made suche a werk.
	The halle flore was paued al
	Thorowout with clene cristal; 9492
As Dares says, the walls were 2,500 feet high,	In euery a hirne was set a post
	Off worthi werk with mychel cost;
	On euery a post stode an ymage
	As he hadde ben In fauntel-age; 9496
	Alle were wrouzt of gold ffyn,
and the towers reached the sky.	Hede, body, visage, and eyn.
	¶ Ther was no man ¹ In al that land
	That he ne wende thei hadde ben lyuand: 9500
	So vereili thei loked and smyled,
	Many a man ther-with was giled;
As Dares says, the walls were 2,500 feet high,	Off here makying and of here lokes
	Many meruayles In his bokis. 9504
	Dares wrot—I telle it 3ow,—
	That I wol not speke of now:
	“The walles of that halle streyzt 9507
and the towers reached the sky.	Were two thousand fet of heyzt, ¶ <i>Altitudo</i>
	And 3it ther-to ffyue hundrid als,”— <i>Murorum</i> ² .
	As Dares seis that neuere was fals.
	¶ Dares seis: “the toures were so hy,
	That thei wente to the sky, 9512
As Dares says, the walls were 2,500 feet high,	So ney were thei the firmament
	A-boue the cloudes verament,
	A man that stode with-oute doute
	On hem, myzt se al the lond aboute, 9516

¹ MS. *noman*.² In one line, sign blue, words red; but on the left side in MS.

And other londes a-cost also [lf. 141.] 9517

On euery a side, that marches ther-to."

¶ Then were thei hye verament,

Thei hadde nede of a good fundement; 9520

Every foundation-stone is of marble.

Euery a ston of Marbil was

As smethe as any glas,

Euery a ston was smethe schauen.

The walles were with bestes grauen, 9524

The walls are engraved with all sorts of beasts.

Ther was no best In wildernes,

Forest, ne feld, more ne les,

That thei ne were ther wele entayled,

Wilde ne tame non ther fayled.

9528

BEfore the dore was set a tre,
That fair and semely was to se :

¶ Arbor ad hostium¹. Before the door stands a golden tree

The tre was al of riche gold

Fro the grounde vnto the mold,

9532

And alle the bowes of that erberye

Were siluer & gold with-outen lye ;

For euere was on of siluer bry3t,

A-nother of gold that was so ly3t.

9536

with silver and golden boughs and all kinds of fruits.

¶ Ther was neuere fruyt that euere grewe

That thei ne hongen ther In here hewe,

But al was² siluer and gold with-Inne.

This werk was mad with quaynte gynne.

9540

In that halle ende was mad his dese,

Richeli made it was alweyes :

At one end of the hall is a dais ;

¶ Ther was a bord of gret richesse,

In al this world such another ther nesse³.

9544

In that other ende of that riche halle,

Wel fair vpright a3eyn the walle,

He let make a riche auter,

But ther-on was neuere seid no sauter.

9548

And afftir that he sette In that ende

His god Iouys, he held his frende ;

at the other, an altar with an image of Jupiter.

¹ Sign in blue, words in red (in two lines thus).
that was.

³ MS. wesse.

² MS. But al

- For whan he wolde his help craued, [lf. 141, bk.] 9551
 He wende he myȝt him haue saued. 9552
- This image of Jupiter is of pure gold. ¶ A ffair ymage that kyng did make
 Off ffyn gold ffor his goddis sake ;
 On that auter did he sette hit,
 Off pure gold was hit I-bet ; 9556
 Hit was .xv. cubitis long.
 He sette hit there with mochel song,
 With ffythel, harpe, and mynstrasie,
 With mychel merthe and melodye. 9560
- It was set up with great festivity. ¶ He spende on him gret tresoure,
 Certes he loste al his laboure.
 He made to him a redy way
 Off twenti grecis of marbil gray, 9564
 That he & other myȝt come him to,
 When that thei wolde him worschepe do.
 And thus was maked that riche halle,
 As I haue told to ȝow alle. 9568
- Hector is attended on by Mennon, Hectuba, Eleyne, Pollexena, and Andromede. **E**ctor liggis In Ilioun ;
 At his hed sat kyng Menoun
 And Hectuba, his Moder, the quene,
 So did Eleyne and Pollexene ; 9572
 That louely lyff dame Andromede
 To Ector takes sche gode hede :
 Wel tenderly the knyȝt sche ȝemed,
 That fair lady that wel be-semed. 9576
- Many kings come to comfort him. ¶ Kynges fele a-boute come
 And comfort him alle & some
 Off his hurtyng & malady,
 For his sorwe were thei drery. 9580
- Priamus buries his six sons, Kyng Priamus let bery
 With careful herte and no-thing mury
 His sixe sones that died tho dayes,
 Euerychon be-sydes other he layes. 9584

¶ Hic Ector sanatus est.

- He bad that echon schuld haue [lf. 142.] 9585
 By him-self a riche graue : each one in a
 Here graues were sone y-made special grave.
 Bothe with schouele & with spade ; 9588
 And leyd hem ther-In bothe body & bones,
 And heled a-bouen with riche stones.
 And so was grauen eche a brother,
 A litel echon fro other. 9592
- ¶ Thei of Grece her riche kynges The Greeks,
 Graued also, here lordynges ; too, bury their
 And tho that were of lasse renoun dead.
 Thei gadered to hepes with-oute the toun 9596
 And brende her bodyes alle by-dene,
 And made the feld of hem ful clene,
 That no stynk of hem schulde rise,
 Hem to dere on no wyse. 9600
- E**ctor heles and coueres faste, Hector soon
 His Angwys almost a-way is paste, recovers,
 He may bothe go & stande,
 In that halle is he walkande ; 9604
 And alle these other ben ner-honde heled.
 Delful dyntis were ther deled,
 When thei were heled and comen samen ;
 Ther by-gynne a grisly gamen : 9608
 Many on schal to the dethe wende,
 Er thei efft-sones make an ende.
- ¶ For Ector was fful sore a-greued
 That his visage was so cleued ; 9612
 He het his men for euene or od,
 That ther hors be faste y-schod,
 And her harneis redi dight,
 Her aketoun strong, her brynys bryght ; 9616
 'That hors ne harneis ȝow not faile
 A-ȝeyn the tyme of oure batayle.'

When winter
ends,

WInter is went—as I wene— [lf. 142, bk.] 9619
The leues growen In greues grene, 9620
The floures sprede & spedly sprynge,

the truce is
ended too.

The thrustil sittes & mury synge,
The sonne is hote, the terme goth out.
The Troiens are bothe stiff & stout, 9624

The Trojans
and Greeks
prepare for a
fresh battle,
and array
their troops.

And so ar Danes and eke Gregeis :
Alle 3are thei ben In here harneis
For to fare & that stoure mayntene,
But thei schal passe with moche tene. 9628

¶ The trewes is passed and alle termened,
And alle ben redy & haue dyned,
Many an helme is set on hede
That long er nyght schal ligge dede ; 9632

The ladies are
in sorrow
for their
husbands.

The ladyes for her lordes caren,
For thei wot neuere how thei schal faren ;
Thei made gret mornynge a-mong,
Thei tare hir heer, hir handis wrong. 9636

¶ The lordes hem busked & toke here caples,
Men brynge hem speres of gode maples,
And scheldes stronge thei brynge als,
To honge semely a-boute her hals. 9640

On Hector's
advice,

¶ Ector bad thei schulde ride,
Thei wol not lenger here abyde :
Thei riden forth out of the toun
With scheld and spere & gonfanoun. 9644

the Trojans
ride out of the
town.

The Greeks
gather before
the walls.

And thei of Grece were gadered alle
With-oute the dicke be-fore the walle,
In-myddis the feld ther standis her stale.
And thei of Troye riden doun a dale, 9648
Til thei mete to-geder bothe ;
Two hundred thousand schal be wrothe
Er thei do parte fro her frende,
That schal be sclayn, er thei thennes wende. 9652

Adhuc bellum¹.

<p>NOW are thei bothe In the feld arayed, Baneres brode ther ben displayed ; On nother side was non so bold</p>	<p>[lf. 143.] 9654</p>	<p>When both parties are arrayed,</p>
<p>That thei ne be-gynne sone to cold,</p>	<p>9656</p>	
<p>Whan thei schal mete thore :</p>		
<p>The beste of hem a-bached wore,</p>		
<p>Saue Ector on that neuere was ferd ;</p>		<p>Hector opens the battle,</p>
<p>He 3eues of hem not a 3erd,</p>	<p>9660</p>	
<p>Off alle her fare, of thai were mo,</p>		
<p>For he blan neuere to wende and slo</p>		
<p>¶ Alle he myght mete with & ouer-take ;</p>		
<p>He be-gynnes a-boute him to make</p>	<p>9664</p>	
<p>Wayes to driue In bothe cart & wayn.</p>		
<p>Many Gregeis other gan frayn :</p>		
<p>“ How thei my3t slo him ther he rode ? ”</p>		
<p>But ther was non that him a-bode :</p>	<p>9668</p>	
<p>He 3ede down or lost his lyff.</p>		
<p>He sclow a thousand In that stryff,</p>		<p>and slays 1,000 Greeks.</p>
<p>When bothe parties to-gedur were ;</p>		
<p>Many a man died there.</p>	<p>9672</p>	
<p>¶ Ther was gret del to se hem mete,</p>		
<p>So fele fel down vndir hors fete,</p>		
<p>That neuere my3t afftirward arise,</p>		
<p>Thei made a schrewed marchaundise :</p>	<p>9676</p>	
<p>Eche slo other, as thei were wode,</p>		<p>A fierce battle.</p>
<p>Thei made no ruthe of mannes blode ;</p>		
<p>Some is cloven In-to the shere,</p>		
<p>Some has lorn bothe cheke & ere,</p>	<p>9680</p>	
<p>Some hath lorn lyuer & gut,</p>		<p>The various wounds are described.</p>
<p>Was many man ded down put,</p>		
<p>Many hath lorn eye & browe ;</p>		
<p>Euerychon wolde his frend rescowe,</p>	<p>9684</p>	
<p>Than comes he & he also</p>		
<p>And girdes his bak euen a-two.</p>		

¹ In the top right corner, in a very fine hand.

Thus they
fight till night
ends the
battle.

Hector rides
thrice through
the Greek host,
and kills
many.

Never better
knight did
such deeds.

Nobody can
resist him
save Achilles.

All Greeks are
afraid of Hec-
tor ; all know
his sword.

And thus ferd thei fro that thei met, [lf. 143, bk.] 9687
Til the sonne was doun set¹ ; 9688

Thei blan neuere to smyte ne slo,
Many a bak thei made al blo.

ECtor fyghtes with his enemys,
Thorow here ost he rod thris, 9692
Fro man to man a-boute he skyppis,

Thei fel afftir him as hit were shepis :

For siker, sithe erthe by-gan,

Was not made a better man, 9696

That so stronge dedes In Armes did ;

Alas that euere him mys-be-tid !

¶ Off man was neuere so moche reuthe,
For he was good & loued trewthe ; 9700

Ther was no man that did suche dedis

Off alle the kny3tes that men of redis,

Ther was neuere man his strok my3t stande,

That toke a ful stroke of his hande,— 9704

Saue Achilles that strong kny3t,

For he was man of moche my3t.—

Ther was no side of al that ost

That he ne rode thorow ffor alle her bost. 9708

¶ He sclow to grounde al that he toke,

The beste of hem for drede quoke,

Thei were alle aferd of that on kny3t,

For he was man of moche my3t. 9712

The Gregeis alle his sword knewe,

Many a man to grounde he hewe ;

And tho he bar doun or ouer,

Ful ffewe a-3eyn ne myght couer,— 9716

Vn-til that lyff so sore he smot.

The sonne schon bry3t, the day was hot.

¶ Hit greued hem sore of Grece,
Thei sat toteryng as it were gece— 9720

¹ MS. *pet.*

- What for the strokes & the hete! [lf. 144.] 9721
 The Gregeis wel sore he gan bete,
 He made of hem gret martirdam :
 I trowe, sithen god made Adam, 9724 Since Adam's
 Dud neuere man so gret meruayles, days never man
 In fightes fele and gret batayles did so many
 He sclow so many grete of renoun, and great
 Armed with helme and hauberioun, wonders in
 As Ector did his owne hand, 9728 battle as
 The while he was In erthe lyvand. Hector did.
 ¶ Gret voyce was tho hem among,
 Swerdis ther on helmes rong, 9732
 Many an helme was ther clatered,
 And many hede al to-batered ¹.
 Ector makes of hem grete hepes, He slays many
 Fro man to man a-boute he lepis; 9736 Greeks.
 As thik as leue on the tre
 He sles hem doun by two or thre.
 Thorow the feld hit is wel sene
 In euery stede ther he hath bene, 9740 One may well
 For it is layd with dede bodies see where he
 Thikkere than trees ar set In ris. fought: there
 ¶ He makes a-boute him roume & way. are heaps of
 Achilles wot not what to say, 9744 dead bodies.
 Offte hath he that day him met,
 But he myzt neuere his proues bet,
 Ne he durst not for ferd of gyle
 Dele with him that ilke whyle, 9748
 And if he scholde not haue grace,
 To parte with him out of that place.
THe Gregeis saw this fare was nouzt
 A-zeyn the dedis that Ector wrouzt, 9752 The Greeks
 Thei myzt not y-wis lenger endure, despair,
 Thei swalt almost In her Armure ;

¹ MS. *alto batered*.

¶ *Hic Greci ffugerunt.*

The Greeks flee ;	Thei fled euerychon, and that was best,— [lf. 144, bk.]	
	The sonne was drawen to his rest,	9756
	And that was fair to here be-houe,—	
	For thei hadde elles euel proue.	
	The Gregeis fled with michel hast ;	
	Wo was hem that was the last,—	9760
Hector follows and slays them.	Ector sclow hem In that chace.	
	Men myȝt folwe hem by the trace	
	Off dede bodyes he lefft ligande,	
	The Gregeis he sclow fleande.	9764
He drives Achilles back to his camp	¶ Achilles was not then the laste,	
	That he were then he hyed faste ;	
	And Ector faste afftir him prikes,	
	He drof him home vn-to his dikes	9768
and then returnsto Troy	And turned a-ȝeyn—for it was nyȝt,—	
	He fauȝt lenger than he hadde syȝt :	
with his prisoners.	He rod to Troye with his prisonnes	
	And lefft hem In her pauylonnes.	9772
Priamus re- ceives him	E ctor is to Troy riden,	
	Priamus him hath abiden.	
	Off his mete and his sopere,	
	Thei are now set to-geder In-fere,	9776
	Thei are wel serued with many metis,	
	With murthe & play thei sitte In setis :	
with much joy, and so do the other Trojans.	His fader him makes mochel loye,	
He blesses Hector, and so do all the other lords and ladies.	And so did alle that were In Troye.	9780
	¶ The fader blessed offte his sone ;	
	He hadde ther many a benysone	
	Off lordis faire & fre ladyse,	
	Of knyȝtes kene and men of pryse.	9784
	For ther died mo at that semble,	
	That Ector sclow at that Iorne	
	With his hand—as thei seyde alle—	9787
	Then alle that euere fre and thralle.	

So fele

So fele men died then In o day	[lf. 145.]	9789	
Off no mannes hond—I dar wel say—			
In hard batayle that Armed were,			
As Ector sclow with his hand there ;—		9792	
He was wel serued, honourd & kepe.			
When thei hadde souped, thei wente to slepe			After supper
And rest hem, til the sonne vp rose :			they go to bed,
Eche man then to arme him gose,		9796	and early next
¶ Thei toke her horses & here a-tyre			morning pre-
With swerdes gode aboute here swire,			pare for a new
And ryden forth vpon a res.			battle.
ȝit wol thai not be In pes,		9800	
Ten thousand schal her lyff for-sake,			
Er thei thenke reste to take.			
N OW haue thei taken the feld bothe,			The battle
Ful Irrous & Inly wrothe.		9804	begins.
Thei are now ¹ to-geder met,			
Her speres ar broken, and arwes schet,			
Thei drowe her swordes of here scauberkes,			
Ther cleue scheldes & hauberkes,		9808	
The riche armure thei al to-kerue ;			
Ther schal a thousand er euen sterue :			
Echon other al to-drawes,			
Thei cutte In-two bothe lyuer & mawes,		9812	The several
¶ Hand & hede, lunge & mylte ;			wounds are
Many a gode man was ther spilte.			described.
Whil thei hadde day & myȝt out se,			
Wolde thei neuere In pes be.		9816	
Thei fauȝt thus clene dayes twelue,			They fight full
Til thei hadde nede here dede men delue,			12 days.
And thei of Grece mouth not ordayn			
To fyght for-sothe no more sustayn ;		9820	
So were thei ouercomen & taken			
And with Ector holden waken ² ,			
	T	[j]	

¹ MS. *not*. ² At the foot of the page are some scribblings upside down.

The Greeks are wearied out by fighting and the great heat.	That thei most rest or elles dye.	[lf. 145, bk.] 9823
	It was past afftir the Maye,	9824
	The weder was hot, the sonne schon,	
	The Gregeis made ther-fore gret mone :	
	For thorow flight and the hete	
	Many on lefft that day the swete.	9828
After 12 days' fight,	T Welff dayes fau3t thei to-geder	
	With-uten rest In that hote weder ;	
	Be-twene hem died many a lord,	
	Whil thei were at that discord ;	9832
	Many a lord on ayther syde	
	Were ded In tho twelue dayes tyde.	
	The Gregeis my3t fyght no more,	
	Thei asked trewes with sikyng sore,	9836
they ask for a 30 days' truce	¶ Off xxx ^{ti} dayes thei faire be-sou3t,	
to bury their dead.	Til the dede were In the erthe brou3t,	
	And til that hete were al doun ;	
	For elles hadde thei ben ded echoun :	9840
	So gret was thanne the hete In feld,	
	Thei my3t not lyue In tent & teld	
	That wounded were or hurtyng hadde.	
Oh, Priamus, how mad you were to grant the truce so lightly! All the Greeks would have been killed if you had finished that battle.	A, Priamus! that thow was madde,	9844
	When thow the trewes so ly3tly graunted!	
	For haddes thow thenne that batayle haunted,	
	Thei schulde haue died with gret vilte,	
	With swerd at that gret mortalite!	9848
	¶ But ffortune was thi foo mortel	
	And schop thi wo perpetuel ;	
	And for sche wolde thi blysse were doun,	
	Sche made the graunte the trewes soun.	9852
	For sicur I wot with-uten drede :	
	The formast day the trewes out 3ede,	
	That thei to-geder In feld were met,	
	Her blis & Ioye for euere was let.	9856

¶ *Hic Priamus concedit pacem xxx. dies.*

Priamus hath graunted the trewe: [lf. 146.] 9857 Priamus grants the truce. The Greeks are very glad,
The Gregeis maken murthe & glewe,
Thei were neuere of trewe so blythe;

Thei thanked her god fele sithe, 9860 thank their gods,
For thei saued hem by her pauste

Fro that gret mortalite;

Thei maken to him gret offering

With many broche & many ryng, 9864

And thanked hem of here dede,

For thei wende eft better spede.

¶ Thei were ful fayn thei were at rest,

For thei ther-of hadde mychel brest, 9868

Thei heled her woundes lesse & more,

That woundes haue or any sore.

and heal their wounds.

So were thei hole or thritti day,

For thenne was the grette hete away,

9872 After the 30 days, they are strong enough for a new battle.

And thei were styff & stout

To renne & ride al a-bout,

And do al thyng that mister was,

Thei dredde not the Troyens a gras. 9876

¶ Thritti dayes are now ful-filled,

Alas! noble Troye, thow schalt be spilled,

Alas, noble Troy!

Thrawen doun & ligge al wast,

For thow schalt lese thi lord In hast!

9880

This is the day of thin vnwyn,

Alle may wepe that the ben In,

this is the day of thy misfortune!

Kyng and quene that to the longe;

Wele may thow wepe & leue thi songe!

9884

Alle Troiens may say: weylaway!

That euere come this Ilke day!

¶ Alas thi chambres & thi boures,

Thi faire haft and thi toures,

9888

Thi semely ȝates & thi faire walles,

And alle thi craftly corven balles!

T ij

¶ *Lamentacio super Troianos.*

Fair Ilion, thou must fall!	¶ Fair Ilyon that stondes so hye, So lowe as thow schalt sone lye! Suche a Cite was neuere non wrouzt, Al schal sone turne to nouzt; But thow may say as gode Iob sayde, When he with sorwe was be-layde: He cursed the day that he was borne For wo that was leyd him be-forne, He bad it turne to derknes And euere be as thesternes.	[lf. 146, bk.] 9891 9892
Thou oughtest to curse the day in which thou wast born, as Job did,	¶ And so may thow that day banne, That the batayle furst be-ganne, Afftir the trewes was y-past: Alas, that ne hit hadde lenger last For Troye that was wel mayntened! Hadde he that day him abstened, He scholde haue ben conquerour Off his enemys with gret honour!	9896 9900
and the day on which battle began again after this truce.	¶ Riamus, this is the day That thow schalt lese thi noblay, Thi mayntenaunce and thi defence, Thyn honour & thi reuerence! This day thow leses thi seygnorie, For gode Ector this day schal dye, That the defended and thi kynrede, Thi landes & thi manhede.	9904 9908
Priamus, on this day thou shalt lose thy honour and all,	¶ Now artow lord of thi landis, Many a duk byfore the standis, The hodes offe ¹ & bare the heued,— Sone schal it fro the be reued! That now bene thyne be trouthe y-plyzt, Schal lete of the wel sone ful lyzt! The auzt euere to curse that day, That fals god now the helpe ne may;	9912 9916
for Hector shall die!		
Thou oughtest to curse this day, when thy false gods did not help thee.		9920 9924

At this nede may he not helpe	[lf. 147.]	9925	
No more then may a dogge whelpe ¹ .			
Mochel sorwe was the toward,			Much sorrow
When thei of Troye ride out-ward ;		9928	was to come
And so was also thi faire wyff,			on thee,
Wherfore scho afftir lase hir lyff ;			Priamus,
And Pollexene with-oute[n] gilt			when thy
Afftirward therfore was spilt.		9932	Trojans now
¶ A, dou3ti Troyle, at euery a dede,			rode out, and
Vn-to that day that thow take hede !			on Hectuba,
What harme that day to the be-felle !			too, and on
Thow may telle of thi tenselle,		9936	Pollexena,
And say, if thow be ri3t be halwed,			who lost their
Alas, that euere that day be-dawed—			lives.
For to lese that the was leue & dere !			Alas, Troylus !
For if he hadde lyued thre 3ere,		9940	He would have
Thow haddest ben kyng of many a land			become king
Thorow strengthe of thi brother hand ;			of many lands,
For whan he died, 3e died alle ;			if Hector had
Suche hap was to 3ow be-falle.		9944	not died.
A llas, lady dame Andromede,			For Andro-
This is the day that thow may drede,			mede this is
This is the day of thi gret wo,			the worst of
For thow schal now thi lord for-go !		9948	days,
Thow schal lese the worthiest kny3t			for she will
That euere was wedded to any wy3t ;			lose that
For hadde he lyued, thow hadde be quene			worthiest
Off many a land—& that was sene,—		9952	knight, her
Thow haddest ben quene of Troye & dame.			husband.
But now schal it turne al to schame,			
For thow scha[1]t falle In suche maystry,			
That the schal lede In vylony,		9956	
In slaunder and In foule schendyng,			
Al thi lyff to thyn endyng.			

T iij

¹ MS. *welpe*.

294 *The Poet ends his Lamentations on the Misfortune of Troy.*

Alas, ye knights,	Knyȝtes kene that ben of Troye,	[lf. 147, bk.]	9959
	Now make murthe and mochel Ioye;		9960
now ye are bold for Hector's sake;	¶ Alle Are ȝe bold for Ector sake,		
	Gret is the murthe that ȝe may make,		
	ȝe drede no leuyng creature,		
	So ar ȝe sicur of him & sure.		9964
but ye will soon	But ȝit schal ȝe, or sonne go doun,		
	Alle that are In feld & toun		
curse the day of your birth!	Sey "alas!" for sorwe & care,		
	"That day that euere ȝoure moder ȝow bare!"		9968
Oh, citizens of Troy,	A Curteis Citeseyns,		
	Trewe & triste gode Troiens,		
	Herde I neuere of no burgeis		
	That were so hende & so curteis.		9972
	Alas! me rewes ȝoure destene,—		
you were so liberal, and gentle, and courteous;	That were of ȝoure ȝiffes so fre,		
	Off noble blod & genterye,		
	Off gret manhede & curtesye,—		9976
but all this	¶ That ȝoure noblay & ȝoure largesse,		
	ȝoure curtesye & ȝoure richesse		
will turn to nought!	Schal turne to nouȝt, and ȝe also!		
	Fals fortune wol ȝow for-do,		9980
	For deth has sché y-schaped,		
	Sche wil no wyse that he be skaped.		
All of you will die, when Hector is gone!	And he be ded & fro ȝow gon,		
	ȝe ben dede euerychon!		9984
	ȝoure brochis brode & al ȝoure byes		
	That now ligges In ȝoure tyes,		
All your treasures will be given to the Greeks!	¶ ȝoure tresoure & ȝoure florayns		
	Wol sche dele to knyȝtis & swayns		9988
	Off hem of Grece that are ȝoure foos.		
	This is the day that all goos,		
	ȝoure gret noblay & ȝoure seynorye		
	Schal urne to dele & waymentrye.		9992

¶ *Hic Andromeda vxor Ectoris sompniauit de morte ipsius.*

That louely lyff dame Andromede [lf. 148.] 9993

The laste nyȝt the trewes out-ȝede,—

That thei schulde ffight afftir the day,—

By her lord In hir bed sche lay :

9996

A dredful dreme that lady dremed,

On the last
night of the
truce Andro-
mede dreams

That In hir slepe sche cried & scremed.

¶ The while sche was In hir slepe,

Ector ȝaff to hir good kepe,

10000

Sche was sore & sche was dredful,

To wakyn hir it was nedful ;

He waked hir & seide : ' swetyng,

Thow art ful ferd In thi slepyng.

10004

Whi fares thow thus ? what ayles the ?

Whi art thow ferd ? what may this be ?

' Alas ! ' seyde sche, ' my gentil lord !

But thow wil do be myn acord,

10008

Sicurly thow ne art but dede,—

But thow wil do afftir my rede,—

And I am lorn for euere also,

And thi louely children two !

10012

For I am sicur be my dreme,

That I am lorn, and thi barne-teme ;

And thow art ded with-uten fayle,

If thow this day go to batayle.

10016

¶ For I wot be my drem to-nyȝt :

If thow to-morne gos to fyȝt,

With-oute the deth may thow not passe ;

Then may I say for the " alas !

10020

That I was borne ! " for care & sorwe.

Be-leue at hom, my lord, to-morwe

And come not there,—I the be-seche !—

To my prayeres thow be my leche,

10024

Be at home, til al be done !

She prays him
not to leave
her that day.

For goddis loue here my bone ! ' .

T iiij

Hector blames
Andromede :

He bids her
not to believe
in dreams ;

for 'It is silly
to take any
heed of them.'

Hector is very
angry with his
wife's silliness,
and bids her
stop weeping.

But Andro-
mede is full of
sorrow and
tears her hair.

FI a debles¹!' seyde the knyzt, [lf. 148, bk.] 10027
'Thow art drecched with som euel wyzt; 10028

Hit is folȝ and vnsemyng

A man to leue on² fals dremyng :

Offt are men thorow hem be-swiked,

And so was thow, whan thow scryked. 10032

A man that liggis In slepe & dremes,

It is not as hit thenne semes

Off alle that euere he slepande thought ;

When he is wakyng, it is nought. 10036

He is a fole that In hem leues

Or any faith vnto hem ȝeues.

¶ Leue thi wordes & thy wepyng

And holde thi pes, hit was slepyng ! 10040

A thousand dremes men may dreme,

And ȝiff he ȝeue to hem gode ȝeme,

He schal not fynde what on be-menes,

For no-thing falles as it schewes.' 10044

¶ The nyzt is went, the day dawes :

Ector is wroth with his wyues sawes,

His wyues wordes Ector dispises ;

He toke his clothes and vpward rises, 10048

He is wel wroth toward his wiff,

He biddis here vpon hir lyff

"Hir wepyng leue, hir wordes holde,

That sche no more be so bolde 10052

To crye ne wepe ne tales telle

Off thynges that is not worth a schelle."

¶ Gret is the sorwe that sche makes,

Sche wrynges hir hondes, hir hede schakes, 10056

As wyght that was *with* wo y-wounden

And In bales was sche bounden ;

Sche drow hir heer & scratte hir face,

Sche weped & cried and seyde "alace ! 10060

¹ MS. *b*, distinctly, not *v*; cf. l. 10746.

² MS. *or*.

- That euere schuld sche abide the day!" [lf. 149.] 10061
 Sche wente as sche were wod a-way.
- ¶ To Hectuba, his moder, sche ran,—
 As sche hadde ben a wod womman,— 10064
 And to hir suster Pollexene;
 Thei wende that sche wod hadde bene,
 Thei asked "whi that sche so ferde?"
 'For tydandes that I haue herde 10068
 And sene also slepyng to-nyzt,'
 Saide Andromede, that bridde bryzt,
 'A dreme for-sothe that not lyes,
 That thus mechel signifies : 10072
 That, If my lord this day out gange,
 On lyue lyues he not lange;
 If he this day to batayle go,
 His enemys schal or euen him slo. 10076
 A-ȝeyn comes he on lyue no more,
 If he go out—be goddis ore!
- ¶ But thow that bare him of thi sidis
 And has for-don the Gregeis pridis— 10080
 Off Chiualrie he is the flour,
 And thi defence & thi socour,
 That saues the & thi housbonde,
 Thi tounes, thi toures, & thi londe, 10084
 Thi sones & alle thi doughtres als,—
 Let him neuere dye of no wyk-hals!
 Make him at hom this day to be,
 That he come not at that semble! 10088
 For be he ded & fro vs went,—
 That we were borne schal vs repent!
- H**ectuba for ferd & drede
 Was ner wod, when Andromede 10092
 These tydandes whan sche hir tolde,
 For sche wiste neuere, how him to holde,

Andromede
runs to Hec-
tuba and
Pollexena,

who ask her
what ails her.

Andromede
relates her
dream,

and addresses
Hectuba:
'Thou who
hast borne
him, make
him not go to
the battle-field
to-day, as he
is the defender
of thee and
thine.'

¶ **Hic Andromeda narrauit Regi & Regine.**

That he come not at that assaut; [lf. 149, bk.] 10095

Sche hadde for him ful mychel aut, 10096

Gret sorwe then made the quene;

And so hadde als dame Pollexene.

Pollexenasays: ¶
'Let us to the
king, and bid
him keep
Hector at
home'

'Go we,' sche sayde, 'to the kyng

And telle we him of this tythyng! 10100

For ther is non that so wel may

Make him to be at home to-day.'

The three
ladies go to
Priamus.

These ladyes thenne fair and fre

To Priamus ȝede then alle thre 10104

And grete the kyng—as thei wel couthe—

With louely wordes of thaire mouthe:

Andromede
relates her
dream to her
father-in-law,

'**H**Erkene, sir,' seyde Andromede,

'Mi louely lord, my dreme thow rede! 10108

As I to-nyȝt by my lord lay,

A litel be-fore the spryng of the day

A wonder drem gan I mete,

That doth me thus to me to wete,— 10112

I se qwat it sygnifie¹,—

And do ther-to som remedie,

To make my lord that he go noght

To that stede that he hath thoght. 10116

and implores
him to keep
Hector at
home.

¶ For sikur! if that he go,

He is lorne, and we also!

Thow schalt [him] neuere with eyen se

Come a-ȝeyn on lyue to the, 10120

For my drem—that is hidous—

Openly be-menes thus:

That if he to-day to batayle ride,

He schal be ded by euen-tyde.' 10124

Priamus, on
hearing this
dream, begins
to weep.

¶ When Priamus that drem hadde herd,

As he schulde dye, for-sothe he ferd;

The water brast out at his eyen,

Him thoght he myȝt for sorwe dyen, 10128

¹ *th* erased after the last word of this line.

- Him thoght his herte gan to breke ; [lf. 150.] 10129 Priamus is full
 He stode longe, or he myght speke, of sorrow ;
 For sorwe & care that he hadde hent,
 When he wiste what the dreame ment. 10132
 'Whether I schal,' he sayde, 'alas !
 Lese my loye & my solas,
 Mi defence & my socour,
 And lede my liff In dishonour, 10136
 In wo, & drede, & paynes strong,
 And alle that euere vn-to me long,
 ¶ Scholde I now lese my gode sone ?
 I schal him helpe, if I cone, 10140 No, I shall try
 That he this day go not to fyght to keep him
 On hors ne fote,—by god al-myght !— from the fight
 That he die neuere for vnhap. to-day ;
 For if he may this on day sckap, 10144
 Wele wot I that he schal schende
 Alle his fos & saue his frende.
 ¶ For may he passe his destane,
 Conquerour then schal he be 10148 for, if he
 Off his fo-men, thei schal hem zelde escapes to-day,
 To him & his and fle the felde.' he will van-
 quish all his
 Toes by-and-by.'
THe sonne be-gynnes on hye to schyne,
 Troiens ar alle set to dyne, 10152 When the sun
 Thei ben serued with many a coupe ; rises,
 Euel schal thei or euen droupe,
 For thei schal se or euen ded
 The beste body that euere ete bred. 10156
 ¶ Ector ordeynes his batayles alle,
 He biddis hem Troyle to him calle ; Hector arrays
 And he come to him faste ridande, his battalions.
 With helme on hed & spere In hande, 10160
 Armed wel In iren wede.
 Ector bad that he scholde lede

¶ *Hic incipit Bellum in quo Ector Interfectus fuit.*

The leaders of
the nine Tro-
jan battalions
are: (1) Troylus,
(2) Paris,

The formast warde, the furste eschele, [lf. 150, bk.] 10163
And come a-ȝeyn with Ioye and hele. 10164

(3) Eneas,

¶ He called to him Paris, his brother,
And bad that he scholde lede that other.

Afftir that he called Eueas,—
And he come a ful gode pas,— 10168

(4) Polimodas,

He seis: 'Eueas, I the bidde
That thow lede the batayle thridde;
And thow the ferthe, Polydomas,
To helpe him when he nede has.' 10172

(5) Sarpedon,

¶ The fifthe batayle Ector be-tauȝt—
With alle the men that he ther auȝt—
To Sarpedoun, that douȝti kyng,
And other mo In his ledyng. 10176

(6) Episcropus.
[The (7) is left
out altogether.]

¶ The sixte ledde kyng Episcropus,
A noble kyng and curtayus,
With many a douȝti bachelér.
Ector bad hem come him ner 10180

(8) Forcius,

A douȝti kyng with visage grym.
The eyght batayle be-tauȝt he him:
He hete Forcius—I vnderstande,—
He bad him lede the ward eyghtande. 10184

(9) Philomene.

¶ The ix. batayle—as I wene—
Be-tauȝt Ector to Philomene¹.
A douȝti kyng of gret pouste,
Hardi of hert and gret bounte, 10188
And other kynges that comen wore
In help of Troye, that were thore.

Priamus gives
them leave
to go.

PRyamus the kyng [hem] seygned,
When Ector hadde hem thus ordeyned; 10192
He ȝaff echon to that batayle
Leue to wende, her fos to assayle;
For thei of Grece were comen be than
With-oute her diches, eueryche man, 10196

¹ MS. *Pollexene*.

- And redi dight, & hem abode; [lf. 151.] 10197
 And thei of Troye vnto hem rode.
 But he bad Ector al on hye,
 Heryng alle¹ that were him nye: 10200 *Priamus bids
Hector stay
inside Troy.*
 "That he ne scholde that day armes bere
 No entermete him of that were,
 But be at hom with him that day—
 On his blessing, & say not nay." 10204
 ¶ Lord! so he wex wod wroth *Hector chides
his wife,*
 Toward his wyff, purful & loth!
 When his ffader Priamus
 Be-fore hem Alle hadde bidden him thus: 10208
 Ful vilensly his wyff he chidde
 For that schame that sche him didde;
 But he wold not do his biddyng,
 He bade his men vnto him bryng 10212 *and orders
his armour to
be brought
to him.*
 His hauberioun and his target,
 His Aketoun and his basenet.
 ¶ His men did as he hem bad.
 When Andromede saw hir lord had 10216
 His Armure In hand to Arme him with,
 Sche cried out on kyn & kyth,
 That sche was brouzt In-to this world.
 When Hectuba this word herd, 10220 *Hectuba,*
 ¶ Sche ran thedir as sche were wod
 Be-ffore Ector ther he stod;
 Vpon hir knes tho fel the quene,
 And his suster Pollexene, 10224 *Pollexena,
and Andro-
mede with
both her chil-
dren, fall at
Hector's feet.*
 And Andromede kneled also
 And broght with hir hir childur two:
 That on of hem was 3it so 3ong²
 That he ne coude speke with tong, 10228
 He coude ete no bred of whete,
 He soukede then his moder tete.

¹ MS. *alle*, probably meant for *Alle*.

² MS. *3ong*.

¶ *Hic rogauerunt Ectorem quod non ibat ad prelium illo die.*

¶ The Moder spak to hir child [lf. 151, bk.] 10231

With herte fre & wordes my[l]d : 10232

Hectuba prays
Hector not to
withsay her
wish,

'Sone,' sche seyde, 'loke the be-forn !

I am thi Moder that the hath born ;

Fourty wekes 3ede I with the

With paynes stronge, rewe now on me 10236

For alle that wo & al that pyne

I suffred for the and brether thyne.

With-say not here my beheste,

My comaundement, ne my requeste ! 10240

Vn-Arme the at my prayere,

As thow louest me & thi wyff here !'

but to think
of her and his
wife.Pollexena and
Eleyne pray
him, too, but
all in vain.
Andromede,
on seeing this,**P**ollexene & quene Elayne
Prayed him also,—al was In vayne. 10244

When Andromede saw al that,

How his Moder ther on kneas sat,

Vpon hir kneas sore wepande,

And quene Eleyne loude cryande, 10248

His sustres alle with sore chere,

And [he] wolde hem not here :—

¶ Sche toke the child In her lap

with her child
in her arms,

That was soukyng at her pap, 10252

By-fore his feet fel sche doun

swoons away.

For sorwe & care In a ded sowne.

When she
recovers,

When sche was rysen & sat on kneas :

'This is thi sone that thow here ses,' 10256

Seyde Andromede, '& I thi wiff.

she begs Hec-
tor, for her and
her children's
sake, to stay.

For him that made bothe deth and lyff !

Beleue at hom this day with me

And go not out to this semble ! 10260

¶ And if thin [mod] be now so hard

That thow of me haue no reward,

Rewe opou this 3onge thyng,

Thi sones bothe that I here bryng ! 10264

- That I ne dye neuere ne thei euel ded, [lf. 152.] 10265 Andromede
Ne go so pore to begge oure bred bids Hector to
In straunge land & In exile, save her and
Saue me & hem fro deth vile! her children
10268 from a shame-
And lete vs now thin Armes of take ful death or
For thi louely childer sake! exile.
And leue her-Inne this day alone
That thou this day bere Armes none! ' 10272
¶ The ladies hadde gret pyne, The ladies
The water ran out of here eyzene, weep much;
That it wet that louely lere;
3it wolde he not hir prayeres here. 10276
His wiff wepes with reuful chere,
The teres fallen on hir lere,
Off hir eyen hit rennes out,
Thei wete hir chekes al a-bout, 10280
Sche ffalles offte In ded sownyng:
But he 3aff of hem no thyng,
¶ But Armed him & toke his stede, Andromede
And lep vp sone & fro hem 3ede; swoons several
10284 but Hector
Toward the feld he hyed him faste takes up his
Fro the ladies, that he were paste. arms and goes
off.
WHen Andromede saw hir lord go, Andromede,
Lord god! what hir was wo! in despair,
10288
Sche skrat hir face—as sche were wod— scratches her
Til it was ronnen al on blod, face,
Sche rente hir clothes & hir heer tare;
Mechel sorwe made sche thare, 10292
Sche was almost of hir wit.
The lady thanne hir clothes vp knyht,
¶ Sche ran to kyng Priamus, and rushes to
As sche that was ful angwisus ¹. Priamus.
10296
So was sche blod and al for-scrat, She has go
That kyng ne none that by him sat torn her face

¹ MS. *ful of angwisus*.

- that they don't know her at first. Wiste In erthe what sche was. [lf. 152, bk.] 10299
 When thei hir knew, thei seyde : 'alas!'— 10300
 'What ayles the, my derlyng?'
 To hir seyde *Priamus*, the kyng.
 Before she can speak, she swoons. Er sche myȝt speke, sche swoned ther,
 Alle hadde reuthe aboute hir wer ; 10304
 ¶ Thei were alle so sore *meruayled*,
 What that louely lady ayled.
 Then falling on her knees When sche was rysen, sche sat on knes,
 Hir heer was rent & torne In pes ; 10308
 she says, crying : Sche cried loude and seide alweyes,
 "Sche myght for no thyng be In pes."
 S Sche seyde : 'sir kyng, whi sittes thow here ?
 'Why did you let Hector go to the battle?' Wol thow now lese thi sone dere ? 10312
 Thow scholde haue ȝeuen to him entent !
 For riȝt to batayle he is went ;
 Now is he gon & fforward reden ;
 His stede Armed he is be-striden, 10316
 Vn-to the batayle for to gange ;
 If you delay long, you will never see him again.' Iff thow fro him dwelle out lange,
 That he fro the thedir may wende,
 Thow art for-done, & alle thi frende ; 10320
 ¶ Thow schalt him neuere se more on lyue,
 But thow ouertake him swythe.
 For be it so that he come thore,
 On lyue ne sese thow him no more !' 10324
 Priamus then takes his horse, and gallops after Hector. The kyng anon with-oute abode
 To his hors that he on rode,
 And lepe vp sone with-uten taryng
 And rod afftir him with herte sikyng : 10328
 ¶ He priked his hors on the pament,
 That afftir his feet the fir out glent ;
 For no thyng wolde the kyng abide, 10331
 Or he sey him where he gan ride.

He rode

¶ *Adhuc Magnum bellum.*

He rode and toke him by the rayne,	[lf. 153.]	10333	Priamus takes Hector's horse by the rein,
And pulled his stede wrothely a-3ayne,			
And seyde: 'Ector, thow art to blame!			
I comaunde the In my goddis name,—		10336	and commands him
In him that is so ful of myzt			
And maked bothe day & nyzt,—			
That thow no further go fro me,			
But turne a-3eyn to thi Cite!		10340	to ride back with him.
As thow art treuly my sone,			
In my blessing & benysone!			
E ctor ofte his fader with-sayd,			Hector opposes his father, but is brought by him to the city against his will.
But he his stede to him brayd,		10344	
And brouzt him thanne a-3eyns his wille,			
With his <i>praieres</i> , the Cite tille.			
In the paleys Ector doun lyght,			
But he wolde not him vndyght		10348	Hector does not doff his armour,
¶ Off his armure & his a-tire;			but stays at home full of anger.
He lefft at home with moche ire,			
That he was not at that sauzt.			
The Gregeis with the Troyens fauzt		10352	
With hardi herte and gret reddure:			
Ther was be-twene hem a grisly stoure,			Fight between the Greeks and the Trojans.
Many a knyzt on grounde ther lay,			
And many an hors ther wente a-way,—		10356	
Her guttes trayled on the grounde,—			
That neuere afftir her maystres founde.			
¶ Troylus woundes Gregeis and sles,			Troylus meets Diomedes,
And he by-holdes wel Diomedes,		10360	
He hadde to him wel gret envy:			
He thought to do with him Maystry,—			
That him were leuere then gret catel,—			
That he myght sele him In that batel;		10364	
He hated him for his lemman,			
Cresseida ¹ , that fair womman.			whom he hates for Cressida's sake.

V [j]

¹ *Cress*, possibly by same hand, on erasure.

- He toke a spere stalworth and strong, [lf. 153, bk.] 10367
 To bere doun Troyle a-mong the throng; 10368
- Diomedes and
 Troylus But Troyle saw him come ridande
 And toke a stalworth spere In hande,
 And rode to him with myzt and mayn,
 [And Diomedes him azeyn,]¹ 10372
- unhorse each
 other; That thei fel bothe opou the grene:
 And toke here stedis as knyghtes kene,
 ¶ And bothe her swordis out thei drow
 And ffauzt to-geder long y-now, 10376
 Til thei were stoned hede and brayn.
 That on that other wolde haue sclayn,
 Ne hadde than comen Menelaus
 With al his ost opou Troylus; 10380
 For he come thenne with gret meyne
 And made these knyghtes departye.
 And elles I trowe with-outhe les
 Troyle hadde sclayn Diomedes! 10384
- they would
 have slain one
 another, had
 not Menelaus
 parted them. **M**enelaus is comen doun
 With many knyght and bold baroun:
 When his men with here Ioyned,
 Many a man was ther assoyned 10388
 Off ther lyff ther at her mote,
 That neuere afftirward come to bote.
- He meets
 Meseres, ¶ When Menelaus was In that presse,
 He saw a kyng—het Messeres,— 10392
 He smot that kyng vpon the scheld,
 That he fel doun opou the feld.
 When the Gregeis saw him falle,
 Thei gadered a-boute him alle: 10396
- and unhorses
 him. ¶ Messeres wolde defende his cors,
 But sicurly he hadde no fors;
 Thei made a serkel al a-boute,
 That he myzt not go with-oute. 10400
 Thei toke that kyng a-mong hem a-none
- and take him
 prisoner.

¹ No gap in MS.

And with him gan a-wey gone,	[lf. 154.]	10402	
To lede him to here paულouns			
And put him with ther other prisouns.		10404	
But Troyle by-gan theder to loke			Troylus, on
And say, how thay of Grece him toke:			seeing Meseres
He vowed to god, "he scholde be wo,			led away by
Or thei that kyng with hem lete go."		10408	the Greeks,
¶ He rode thedir with-oute dwellyng			comes to his
And be-lan neuere of men fellyng,			rescue,
Til he hadde take him fro her hondis			
And delyuered him out of his bondis:		10412	and frees him.
The Gregeis saw that thei mowȝt nouȝt			
Lede him a-way, as thei hadde thouȝt:			
Thei thoght his hede of for to strike			The Greeks
And leue him liggand vpon the dike,		10416	would have
¶ But come Troyle, the douȝti knyȝt,			killed him,
And many of hem selow In here fyȝt			if Troylus had
And made that kyng a-way to scape			not come to
For al that ost & alle that frape;		10420	his help.
Then ¹ were Troyens bold and Ioyus.			*
But than come doun Thelamanyus			Thelamonius,
With thre thousand of douȝti knyȝtes,			with 3,000
To helpe Gregeis with al her myȝtes;		10424	knights,
On that side come he doun ridande,			comes to help
Ther Polidomas was ffyghtande.			the Greeks.
¶ Thelamanyus with a spere			He attacks
To Polidomas rode with were		10428	Polidomas,
And bar him doun, er he was war,			and unhorses
And with that Iustus he smot him sar			him.
And threw him doun ouer his hors ers,			
That long afftirward he was the wers.		10432	
He was In poynt tho him to ȝelde,			
But then come Troyle to that felde			But Troylus
And Thelamon myȝtily assayled	V i[j]		comes to his
			rescue.

¹ MS. *But then.*

Troylus
rescues and
rehorses
Polidomas.

And so hertly on him trauayled, [lf. 154, bk.] 10436
That on hors brouzt he Polidomas
Swyfliche as he rather was.

Paris arrays
his archers.

Paris hath his men araied,
His baner is before disp[1]ayed, 10440
He gaderes his men aboute him now

And biddis that thei schal him folowe :

To that assaut wil he now wende,
His men echon her bowes thei bende, 10444
And sette In takel long and brode ;

They go to the
battle-field
and begin
shooting the
Greeks.

To that assaut thei with him rode
And schotte Gregeis & did him skathe.
But Achilles was al to rathe,— 10448

Achilles, with
all his men,
comes against
them

Armed wel & redi dight,—

To come then with many a knyzt :

and slays
many of them.

With al his ost come he doun tho,
The Troiens faste be-gan to slo. 10452

¶ He hem sles & doun hem kest,
Scheldes ryued, & helmes berst ;
His men were euere more him ner
And halp him wel at his mestier : 10456

The Greeks
beat the Tro-
jans so much,

Thei leyd on Troiens strokes large,
And so thei gan hem ouer-charge
With stalworth strokes of her hand,

that they
cannot with-
stand any
longer, and are
put to flight.

That thei myzt no lenger stand. 10460

¶ The Troiens thanne be-gan to fle,
Faste ridande to here Cite,
As faste as thei myght prike ;
Thei spared nother doun ne dike, 10464
Til thei come at here cite zates.

Achilles
pursues them
with his
Myrmidons.

Achilles folwed hem algates
Ouer dales & ouer dounes
With his Gregeis & Murmidounes ; 10468
He selow of hem that tyme gret won,

Thei fled a-way fro him echon. [lf. 155.] 10470

¹ **Hic Achilles occidit Margariton filius [sic!] Regis Troiani.**

THe kynges sone Margariton 10471
Saw he come hem vpon, 10472
And sclow his men—as lyoun bestis
That is for-hungred In wilde forestis;—
He myȝt him no lenger suffer In no wyse
For al the gode that was In prise :
He turned his stede vn-to him son,
To fyght with him was he bon,
He smot vnto him strokes thore
As breame as any bore.

Margariton,
a son of
Priamus,
on seeing
Achilles
chasing and
slaying the
Trojans,

attacks him.

¶ He made Achilles leue his chace,
That he no lenger mordur mace ;
Off his chasyng he him restayed ;
Many a strok ther was payed,
He lent him fele and him qwyȝt ;
But Margaritoun was so hit,
Er he partid fro his handes,
That he fel ded vpon the sandis.
The Troiens made an hidous cri,
When he was ded so sodanly.

Achilles fights
with Margari-
ton,

and kills him.

The douȝti Thelamanyus
To hem of Troye was envious,
He chased the Troiens & thret
And many of hem to grounde bet.

Thelamonius

¶ But Paris harde his men defendis,
Many an arwe he hem sendis ;
But for auȝt that he myȝt do,
And al his ost with also,
Thei were put vnto flyȝt,
Wenkȝt foule, & discomfȝt.

chases the
Trojans,
and beats
many of them
down.

Even Paris
cannot keep
them back :

Thei token the toun with mychel spede—
To saue her lyues for thei hadde nede,—

¶ **Troiani**
fugerunt ².

V iij

they are
vanquished
and put to
flight.

¹ This line in red paint at this very place.

² In one line in MS. ; the sign in blue, the words in red paint.

310 *When Hector sees Margariton dead, he rushes to the Battle-field.*

The Trojans bring the body of Margariton to Ilion,	And brouzt with hem that ded body, [lf. 155, bk.] 10503 And ȝede ther-with by strete & sty, 10504 Til thei come at Ilion And leyde ther doun Margariton Vpon the grounde al bledande :
and bewail his death. When Hector sees his brother slain,	Many on for him was wepande. 10508 E Ctor saw his brother slayn,— And for him wepes knyzt & swayn,— His colour chaunged, his herte ros,
he grows very angry,	For tene Ector he wode gos : 10512 He rolled his eyen as best ramage, As he hadde fallen In a rage ;
and gets his horse.	He lased his helme & toke his stede, ' Tel me,' he sayde, ' who dede that dede ? 10516 ¶ What is he that my brother sclow ? I schal him venge, if I mow !' Thei seide : ' it was sir Achilles That sclow him with-oute les, 10520 And put vs to discomfiture, For we myzt him not endure ; A-ȝeyn him may we make no defence With-oute ȝoure help & ȝoure presence.' 10524
Hector rushes to the battle- field,	¶ Ector thanne with wrothful herte Vpon his hors lepe vp smerte, He strok his stede so with his spores That he lepe ouer lond & forwes ; 10528 He spared no ston ne cause, Til he mette with his meyne.
without taking notice of his fleeing men entering the town.	¶ Right at the ȝatis met he his men, Fleande be twelue & ten ; 10532 To hem wold he speke wordis non, But to his enemys ȝede he alon : His fomen were sone of him dred, And thei wex bold that furst were fled, 10536

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad prelium.*

For whan thei hadde of him a syght, [lf. 156.] 10537 On seeing
Thei were not ferd of kyng ne knyzt. Hector, the
flying Trojans
return.

Ector is of Troye y-went,
He brak his fader comaundement, 10540 Hector breaks
his father's
commands.
He thoght not on his benysoun

That dougti knyzt of gret renoun :
He schal lese his lyff or euen¹-tyde, He will lose his
life this day.
Aȝeyn to Troie schal he not ride. 10544
With his lyff hit rewes me sore,
That he that day come thore!

¶ Allas! that day he hadde no grace
To be at home, as him radde wace ; 10548 Alas! that he
could not flee
his destiny!
But sicurly he myght not fle
On no manere his destane :

His ffader wist not of his wending,
He ȝede ther-fore to his endyng. 10552
He sclow Gregeis and kest hem doun
And droff hem alle out of the toun ;

¶ The rayn fel neuere so thiike on rise
As Ector sclow his enemys ; 10556
Was non so stiff hem among

That he ne sclow hem or doun selong,
That he myzt take or ouer-reche.
Off Margaritoun toke he wreche, 10560 Thus he takes
revenge for
Margariton's
death.
He venged him with dynt of sword,
He sclow that day many a lord.

Alle that feld was vmbesprade
Off dede knyzttes that lay & bledde : 10564

For sicurly he was so wroth,
That wham he hit to dethe he goth ;

¶ Among Gregeis he rayked, treled,
With his swerd that wel was steled, 10568 None may
withstand his
blows.

Was non so strong that him sittis
The strong strokes that he hem hittis.

V iiiij

¹ MS. *euel*.

Achilles keeps
back from
Hector.

He sclow alle tho & feldde ¹ riȝt [lf. 156, bk.] 10571
With dynt of sword that he reche myȝt. 10572

None may
withstand
Hector's
strokes.

¶ Achilles then, that lordly sire,
Wolde not abide *him* In his Ire,
But euere [held] fro him alone,
Euere til Ector were gone. 10576
Hadde he a-biden him In his wratthe,
He scholde haue had an euel batthe,
He scholde haue bathed In his blode.
Was none so strong that him with-stode, 10580
That he ne lay ded vpon the sondes
With stalworth strokes of his hondes.

If a man hadde with him ben
A-mong Troiens, and hadde sen 10584
Alle the meruayles that he wrouȝt,
He wolde euere haue In his thouȝt
Off his endyng and his myschaunce,
And of his foule encombraunce 10588
As he hadde of his lyue.

The Greeks are
driven back to
their tents.

He sclow of hem hundres fyue
And ten ther-to ², er he wolde sese ;
He droff a-ȝeyn-ward alle the prese, 10592
He droff hem alle a-ȝeyn backward
For drede of dethe her tentis toward.

Hector fights
terribly.

Ector fightes vpon that hethe,
Many a man doth he to dethe : 10596
Was non so bold that durst him mete,

That he ne fel down In the strete ;
He deled a-boute him euel knockis,
Her armure ferde as it were frockis. 10600
Al that euere stode In his way
He felde hem down as clottis of clay,
He smot a man som-tyme on-two,
And som-tyme man & hors also ; 10604

¹ MS. *fett do.*

² MS. *ȝer to.*

- He sclow and wounded 3ong and olde, [lf. 157.] 10605
 A3eyn his strok myzt no stel holde.
- ¶ Hit was a wonder for to se, 10608
 What men he sclow at that Iorne ;
 To se the syght hit was delful,
 How euery plud of blod stode ful ¹
 Off men that he ther slees & felles,
 The blod ran doun as water of welles. 10612
- ¶ He barst her mayles and al to-tatred,
 The scheldis of hem he al to-clatred.
 Thei knewe wel sone that it was he,
 And fro his strokes gan [t]he[i] fle ; 10616
 He sclow of hem many a score.
 His men that were y-fled ² be-fore,
 He turned a-3eyn In that assaut,
 And bitterly with hem he faut. 10620
- A** Dou3ti duke, Euripolus,
 An[d] an other, Hastidius,
 He saw how Ector scheldes roff
 And al that ost a-3eyn-ward droff : 10624
 He ffau3t his on a-3eyn alle,
 He sclow her men and made hem falle,
 The blod of men a-boute him flowed.
 Vnto her goddis thei bothe a-vowed 10628
 “ For al his fare he scholde be ³ met,
 And of his dedis he scholde be let.”
- ¶ When these dukes hadde bothe y-sworn,
 With alle her men thei wente be-forn 10632
 And layd opon him strokes faste,
 And al a-boute him thei be-caste.
 But I wot neuere, what it a-vayled ?
 For whan he was with hem assayled, 10636
 He sclow hem bothe In-myddes the ost
 For al here Iangelynge and her bost ;

It is wonderful
to see how
many are killed
by Hector.

His men, who
were fleeing
before, return
to the battle.

Euripolus and
Hastidius, on
seeing Hector
fighting so
fiercely,

swear to
hinder
him from
fighting on.

They attack
him with all
their men,

but are both
slain.

¹ MS. *stodeful*.

² MS. *yfeld*.

³ *b* altered from *h*.

And many an-other moder sone [lf. 157, bk.] 10639
 He brak of bothe the scheltrone : 10640

The troops of
 Hastidius and
 Euripolus are
 put to flight.

Thei fled a-way as thei myzt go,—
 For thei saw he ¹wolde hem ²slo,—
 Thei durst therfore no lenger dwelle,
 But fled fro him—the sothe to telle. 10644

¶ The stoure was gret and perilous,
 The noyse was gret & hidous :
 Troiens were than a-zeyn turned,
 That furst for drede her fomen scorned ; 10648
 Opon her foos zede thei hedelynge
 And wounded sore bothe knyghtes & kynge.

The Trojans
 return and
 attack the
 Greeks.

But thei of Grece Polidomas toke
 And faste a-weyward with him schoke, 10652

The Greeks
 take Polidomas
 prisoner, and
 try to carry
 him off,

¶ Thei wende haue had him prisoner,
 But thei be-fel foule encomber ³
 Off his takyng & his ledyng :
 Thei myzt him not to her tentis bryng, 10656
 As thei wende to haue y-done,
 For Ector come to hem sone.

but Hector
 assails them,

¶ Whan he was war of his takyng,
 He come to him faste schakyng ; 10660
 Among that hepe strok he his stede
 Polidomas that then wolde lede,
 And dalt ther strokes on eche a side
 To his fomen that were vnride. 10664

slays many,

He bar here feet ouer thaire hede,
 Many of hem did he to dede ;
 He sclow that tyme two hundred & mo
 With his hond for-sothe tho. 10668

and puts the
 rest to flight.

Polidomas that thenne led,
 Thei lete him go, and fro him fled.
 He made a-mong hem suche debate,
 That thei were ferd of him & mate ; 10672

¹ MS. *he saw thei.* ² MS. *him.* ³ MS. *encombranser.*
 The scribe first wrote *encombranse*, and then forgot to strike out the *rans*,
 when he altered it to *encomber* ; cf. l. 1617.

Thei lete go quyte Polidomas,	[lf. 158.]	10673	The Greeks are angry at Hector's rescu- ing Polidomas
And seide euerychon that while 'alas !'			
Hem Angered sore, whan he was tan.			
For he was two hundred mennes ban		10676	Hector slays 200 Greeks ;
Or it was passed myd-ouer-none ;			
Hadde him last lyff, he hadde for-done			
The Gregeis alle with-oute lye,			he would have slain all of
But he most nede that day dye ;		10680	them, if he had not to die this same day,
For destane ches his chaunce so,			
That he most nede that day go to,			
That day forsothe, or it were euen—			
As Andromede saw In here sweuen.		10684	as Andromede dreamt.
¶ Herkenes ! as 3e schal here,			Hearken, how he died !
How he died & In what manere :			
For ther byfore long y-gon			
He fau3t with Gregeis many on,		10688	
He fau3t somtyme with ten thousand,			
3it my3t thei not his strokes with-stand ;			No Greek can withstand his strokes ;
Was non so strong on Gregeis side,			
That durst him In his yre a-byde.		10692	
Achilles met neuere with him 3it,			even Achilles is several times wounded by him.
That he ne 3af him an euel fit ;			
For al his my3t & his prowes			
He partied neuere fro him harmles,		10696	
That he ne was wounded & euel dyght			
For all that he was so hardy a knyght.			
E Ctor hath quyt Polidomas			Hector brings Polidomas back to his men, and scolds them.
And brou3t him out of al that cas,		10700	
He rightes his helm & wele amendes,			
And to his meyne he him sendes,			
And askes of hem : " whether that thei slepe,			
Whi thei the lord no better kepe ? "		10704	
¶ He turned him then to hem of Grece			
And hewes her bodies al to pece ;			

	Thei falle afftir him as doth the leues [lf. 158, bk.]	10707
	In wynter-tyme that growes on greues;	10708
	He layde hem doun alle be-dene	
	And made the way of hem ful clene.	
	Ther myzt non stande that he smot;	
The Greeks say, if God will not help them, they will all be undone.	The Gregeis made a sore lot	10712
	And seyde: "but god did bote,	
	Thei were euerychon vndir his fote."	
The Greek duke Leochynes, on seeing Hector kill so many Greeks,	¶ Ther was o Grece an Ameral,	
	That saw how Ector wrouzt bale	10716
	A-mong Gregeis, how he hem zeled,	
	And with his swerd he hem steked :	
	He felde hem doun as hadde ben tres.	
	The duk men cleped Leochynes;	10720
	Him thoght for sorwe his herte bledis,	
	Ful faste to Ector he him spedis	
attacks him,	And stroke him with al his myzt,	
	For he him fond In suche a plyzt	10724
	That he wende for-sothe certayn	
	That he scholde him haue slayn.	
	¶ But hit was noght as he supposed,	
	Thow he were duk & knyzt a-losed,	10728
	Thow he were duk & knyzt a-pert	
	And fond him thenne at discouert :	
and hurts him in the head.	He sclow him not, but hurt him so	
	That helm & coyfe cleue In-two,	10732
	And carf of him bothe heer & hide,	
	And zaff Ector a wounde vnride.	
Hector does not care for the wound,	¶ But Ector stille on his hors sat,	
	That he fel not to grounde with that ;	10736
	But whan he felte that he was smetyn,—	
	As men fynde of him y-wreten,—	
but he grows very angry.	He was so wroth, & wex ner wode,	
	That he of him hadde so rauzt blode :	10740

¶ *Hic Ector occidit leochiden.*

- ¶ Then he smot him vpon the hede, [lf. 159.] 10741 Hector smites
That he ete neuere afftir brede ; Leochynes to
He smot him vpon his croune, death,
That to his hors he cleue him doune ; 10744
He cleue him euen in-two amyddes—
'Go on deblis¹!' he him biddes,
'Ho made the,' he sayde, 'so bold and scorns
To smyte me thus, and not me told?' 10748 him.
- ¶ The duk hade of him suche houselle,
On bothe the sides his hors he felle ;
As he hadde ben a clouen hogge,
The duke hanged as a frogge. 10752
For wratthe & tene that Ector was hirt, Hector makes
Many firo her lyues sterst ; heaps of dead
He made suche hepes of dede bodies bodies.
Off douȝti knyȝtes that were of pris, 10756
That non durst him than a-byde
Ne In his way not ones ryde.
- A**Chilles houes euere atrayn 10760 Achilles
And saw what lordes he hadde sclayn, treacherously
Lordes and knyȝtes In his wodnesse,
Mo then he coude nombre or gesse.
Achilles than In his herte thoght :
"But if Ector were to dethe broght 10764
Hastily with som qweyntyse, considers how
Or scleght, by som skynnes wyse, to slay Hector
The Gregeis scholde neuere day y-se by some
That thei of Troye schuld Maystered be ; 10768 sleight or con-
For no strengthe myȝt a-vayle, trivance,
For nouȝt that he coude assayle."
He ceste therfore In his wit,
How thei myȝt of him be qwit 10772
With som quayntyse that he myȝt do,
That he were the deth sone brouȝt to.

¹ Cf. note to l. 10027, p. 296.

318 *The Greek Duke Polynetes, a Wooer of Achilles' Sister, meets Hector.*

Whilst Achilles is considering the best way to slay Hector,	Many a sleight & many a compas [lf. 159, bk.] 10775 Achilles In his hert cast, 10776 How he myȝt Ector ful-fille His strong compas & alle his wille. Whil Achilles him be-thoght How Ector scholde to dethe be brouȝt, 10780
Hector sees the Greek duke Polynetes slaying many Trojans :	¶ Ector saw a duk ridande Among that prese with sword In hande, He felde Troiens In many stedes, And on her bodies rides & tredes. 10784 The duk was cleped Polynetes, He come thedir for Achilles At him his sustur for to craue, For he wolde hir to his wiff haue ; 10788
he was a wooer of Achilles' sister,	¶ He was a man of moche hauyng, Ther was non richer knyȝt ne kyng A-mong hem alle In that route Then was that duk with-oute doute ; 10792 Fro the ferthest side of Inde Come he thedir, so was he kynde To Achilles for his suster sake, For he wolde hir haue to his make. 10796
and richer than any other knight or king ;	A s he rode thus a-boute r[a]ykande, With hem of Troye thus laykande, He met Ector right In his way ; That Angred him sone—I dar wel say : 10800 Ector saw how that he selow His men of Troye wel y-now, He felde hem doun & hurt hem ofte : He spake to him nother loude ne soffte, 10804
he came from remotest India,	¶ He layd at him with gret dispite, He asked not ones what he hite, But lete a strok to him fle Opon his hed a-bouen his eye ; 10808
When Hector meets him,	
he strikes him over the eye	

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Polyneten.*

He cleue his helm & scheld eke,	[lf. 160.]	10809	and cleaves him down.
He cleue <i>him</i> doun In-to the breke.			
The Gregeis than be-gan to daren,			The Greeks are much
When thei the duk say so faren ;		10812	afraid.
Ther were none armes that him <i>with-stode</i> ,—			
Were thei maked <i>neuere</i> so gode,—			
A- <i>3eyn</i> the strok that he smot,			
That thei [ne brast] a-none fot hot.		10816	
¶ Thei seyde: “he was the deuel of helle,			They curse their destiny,
And thei were foles ther <i>lengur</i> to dwelle,			
A- <i>3eyn</i> <i>him</i> fight <i>lengur</i> to holde ;			
Ne were thei kny ³ tes <i>neuere</i> so bolde”—		10820	
‘He cleues oure men as him-self lykes,			
He kylls oure men & to dethe strikes.’			
Thei seyde: “the deuel of helle pit!			
Out of here land myght thei not flit,		10824	which brought them away from their cosy home to fight against this Hector.
A- <i>3eyn</i> Ector batayle to rayse,			
So wele as thei were alle at ayse			
At home vche-on ¹ In thaire contre ;			
The deuel <i>hem</i> made to passe the se,		10828	
To ligge ther ded vpon the sondes			
I-sclawe ² with the Troyens handes.”			
T Hat ³ duk was clouen In two parties,			
On eyther halff his hors he lyes ;		10832	
Hit was ruthe se how he honged,			
A-boute the sadel the hors <i>him</i> flonged,			
Til he <i>him</i> ouer his sadel cast			
Vndir hors feet at the last.		10836	
¶ To se that duke was it lothely ;			
Achilles loked then wrothely			Achilles
Vpon Ector with-uten les,			
For he hadde sclayn Polynetes.		10840	
He swere “he scholde venge that kny ³ t,			swears to avenge the death of Polynetes.
If his god wolde, <i>with</i> al his my ³ t.”			

¹ on over line, but by the same hand.

³ MS. *W*^{Hat}.

² MS. *I. sclawe.*

Achilles assails Hector.	¶ Achilles than to Ector rennes,—	[lf. 160, bk.]	10843
	As lyoun doth out of her dennes,		10844
	When thei are hungred, afftir bestes		
	That thei se walke In wilde forestes :—		
	He wende haue smeten Ector sore ;		
	But he was hurt, or he come thore,		10848
	For Ector was war of him wel,		
	He wiste his purpos euery del,		
	He wiste wel al that he ment.		
Hector wounds him with a dart in the side.	A darte to him Ector sent,		10852
	And at Achilles he it threw,		
	That he hit wele, he knew ;		
	Thorow his scheld a dart he droff,		
	That scheld and hauberk al to-roff ;		10856
	Thorow his Aketoun & his hide		
	He smot him eueli thorow his side.		
	¶ Achilles saw that he was hurt,		
	Off his purpos was he lurt ;		10860
	He saw he hadde euere the werre,		
	He held his hors & wolde no ferre,		
Achilles goes to his tent,	But rod him to his Paumloun,		
	And kest of helme and aketoun,		10864
	And bond his hed & wel stopped ;		
	His herte for Anger ffaste hopped,		
	That he toke of him suche dispit.		
dresses his wound,	He byndes his woundes & wel dit ¹ ,		10868
	And kest vpon him newe a-tire,		
and returns to the battle.	And rides a-3eyn In mochel Ire		
	And thenkes that he schal Ector selo,		
	Thoow he ther to dethe go,		10872
	A Chilles now his stede be-strides,		
	To fight a-3eyn faste he rides ;		
	His wounde is wel & wisly boundoun,		10875
	He ² take a spere was kyndely groundoun.	{ The spere }	

¹ Cf. note to ll. 2303-4.² MS. *To*.

23/10/2

Though the Editor hoped to have issued his Notes and Glossary with this Part II for 1903, his many duties have not allowed him to prepare them yet. They will therefore appear in Part III; and if the Introduction is not ready in time for that, it will form Part IV.—F. J. F., Jan. 22, 1904.

Achilles prepares a Spear to attack Hector, who fights terribly. 321

The spere was tow & long,	[lf. 161.]	10877	Achilles pre- pares a spear
Gret, & styff, & wonder strong,			
Off two thousand was hit the best,			
For it scholde not on him berst		10880	
By no manere In his strikyng,			
Hit was a spere at his lykyng;			
He thouthte to sle Ector with-al—			to strike Hector with.
Alas the while! for he so schal!		10884	
E ctor rides & raykes a-boute,			Hector rides about, caring for nobody.
Off no man hadde he no doute,			
Off no mannes pride he ne thouzte,			
Off no mannes leuyng told he nouzt,		10888	
To kyng ne knyzt 3aff he no tent;			
That gode body ther-fore was schent,			
He fauzt euere-more In one,			
He leues standyng be-fore him none,		10892	
He is to hem an euel gest,			
He fightes euere with-uten rest:			He fights with- out pause, and slays 2,000 Greeks.
He sclow two thousand, er he be-lan;			
Thei seyde he was non erthely man.		10896	
¶ Ther was a duk of gret astate,			A noble Greek duke coming against him, who has hurt many Trojans,
Azeyn Ector held debate,			
Among Troiens faste he skayred,			
And hurt him sore, & euel hem payed.		10900	
Ector loked toward that duke			
And saw his men of him rebuke,			
He hied him thedur with mychel hast,			
And quyk be-gan him for to cast:		10904	
¶ Ector him droff so with his myzt,			is attacked by Hector
That he defende him ne myzt,			
He 3eld his swerd & his knyff			
And bad Ector saue his lyff.		10908	
And Ector sayde: "he wolde him saue,			and taken prisoner.
But he wolde him prisoner haue."	X j		

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Ectorem.*

Hector is
about to take
his prisoner
out of the
press :

¶ Ector was thanne faste a-boute [lf. 161, bk.] 10911
Off that prece to haue him oute¹; 10912

his sword in
its sheath,
his shield on
his back, he
does not take
notice of any-
thing else.

But men stode so on euery a side,
That he myȝt not out with *him* ride :
To haue him out was he not ethe,
He put his swerd In his schethe, 10916
He kest his scheld on his bak,
To saue the kyng fro alle his pak ;
To other ȝaf he no tent,
But he were with-oute, as he hadde ment. 10920

Achilles keeps
aside,

AChilles held him euere a-rome,
And saw that Ector ȝaff no gome
To no man thenne but for to bryng
Out of that prece that riche kyng : 10924

and seeing
that Hector
has neither
spear nor
sword at hand,

He hadde that tyme no spere In hand
Ther-with to ȝere no man lyuand,
His swerd was put In his skauberke,
He was al bare but his hauberke 10928
On his brest & his stomak,
His scheld was casten on his bak.

¶ Achilles ther-to toke good hede
And thoght, “but he that tyme spede, 10932
That he scholde neuere to dethe him do,
But he myȝt that tyme come ther-to.”

he takes his
spear, steals
unawares
upon Hector,
and runs him
through the
body.

He stroke his stede & helde him faste,
And to[k] his spere that wel wolde laste, 10936
And rod to him, er he were war,
And thorow the bodi he him bar :

¶ Thorow the bodi he him thrist,
Er he were war & er he wyst; 10940
He bar him doun vpon the grounde
Fro his hors with dethes wounde.

ODemon saw Ector was dede,
He saw his blod aboute sprede ; 10944

¹ MS. *sute*.

The deth of him sore he rewed.	[lf. 162.]	10945	Odemon, on seeing Hector dead,
Whan that he saw he not remeued,			
Whan he saw him ligge so In pees,			
He stale be-hynde Achilles		10948	strikes Achilles down with an axe.
And smot him with a pollax sore,			
That of his hors he fel thore :			
He fel ouer his sadel bowe			
And lay In swoun a long throwe.		10952	Achilles swoons. Odemon flees.
And Odemoun flees a-weyward faste,			
Many a dart thei afftir him caste ;			
To the Troyens he gan him spede,			
That was his best, for he hadde nede.		10956	
¶ Thei toke Achilles of that throng,			Achilles is brought to his tent.
That he died not here hors a-mong,			
And layde him soffte vpon his scheld			
And lad him hom to his teld ;		10960	
And he myȝt nother ride ne go,			
So was he sore smyten tho.			
And thei of Troye Ector out drow			The corpse of Hector is taken to Troy.
For drede of hors, with sorwe y-now,		10964	
And lad him hom to his paleis.			
And thus died Ector—as Dares sais.			
¶ That batayle that day thus gan to ende,			Both the armies retire.
Bothe the osten hamward gan wende :		10968	
Thei of Grece with Achilles,			
Ioyful and glad for his res ;			
And thei of Troie with Ector the gode,			
Al ded In his owne blode.		10972	
L Ord, the Ioye that Gregeis made !			The Greeks rejoice,
Thei ete & drank & made him glade			
With pipes & daunces & Iolyffte ;			
Gret Ioye it was her murthe to se.		10976	
Achilles thei dede alle glade,			and try to gladden Achilles.
Mechel murthe thei him made,	X [ij]		

Good physicians and
surgeons take
care of
Achilles's
wounds.

And dight him gode fisiciens, [lf. 162, bk.] 10979
With leche-crafft thes surgiens; 10980
Alle the helpe that thei myght
Thei it dede be day & nyght.
And thonked here godis In that place
That hadde sent hem som grace, 10984
To sele him that hadde hem most anoyed
And her Gregeis so foule distroied.

Hector is now
dead!
The poet's
complaint on
Hector's
death.

NOW is he ded, that gode knyzt,
That no man myzt with-stande In fight! 10988
Now is slay[n] that gode body
That men tolde so moche by!
That was so moche with alle men dred,
Now liggis he ded and for-bled! 10992
In Troie was neuere so gode knyzt born,
As thei of Troie hadde than for-lorn!
A better knyzt of chiualrie
Was neuere born In Asye! 10996
Ne neuere was, ne neuere schal be
A better knyzt In armes than was he!

Death is
addressed
by the poet.
Nobody can
withstand
him.

¶ A dethe! that thow art quaynt!
Thi myght may no man speke ne playnt! 11000
So doughti a knyzt was neuere none
In erthe made of flesch ne bone,
That euere myght stonde of the a brayde,
Whan thow thi hand on him has layde. 11004
Thow art scharp as any bristeles,—
Wo is him that with the wrasteles!
For sicurly he goth the with,
Or thow him brekes lym or lyth, 11008
That he may not a-zeyn vp-rise
For myzt ne strengthe In no wyse;
For he schal dye In this world,—
So did this knyzt, that 3e haue herd. 11012

¶ *Lamentacio Troianorum pro morte Ectoris.*

- Be he neuere so strong ne bold, [lf. 163.] 11013
 He is for-geten & nouzt of told, Everybody
 When he is ded & hennes past; will be for-
 In erthe is none that euere may last. 11016 gotten, when
 he is dead.
Ector is ded & brouzt to Troye, Hector is
 With sore wepyng & no Ioye brought to
 Eche man ouer other cryed; Troy.
 Wiff and man to hem thei hyed, 11020 All come ask-
 To wete what sorwe was. ing 'what is
 Euery man thanne cried 'alas!' the matter?'
 Alle come thedir, 3ong and old,
 That ded bodi to be-hold: 11024
 Oueral then¹ myzt men here
 An² hidous noyse, a delful bere,
 That ther was made of man & wyff,
 Whan thei saw him with-ouen lyff. 11028
 ¶ Ther was many 'weylaway,'
 'Harow,' 'alas,' and 'out ay'—
 "That euere were thei of moder born!
 For now schal thei be schent & lorn, 11032
 Sithe he was ded that hem Alle saued."
 Thei ferde alle as thei hadde raued
 For dele that thei a-boute him made,
 Thei wepe alle and were fade: 11036 All weep and
 Ther was wryngyng of handes, wring their
 When thei herde of that tythandes, hands, when
 For thei sette nouzt by here lyues. they hear the
 sad news.
 ¶ The sorwe was gret among wyues, 11040
 The maydenes wepe with reuful teres,
 Thei rent here clothes and tar her heres;
 The burgeis & the Citeseyns,
 The gentil men of riche Troiens, 11044
 Thei wepe wel sore & gredde,
 Many dayes suche lyff ledde. X iij

¹ MS. *thei*.

² MS. *And*.

The kynges rente here clothes & tare, [lf. 163, bk.] 11047

And cracched her hedes naked & bare; 11048

All the kings
and ladies
bewail Hector.

¶ Alle the kynges that ther ware,
And alle the ladies lasse & mare
That were of Troye¹ with-Inne the toun,
In here Manere made processiou
And brouȝt him to the kynges halle
And leyde him on a clothe of palle
With careful herte & sore wepynge.

11052

When Priamus
gets sight
of his son's
corpse,

Ther was sone a delful metyng 11056

Be-twene the fader and the sone,

Whan he was brouȝte to Ileone;

The fader fel the sone vpon,

And almost wod gan he gon.

11060

he nearly
goes mad,

WHen Priamus saw Ector was ded
And be-spred with blod so red,

His visage was blak & wan,

Suche a sorwe toke he him than

11064

That he lese al his myȝt & fors

And fel on swoun opon the cors:

And lay ther ded al In a swow,

Til men him fro the bodi drow;

11068

And nade thei him drawen a-way,

He hadde mad ther his endyng-day.

and swoons
away.

Nobody can
tell the grief
of Hector's
brothers and
sisters,

¶ Lord! what sorwe [made] Troyle his brother,

Dephebus, & alle these other,

11072

And his sistur Cassandur,

And his² brother Alysandur!

Sicurly thei hadde suche care,

That thei wolde that thei dede ware.

11076

What may I say thanne by the quene,

And by his suster Pollexene?

and of his wife,

By Andromede, that frely fode,

Whan sche saw ded Ector the gode

11080

¹ MS. of *Troye of Troie*.

² MS. *And of his*.

That was hir lord & hir husband,	[lf. 164.]	11081	
The du3htiest kny3t that lyued In land ?			
No man my3t that sorwe telle,			Nobody can describe
Ther-a-boute wol I not dwelle ;		11084	Andromede's sorrow.
But sicurly with-uten doute			
It were longe to be ther-a-boute :			
Ther was neuere erthely creature			
That my3t more sorwe endure,		11088	
For sche hadde as moche wo			
And peynes stronge In herte tho,			
As herte may thenke & tonge speke,			
And hit made nere hir herte breke.		11092	
N OW is he ded—as I tolde ;—			
Men my3t not longe his bodi holde			They were not able to keep
A-boue erthe with-oute sauour,			Hector's body
Thoow he were man of gret honour.		11096	long above earth,
For 3e wot wele—as alle men fynde,—			
Hit is thing a-3eyns man kynde			as is man's fate.
A man to holde saue & sound,			
When he is ded & a-boue ground.		11100	
But not-for-thi kyng Priamus			So Priamus
[Thought] “ wher ¹ hit myght wele be thus,			
Where he myght saue Ector his sone			
Vngraunen with-oute corrupcion.”		11104	
¶ He sente afftir with reuerence			asks his wise men
The maystres of alle the science,			
And alle that couthe of barberie			
Or knew vertu of spicerie ;		11108	
Afftir alle the grametenes,			
Dioletikes and Astronomynes ;			
And asked hem wel curtesly :			
“ Whether thei were alle so sly		11112	whether they can keep
To saue Ector with-oute poudre,			Hector's corpse
With-oute sauour or foule odoure,			without corruption.

X iiij

¹ MS. *Wher*.

¶ *Qualiter faciunt Ectorem quando mortuus fuerat.*

That he were not grauen In the molde." [lf. 164, bk.] IIII5

Thei seyde "thei hoped that thei scholde." IIII6

Thei told a-monges hem consayle,

How thei myzt best this entayle.

The wise men
ask where
the corpse is
to be buried.
'In Apollo's
temple,' says
Priamus.

Thei Asked him "where he scholde ligge ?

Where thei scholde his beryng bigge ?" IIII20

¶ He says "he scholde ligge y-wys

In the temple of Appolynys."

The maystres thanne In-myddis the quere,

Ryght be-fore the hey autere, IIII24

A tabernacle ther thei wrouzte,

A craftly werk, when it was brouzte

Til ende and to perfeccioun.

Clene it was al enviroun, IIII28

¶ Ther werk was al of gold pure,

Ther thei made his sepulture.

Hector's corpse
is set up,

But he was mad, he schold not greue a grot,

He was mad so he myzt not rot, IIII32

Thei held him hole & alle entere

In his colour fair & clere,

as if it were
still alive ;

As he hadde ben a lyues man.

Thei were wise that suche skyl can, IIII36

A dede body that so gan dyght.

As he lyued—til alle mennes sight—

In hide, In hew, In flesch, In fel

so that Hector
sits there
'without
smell.'

Sat Ector ther with-oute smel, IIII40

As I schal say 3ow blyue—

But I schal furst the werk discryue.

THese Maystres and these riche clerkes

That witti were of crafty werkes, IIII44

That this thyng schold vndirtake

And that craft-werk to make,

Off brede [&] lengthe toke thei met,

Measure is
taken for the
tomb

Or it were raysed or vp-set. IIII48

¶ Qualiter faciunt¹ tabernaculum Ectoris.

Above the tabernacle they put a statue of Hector threatening the Greeks with his sword.	Off gold fair, of his gretnesse, Off his entayl and his liknesse, With Ector sword y-drawe In hande The Gregeis alle manassande.	[lf. 165, bk.] 11183 11184
	The ymage was maked at de-vyce : To hem of Grece he turned his vyce As he hadde stonden hem thretand With wrothely loke & fair semblaunt.	11188 .
Many pin-nacles are set on the tabernacle,	¶ Many a proude pight pynacle Stode a-boute that tabernacle ; And many crafft[1]y coruen croket ² Off massi gold that were y-bet Were grauen ther with leues diuerse : Al can I not reherse,—	11192 11196
representing all sorts of leaves of trees,	But ther was corue & semeli schorn The leues of Oke & of hawethorn, The louely leues of the vyne, And many then I can not devyne :	11196 11200
and grapes,	¶ The vyne-braunche with alle here grapes, And many other skynnes Iapes, Many a pomel wel enbosed, Hit was wrought & wel engrosed	11204
and flowers, in relief.	With floures & leues wel en-leued. Now haue I ³ this werk discreued, Off that tabernacle that riche bothe ;	
Now I shall tell of the embalmment :	Now wol I telle 3ow al the sothe, How it was dight wel & fair, That he myght neuere rote ne pair :	11208
	W Hen thei haue maked this al,— This Tabernacle that was rial,—	11212
On the dais they set a golden chair, and in it the corpse of Hector.	Off gold made thei a riche cheyere And sette it In that faire celere, The tabernacle stode hit y-myd, And gode Ector ther-In thei did.	11216

¹ MS. *faciunt*, the stroke over the *u* is erased.² MS. *croked*.³ MS. *I. In*.

Ector sat vpon that dese [lf. 166.] 11217

As he hadde lyued—with-oute les,—

He sat pertly bolde vp-right

As man that hadde ben In his myght ; 11220

So priueli was he ther tyed,

That he toward no syde wryed.

He hadde vpon him his garnement

That he In erthe on lyue [In] went, 11224

In his owne clothes was he clad—

For Priamus the kyng so bad.

BVt herkenes now her ordinaunce :

What was the Maystres puruyaunce, 11228

What was her sleight and her cure,

That thei¹ him saued with-oute blemure

Off flesch or bon, of hyde or hewe,

But held him euere y-liche newe ? 11232

Thei made an hole In his haterel

& set² ther-In a fair vessel

That was ful of riche bayme,—

The some ther-of can I not avme;— 11236

And other thyng ther was with melled,

That was noble & wel smelled.

Hit ran so down to his foreheued,

That no colour him was by-reued ; 11240

For thanne ran it down to his eyen

And saued the liddis and [the] brien³,

And so be-gan him for to lese

Vnto his thrillis of his nese ; 11244

And aftirward faste it sekes,

Til it come down to his chekes,

And kepes his gomes & rennes so lite⁴,

And his tethe makes faire & white, 11248

And al the face with the her

Was hole and sound, whil he sette ther.

Hector is tied to the chair so invisibly, that he seems to be alive.

Hearken now, how the 'masters' manage while embalming the dead body.

They put a vessel with ointment into his neck,

and make it drop over and through the head,—

to the nose,

and the cheeks, and

the gums, and the teeth.

¹ MS. *thei thei*.

² MS. *Y set*.

³ MS. *vrien*, distinctly.

⁴ MS. *solite*.

- That licour ran so to his hals, [lf. 166, bk.] 11251
 To his scholdres and his brest als; 11252
- ¶ Ther is no Ioynt aboute his tharmes,
 The arms It rennes so doun by his Armes,
 And by his hond it so doun wendes,
 and fingers are Til it come at his ffyngur endes. 11256
 preserved, too, And gret ffusoun ther doun rides
 Ful wonderly by bothe his sydes,
 So faste that licour dounward droppes,
 That no thyng his rennyng stoppes, 11260
- and the thighs, Til it were comen In-to his theis
 knees, And so 3ede doun In-to his kneis;
 So it ran wonder schete,
 and feet. Til it come doun to his fete. 11264
- Another oint- ¶ Another vessel thenne ther stode,
 ment is put to Ful of baume ffresche¹ & gode,
 the feet, and And kest vpward his gode reles
 spreads up- And keped him so In flesche & gres. 11268
 ward, That on 3ede vp, that other doun,
 Fro his ffete to the croun;
 When it aboue with that was met,
 Bothe his feet ther-Inne was set. 11272
- Thus the Thei 3aff In him suche odour,
 corpse is kept That he was saff with-oute sauour :
 'without Thus thei him made with here myzt
 savour.' And keped him bothe day & nyzt. 11276
- ¶ When this werk was thus be-went,
 Then they Thei made foure morteres pat euere brent ;
 arrange four Thei brenned nyght, thei brenned day,
 mortars with With-uten sese thei brenned ay. 11280
 ever-burning
 fires. Thei were alle mad of gold schire,
 On hem stode euere a flaume of fire,
 That neyther water of broke ne of bek
 Ne nothyng In erthe thei myzt slek. 11284

¹ MS. *ffresche*.

- Thei made afftir a parclos [lf. 167.] 11285 Through an open gate in the enclosure everybody can see Hector.
- That al a-boute that fair werk gos,
With Gemewes folden on euery a side
That bothe myzt spere and open wyde, 11288
That Ector schewed & seen myzt be
To euery man that him wolde se.
- N** Ow of Ector lete we be,
And of Achilles speke we! 11292
Off that strong knyght—as I sayde,
How Gregeis In his bed him layde;
His woundes greues him so sore,
That al his myzt hath he for-lore; 11296
He may wel euel ete or drynke,
Off merthe ne play may he non thinke.
- ¶ His grete woundes him greues sore,
That he dredde to lyue no more. 11300
The leches him confortes wonder wele
And leues that he lyue schele,
And makes him couere more & more
And by her power heled his sore, 11304
So that he may somdel ete
And haue sauour vnto his mete.
- A** Gamenon the Emperour
Sendes Messanger & corour, 11308
That thei scholde bidde the kynges alle
To ¹ speke with him In his halle,
And alle the lordes grete & smale
To holde a counsel generale. 11312
- ¶ The Messangeres also swythe
Thei fond the lordes glad and blithe
Off Ector and his myschaunce,—
Thei were so fayn of his lyueraunce,— 11316
The Messageres bad alle & some:
“To Agamenon thei scholde come;

Achilles lies in his tent, sorely wounded.

The physicians cure him, make him recover, and heal his wounds.

Agamemnon calls the Grecian kings and dukes to a council.

They are glad of Hector's mischance.

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium.*

Schold non be-leue that corovne beres, [lf. 167, bk.] 11319
 Ne sercle of gold that on hede weres, 11320
 That thei ne schul come to his hale,
 Kyng & duk and Amerale."

Agamemnon
 welcomes the
 Greek lords.

Agamenoun ful hendeli
 Kepis hem alle ful curtaysli, 11324
 And did hem sitte more and lesse,
 Euerychon afftir his state[1]i[ne]sse.

He addresses
 them:

Agamenoun the Emperour
 Spake to him with honour, 11328
 He sette his speche fair & hende

'We ought to
 thank our
 gods for our
 victory, and
 for Hector's
 death:

And seyde: 'lordynges, my dere frende,
 Wel auȝt vs to glorifie
 Oure goddis that ȝeuen vs the Maystrie 11332
 Off oure enemy that we haue sclayn;
 Ther-of we ben alle fayn

without it we
 should never
 have attained
 our end.

And gret worschepe & honour do,
 For elles hadde we neuere comen ther-to, 11336
 ¶ Whil he hadde leued, to oure purpos.

Since Hector
 is dead, who
 defended
 them, we shall
 be able to take
 the Trojans'
 city very soon.

But now may we wel suppos,
 Sithen he is ded that hem defende,
 That thei haue alle theire endyng ende, 11340
 And we schal lordis & maystres be
 Off here godis & here Cite.

For whil he leued, myȝt we not spede,
 So was he douȝti In his dede; 11344
 Vs myȝt no grace for him by-falle,
 For he on vndid vs alle.

¶ We hadde no let but him alone,
 But now is he ded & from vs gone, 11348
 We schal that Cite lyghtly wyne
 And alle that ben hit with-Inne;
 For thei are now of no power
 To kepe hem fro oure daunger, 11352

Sithen he is ded & fro hem went	[lf. 168.]	11353	
That vs al day so foule schent.			
It is to vs wel more a-vauntage			
That he is ded & loken In cage,		11356	It is more advantage to us that Hector is dead, than if we had slain half the Trojans;
Then we hadde slayn In fight felle			
Halff the men that with him dwelle.			
¶ For he sclow mo him-selff alone			for he alone
Then alle that other did euerychone,		11360	slew more of us than all the others did.
And we ben now—I vnderstande—			
Mo then sixti ¹ hundred thousande			
Off Mennes bodies gode and able,			
That ben a-pert and defendable.		11364	
T He dedis of Ector ben wide y-kyd,			
That thei may not wel be hid:			
How fele kynges sclow he of oure			
With his myzt & his vigoure!		11368	How many kings and dukes did Hector slay?
How he sclow In his reuery			He slow
The douyti kyng Prothesaly!			Protheselaus,
¶ Patrodus also, Achilles cosyn,			Patroclus,
In his strengthe sclow he him!		11372	
¶ How sclow he In his gret Ire			
Kyng Mennon, that lordly sire!			Mennon,
We were echon of him a-dred.			
How sclow he the gode kyng Ced!		11376	Ced(ius),
So did he kyng Polenete.			Polynetes,
He fond no man that to him was mete.			
He sclow also kyng Alphynor,			Alpenor,
And so he did kyng Prouenor		11380	Procenor,
That was a kyng of gret genterie,			
Off douytines and chualrie.			
¶ How sclow he with his force			
The myghti kyng of douyti Corce!		11384	the King of Corce,
He died with dynt: so he gart			
The noble kyng Pilozenart.			Pilogenart,

¹ *ti* over the line, inserted by another hand.

Yside,	¶ He sclow also the kyng Yside.	[lf. 168, bk.]	11387
	No man durst him a-byde.		11388
	He did also to dethe sone		
Letabone,	The douȝti kyng Letabone.		
Humere,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Humere ?		
	I wist neuere man that was his pere.		11392
Archilogus,	¶ He sclow oure kyng Archilogus,		
Episcropus,	And the kyng also Episcropus ;		
Archomene,	And so he did kyng Archomene,		
Palymene,	And the hardy kyng Palymene.		11396
Antipe,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Antipe ?		
Sanxipe,	And so he did kyng Sanxipe.		
	¶ He did vs moche sorwe and tene :		
Philoxene,	He sclow the gode kyng Philoxene ;		11400
	He smot to dethe vndir his fete		
Polibete,	The noble kyng Polibete,		
Phiebete,	Kyng Phiebete, and kyng Leankes,		
Leankes,	Alle he sclow oure gret vnthankes,		11404
	He smot her bodyes euen In-two ;		
	So did he other mo also.		
	We auȝt wele his.bodi wary !		
Fume, Dary, and many others.	¶ He sclow kyng Fume & kyng Dary,		11408
	And Many duk and Amerelles ;		
	He sclow oure lordes & robbed oure halles,		
	And bar a-vey coffre & chest.		
Blest be he who slew Hec- tor ! Now he is dead,	He that him sclow mot be blest !		11412
	For now—I hope—he is ded		
	That did vs schame and qued,		
	That oure men so foule sclow,		
we can master all the others.	And we hem alle schal Maystre now		11416
	With-Inne a while at oure wille.		
Hearken to my plan !	But herkenes now ! this is my skylle :		
	¶ Thoow it be so that he be slayn,		
	Hap of ffyght is no certayn ;	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; display: inline-block;">No ma¹</div>	11420

¹ n is struck out after *ma*.

- ¶ No man wot how it schal schape, [lf. 169.] 11421 Nobody knows
 Who schal dye & who schal skape. the future.
- Wherfore I say : sithe it so is
 That by Achilles douȝtines 11424 So, as by
 "brought to
 our above,"
- We are now brouȝt to oure aboue,
 Me thinke it were to oure behoue
 That we In feld fight no more,
 Vn-til Achilles heled wore ; 11428 I think we
 should not be-
 gin fighting
 again till
 Achilles is
 healed,
- For we ar noght alle sure & sekir
 With-oute him to wynne this bekir.
 With-oute him & his pouste
 In certayn hope we may not be 11432
 To haue of hem the victorie,
 Thoow thei for Ector be sorie.
- ¶ Wherfore this is my menyng :
 That it were good, at my wetyng, 11436
 That we sende by kyng or knyȝt
 To Priamus, to aske respit,
 That we .viij. wekes the pees may haunte,
 If thei the trewes so longe wol graunte, 11440
 And the dedes were enseled.
 By than may Achilles be heled,
 And we may make oure-self clene
 Off sore woundes that doth vs tene.' 11444
- W**Hen Agamenoun thus hadde sayd,
 The lordis were alle wel a-payd :
 Thei held his conseyll good & lele,
 To haue the pees til he hadde hele ; 11448
 Thei held it alle wel y-do,
 Thei graunted echon his conseyll to ;
 This lordes alle ȝaue ther assent
 To his counseyll & Iugement : 11452
 That with-oute him and his absence
 Wold thei not fight in ther presence. yj

and we
 should ask
 Priamus for a
 truce of eight
 weeks.'

All the lords
 agree and
 assent to
 Agamemnon's
 advice.

¶ *Hic Greci pecierunt pacem Troianorum*¹ *per .viij. septimanas.*

The messengers prepare for their ride to Troy.	¶ The messageres were rapely dyght Open her erande to wende right, Thei busked hem & maked ȝare Opon her erande for to fare: Riche robes on hem are done, Thei toke her hors & ȝede sone— As kynges gode, kene, and wraske— The treus of hem of Troye to aske.	[lf. 169, bk.] 11455 11456
They are let into that city, and tell Priamus	¶ When thei were comen to her Cite, In forme of pes thei asked entre; Thei fond no man that hem werned. To Priamus told thei that erand:	11464
that they want a respite of two months,	“Two Monthes to haue [respit] ent[e]re ² — For thei were comen as Messangere— Pees & trues, that thei myȝt reste; For thei ther-of hadde gret breste, For thei myȝt not the stenche sustayn Off dede bodies that were ther selayn; Thei wolde haue space ther bodyes brenne.” Priamus the treus graunt thenne By assent of his consayl;	11468
to burn their dead, Priamus,	Thei hadde no wil to haue batayl So sone afftir his sones ded; For he was heuyer then the led, For Ector was so selayn him fro, That he sayde not to hem ones ‘no.’	11472
not wishing to have a battle so soon after his son's death, grants the truce.	Thei hadde no wil to haue batayl So sone afftir his sones ded; For he was heuyer then the led, For Ector was so selayn him fro, That he sayde not to hem ones ‘no.’	11476
The messengers return very glad,	T Hese Messageres haue sone y-sped, Off no man ³ ar thei now a-dred; Thei ride hamward muri siggande ⁴ And tolde her men of this tydande: “How thei haue graunted thair grithe To be In pes two monethe.”	11480
and all the Greeks are joyful.	Thei were alle glad of her sawes, Thei ȝaff hem alle to gamen & playes.	11484
		11488

¹ MS. *Troian*.² MS. . . . to haue entre; entre from l. 11464.³ MS. *noman*.⁴ MS. *siggande*.

¶ *Hic Palamides Rex iratus fuit cum Imperatore*¹.

Saue the kyng Palamides— [lf. 170.] 11489

He was neuere no tyme In pes,

He playned him of his Emperour

That was her alther *gouernour*, 11492

And seyde: "he was not worthi

To haue of hem suche seruageri;

Ther were other better then he

To haue forsothe that dignite." 11496

¶ Vpon a day it so befel:

Agamenoun—the sothe to tel—

Hadde sent afftir the lordes alle

"Thei scholde come In-to his halle"; 11500

And as thei sete at most spekyng

"How thei scholde to ende bryng

Ther *purpos* & her gode espleyt,"

Palamides be-thouȝt him streyt 11504

To put him out of his office:

And ther-of did he as the vn-wyse.

¶ Hit was aȝeyn his genterie

To haue to him so foule envye 11508

With-oute disert² or any mysdede;

But not-for-thi so longe he ȝede:

At the laste was he remeued,

And another mad & newed. 11512

Palamydes as he sat there,

Off his spekyng coude blynne neuere,

To Agamenoun offte he flote

And made to him wordes hote; 11516

He seyde: "it was a-ȝeyn resoun

That he hadde ben alle sesoun

So longe vndir his *gouernayle*;

Ther were other that coude more a-vayle 11520

And were more profitable,

For he was not—he sayde—able y ij

Only Palamydes complains of Agamemnon, of whom he is envious, and says he is not worthy.

Agamemnon convokes a council of war.

They deliberate how to bring their purpose to an end.

Palamydes tries to oust Agamemnon from his post.

Palamydes scolds Agamemnon,

and says it is against reason to have always the same Emperor; there are others fitter for the place.

¹ The sign in blue, the words in red.

² MS. *dishert*.

Suche a state to reioye." [lf. 170, bk.] 11523

Agamenoun sat wel stille & coye, 11524

When he hadde sayd his gret gole;

Agamenoun ful entempre

Answered him soburly,—

For he was euere wis & sly,— 11528

¶ He seyde: 'Palamides,

I haue gret wondir thow can not sese

Off thi wordes & thi carpyng,

Whan we be thus In oure gaderyng. 11532

Hopes thow, sire, I haue desire

To be ouer 3ow other lord or sire?

Nay certes, I desire it not!

Ne neuere with word ther-fore be-souzt 11536

To kyng ne knyzt, sir, by my thrift!—

Ne neuere ther-fore 3it 3aff 3ift.

¶ For I hadde neuere vauntage ther-In,

But gret trauayle & mychel vn-wyn, 11540

And of my body mychel vnrest

To ordayne 3ow wel, & kest

That alle thes folk were saueli led,

And how we myzt sonnest be sped. 11544

I was chosen by comune assent,

By playn counseyl In parlement

Off alle the lordes that ther were,

Saue 3e alone that was not there. 11548

¶ We hadde ben 3it In Athenes,

Hadde we not a-biden the, Palamydes;

For we dwelled ther two 3er and more,

Or thow to vs comen wore. 11552

I hadde ther-fore not thin acord,

When I was chosen 3oure Aleres lord;

For thow was not tho present,

But afftir longe fro vs absent. 11556

Agamemnon
full soberly
answers
Palamydes:

'I wonder why
you can't cease
your scolding.

I don't desire
to be your
leader,

for I had
nothing but
troubles from
this post;

but I was
chosen by
general assent
two years
before you met
us at Athens.

- ¶ But, Palamydes, thow myȝt not say [lf. 171.] 11557 You can't say that anything has gone wrong through misleading.
- That euere fel vs by nyȝt or day
—I thanked it god—oure spedying
By myn vn-wit or mysledying; 11560
And also I am redi now & ay,
For-whi it be,—ȝow to pay—
Off myn office to be deposed,
For I wold not ȝe supposed 11564
No pride In me—nother sibbe ne frende,—
I wold fayn of this office wende.
And chese another—where ȝe lyke—
To haue my state—by heuene ryke!— 11568
And I wol be vndir his byddyng
As other kynges of this gaderyng.'
- T**Hese lordes were alle gretly dered,
Ther was non that answered; 11572
But bad hem: "be In pees bothe,
For thei wold not that thei were wrothe";
Thei bad hem alle: "thei scholde not greue,"
And ros vp alle and toke here leue; 11576
Thei wente alle hamward¹ sone,
Off that was ther no more to done.
But sone aȝeyn euen-tyde
Agamenoun wold not abyde, 11580
¶ Thorow alle that ost he did him crye:
"That eche a man,—bothe lowe and hye,
Kyng & duk and amerale,
And alle the lordes gret & smale, 11584
And alle that hadde tent or teld,
Or any that was knyȝt of any scheld,—
Schuld be at morwe next folwande,—
When it was day, the sonne schynande,— 11588
At Agamenoun riche tent
To holde a solenne parlement,

But I'm quite ready to go;

and then you can choose another commander.'

All the lords are angry,

and bid the disputants be at peace.

They go to their tents.

But in the evening Agamemnon summons them

to another meeting next morning.

y iij

¹ MS. *hamward*.

Off certayn thynges to entrete; [lf. 171, bk.] 11591

And that thei scholde on no wise lete, 11592

For thei most nede hit alle I-here—

Kyng, duk, & bachelere,

And that were of that ost

Bothe the leste & the most." 11596

Next morning
the Greek
lords meet
in Agamem-
non's tent.

THe day is comen, the nyght is gon;

The lordes arysen euerychon,

To Agamenoun Ar thei went,

To wete whi he afftir hem sent. 11600

When thei were comen & set doun alle

By Agamenoun In his halle,

He says:

'As Palamydes
is angry with
my leadership,

¶ Agamenoun to hem sayde

"Off Palamydes and his vpbrayde, 11604

That be-gan so vpon him playne

That he was made her souerayne,"—

'And is ful wroth with my persone

and my royal
election,

And for my rial eleccione, 11608

And says "that I can not 3ow lede."

I bid you
choose him or
any other;

That dignite ther-fore I bede

I'll gladly give
up this honour.

To him or other, whan 3e wol chese,

For I wol fayn this honour lese. 11612

¶ And not-for-thi, my bretheren¹ dere,

Kynges & dukes that now be here,—

I have borne
this charge all
the time since
you chose me
at Athens,

Sithen we come fro Athenes,

That 3e 3oure souerayne ther me ches, 11616

And come thenne hidur In bote & barge,

Haue I among 3ow born charge

Off alle oure ost & oure meygne

In mechel thoght—and that wot 3e. 11620

¶ Gret besynes of 3oure kepyng

and it cost me
many nights'
sleep.

Hath refft me many nyzt slepyng,

To saue this ost fro perelle,

That scathe ne harm to 3ow non felle. 11624

¹ Altered from *brotheren*.

¶ *Hic Agamenoun mutatur de officio suo. & Palamides electus
est ad officium Imperatoris.*

And yet haue ye so wele be kept, [lf. 172.] 11625 And yet you
Whether that ye woke or slept, have been well
That we ar comen to oure aboue; kept during
my leadership.

¶ Suche a chaunce is fallen to oure byhoue 11628
Vndir me & my ledyng.

But I wol, som other kyng,
Duk, prince, whether thei wil,
Haue now the charge—& that is skyl: 11632
For I haue nede to be In pes.
I wol therfore this state releas
And be with other an vndirlyng,
To haue my reste and my likyng.' 11636

Alle that were there In the halle,
Kynges & dukes and Ameralle, 11640
Drow hem out vpon a rowe
By-side the tent vnder the wowe,
To take her avisement:
Thei haue alle zeuen here Iugement,
That thei wole him remewe
And haue another of hem newe. 11644

The kings
retire from the
tent

and resolve to
remove
Agamemnon,
and appoint
Palamydes.

¶ The Iugement is zeuen & taken:
Agamenoun is for-saken,
He is put out of his office;
Palamydes is chosen y-wys 11648
To be here alther emperour
And here alther comaundour.

¶ This conseil is fully ent,
And euery lord is home went 11652
To here tentis & pauplounes.
Her-of spake the Murmidones
And told this tydynges to Achilles
Off that newe lord Palamydes: 11656
"How he was chosen here alther lord
By the lordis comune acorde."

The parlia-
ment ends;
the lords go
home.

The Myr-
midons tell
Achilles of
Palamydes's
election.

- When Achilles
hears of this,
he is very
angry,
- When Achilles herde this tydandis, [lf. 172, bk.] 11659
Out of his bed sclong he his handes, 11660
As he that was euel payde
Off these tythandis that him were sayde;
His woundes bledde for-sothe & brake.
With so gret herte Achilles spak 11664
To alle that stode aboute his bed,
And seyde: "that this was euel y-red
To make among hem suche a chaunge"—
'Now hope I that alle thei caunge! 11668
¶ For of vs alle—so mot I the!—
Was ther non so wys as he,
Ne non that coude so lede oure ost
With witt and skylle, with-uten bost. 11672
But I wol not be occasioun
To vndo 3oure eleccioun;
Sithe he is chosen, I holde it gode.'
And her eleccioun thus so stode, 11676
And he belefft here Emperour
As he was chosen with honour.
THe two Monthes are past,
Bothe the parties dight hem fast, 11680
Bothe the Troyens and the Grues;
Her day is comen out of her trues.
Kyng Priamus wolde be venged fayn
His sones deth that was sclayn, 11684
He seide: "he wolde him go
To fight that day to venge his fo."
¶ His batayles alle him-self ordeynes,
With his right hond he hem ensaynes 11688
And 3euet hem leue forth to wende;
He prayes hem alle to venge her frende,
Her Prince that was & gouernour,
That som tyme was ther sauyour. 11692
- and says :
- 'None was so
wise as
Agamemnon.
- But I'll not
undo your
election.'
- Thus Pala-
mydes is
Emperor.
When the
truce is ended,
- Priamus—to
avenge
Hector's
death—
- arranges the
Trojan forces,
and blesses
them.

¶ *Hic Incipit bellum.*

Twenti thousandis knyztis fre	[lf. 173.]	11693	20,000 knights are in Pri- amus's battalion.
In his batayle than hadde he,			
I dar right wel & boldely say			
That ȝede to fyȝt with him that day		11696	
An hundrid & ffyfti thousand			
Off myghti men on hors ridand.			
D Ephebus ferst with his batayle			The first Trojan leaders are: Dephebus,
ȝede the Grekys ¹ for to Assayle;		11700	Paris and the king of Persia,
Afttir him ȝede thanne Paris,			
With the kyng of Perce y-wys,			
And alle his men that he loued wele—			
With-outen Iren, with-outen stele,—		11704	
Bowes & arwes the Persays hadde,			(the Persians have bows and arrows,)
Thei wente forth sore a-dradde.			
Priamus lad him-selff the thridde			Priamus,
With xx ^{ti} thousand knyztis him amydde;		11708	
He bad Eueas scholde lede the fourthe			Eneas,
And leue him not for gode In erthe.			
¶ The ffyffthe lad kyng Mennon;			Mennon,
And thus were thei In-sunder gon.		11712	
The sixte lad Polidomas.			Polidomas, and others.
And other lordes, as her wille was,			
Ladd all that other, as he hem bad.			
Thei rode forth with semblaunt sad		11716	
To hem of Grece that thei aȝeyn stand			They meet the Greeks.
Al redy dight with spere In hand			
That thanne abode and here comyng:			
Hit was gret at her metyng.		11720	
¶ Euerychon of hem on other renne,			
Thei ferde as it had ben wod menne,			
Thei thrilled scheldes & speres brast,			A fierce battle follows.
Some were sclayn, & som doun cast		11724	
Opon the grounde & lay flat,			
Thei ȝaff be-twene hem many a sqwat.			

¹ MS. *grekys* on erasure, by another hand.

Hic Priamus. Rex. et Palamides pugnauerunt r̃f.

Priamus gets
sight of the
new Greek
Emperor Pala-
mydes, meets
him, and cuts
him down.

Priamus saw Palamydes [lf. 173, bk.] 11727
The Gregeis to her newe lord ches; 11728
He rod to him with mychel strengthe

And bare him ouer his speres lengthe :

So Priamus bar Palamydes

And bad him reste ther In pes: 11732

Among Gregeis stroke he his stede,

The strongest of hem to grounde 3ede

That he mette with In his gret Ire.

The Gregeis alle be-gan to spire 11736

What he was that him so bare,

Among hem alle that made suche fare :

¶ He sclow hem so & bare hem down,

He wan that day ful gret renoun ; 11740

Moche prise & mochel los

Wan he that day among his fos.

To eche a man his scheld he bedis,

Alle men spake ther of his dedis : 11744

He bare him so at that semble

That alle the los of that iourne ¹

Be-lefft with him of more [&] lesse,

Off his gode dedis and his prowessse. 11748

For Achilles myȝt not ȝit ride,

Therfore at home he most abide ;

But hadde he ben ther with-oute drede,

He wolde haue tauȝt him for to rede 11752

And to synge a sori sang,

Hadde he ben hem among.

for Achilles
may not yet
fight and must
be at home.

Dephebus and
the other
Trojans slay
many Greeks
too.

¶ Dephebus folwes his fader,

He sclow down Gregeis al to-gader ; 11756

And then come Paris with his bowes

And castes men down and ouer-throwes,

With hem of Perce and her Turkes,

And schot Arwes among the Grues. 11760

¹ MS. *isne*.

But thanne come thedir sikerly	[lf. 174.]	11761	Neoptolomus comes up,
The stalworthest man of Grece party,			
¶ Neoptolamus was his name ;			
Kyng Sarpedoun thoght he to lame :		11764	attacks Sarpedon, and bears him down.
He 3aff him certes suche a dynt			
That Sarpedoun his stiropes tynt,			
He made him backward so stoupe			
That he fel ouer his hors croupe.		11768	
But Sarpedoun was not sore hurt,			But Sarpedon starts up
But hastily vpward stirt,			
As wroghe ¹ as he my3t be,			
And smot the kyng vpon the ye,		11772	and cleaves Neoptolomus's nose.
¶ That he cleue his nase In two pese.			
Then come thedur many of Grece			Then many Greeks assail him,
And leyde on him on euery a side ;			
He most nede on fote abyde,		11776	
For he my3t not his hors come to			so that he cannot get to his horse.
For no thyng that he my3t do,			
He was for-sothe In gret perel,			
For ffele Gregeis upon him ffele.		11780	
T He kyng of Perse, when he was war-			The king of Persia rescues Sarpedon's horse from the Greeks.
How Sarpedoun on fote fau3t thar,			
And thei of Grece stode envircoun,—			
With alle his men come he thanne doun,		11784	
And Sarpedoun his hors did take			
For al that euere thei coude make.			
¶ And that saw duk Athenes,			
And the noble kny3t Menescenes,		11788	Menescene
He bad his men him folwe than,			
An hard werre he ther by-gan.			
Menelaus als aboute his hals			and Menelaus join the battle.
Kest his scheld and 3ede doun als,		11792	
And bad that al his retenaunce			
Schold him sewe with spere & launce.			

¹ The e on erasure.

Euery a burne him busked ȝare [lf. 174, bk.] 11795
 To that assaut for to fare, 11796

To that torpel¹ come alle that route
 And be-kest that place aboute :

Menescene
 and Menelaus
 slay the king
 of Persia, and
 drive his men
 back ;

¶ The kyng of Perce stode & fauȝt,
 Thei slow him certes at that assaut, 11800
 And al his men on bak thei schoff,
 And with force aȝeyn hem droff.

and though
 Sarpedon
 withstands
 them,

But Sarpedoun hem with-stode
 The proude Gregeis with hardi mode, 11804

his men are
 driven back
 too,

¶ Him was ful loth thenne to fle,
 Gret meruayle that tyme did he.
 But thei of Grece were so assamed,
 That thei of Troie no-thing gamed : 11808
 Wolde or nolde, on bak thei ȝede,
 For sikerli thei most nede.

Priamus

BVt Priamus, that kyng of age,
 As wood was as a best sauage : 11812
 When his men hadde lorn that place,
 The swot brast out at his face ;
 He rod thedur with-oute dwellyng,
 Ther was noyse & gret ȝellyng. 11816

rides to the
 battle-field

¶ Priamus rod to and fro,
 He thoght on hem to venge his wo ;
 Off slaughtur certis neuere he blynnes,
 He cleues hem down by the chynnes. 11820

and slays
 many Greeks.

But the
 Greeks hold
 their own.

But the Gregeis euere stille stode
 And fauȝt aȝeyn as thei were wode,
 Many of Troie that tyme thei perced,
 And many man to grounde reuersed. 11824

¶ The Gregeis then aboute be-held,
 Ther thei fauȝt In the feld ;
 Thei saw hem fro the toun proloigned,
 And thei with hem so foule regroyned. 11828

¹ MS. *terpel*.

¶ **Magnum Bellum.**

Thei toke conseil hem be-twene,	[lf. 175.]	11829	The Greeks deliberate how to betray the Trojans.
How thei myzt hem traye and tene;			
Thei were be-thoght of sleight & art,			
Thei seyde: "thei wolde here folk depart		11832	
Be-twene the toun & hem to wende,			They try to cut them off from the city;
And so schold thei hem sonest schende."			
Thei rode ouer dale and doune			
To go be-twene hem & the tounne.		11836	
¶ But Priamus fful wel perceued			but Priamus
How thei wolde haue him disceyued,			
With his men scely he turned			turns with his
And that way ful sone he werned.		11840	men and bars the Greeks' way.
With-uten dwellyng or any abode			
With his ffolk he thedur rode,			
Ther thei wolde haue had entre			
Be-twene hem & her Cite.		11844	
He brougt with him gret multitude			
And laide vpon him strokes vnrude;			
He droff hem down a-zeyns her wille,			Hedriues them back against their will.
Maugre her tethe be-twene the hille.		11848	
¶ Gret defence the kyng made hath,			
Thei toke not of him that path;			
The Gregeis wolde the pase haue had.			
The Troiens lente hem strokes sad,		11852	They fight fiercely.
The Gregeis laid on faste ynow,			
Many of Troye ther thei scelow.			
A thousand were with blode be-ronnen,			
For thei that pase wolde haue wonnen;		11856	
Thei defende & thei assayle,			
Ther was be-twene hem a strong batayle.			
B Vt Paris com thanne on trauerse			Paris arrives with his men and the Persians.
With men of Armes and hem of Perse,		11860	
He come thedur with his buschement,			
With bolde bowes redy bent ¹ :			

¹ Some indistinct scribblings at the foot of the page.

Thei come sidelynge & ouer-twert, [lf. 175, bk.] 11863

The Gregeis so foule offte thei hert. 11864

Menelaus joins
the Greeks.

But then come thedur Menelaus,

With alle his folk he come thus :

A great battle,

Gret was the sau3t ther was be-gunnen,

But tho thei lakked lyght of sonne. 11868

Many dede bodies lay ther on grounde

And lite went ther hole & sounde ;

¶ For hadde thei had lyght of sonne,

The Gregeis the pase thenne had wonne. 11872

But thei departed for faute of lyght

And riden home with al her myght ;

The Troiens riden to the toun,

And the Gregeis to ther paunloun. 11876

THe Troiens now her sorwe reherse
For the kynges deth of Perse :

Ther was non that longed to Troie,

Kyng ne kny3t, sqwyer ne boye, 11880

That thei [ne] made gret del & sorwe

Bothe an euen and on morwe.

Was non that made such wayment .

As did Paris verament : 11884

He sorwed day & also nyght,

For he him loued with al his myght.

¶ This was ther-fore Paris rede :

“ To boyle him and put him In lede, 11888

And lede him hom to his contre

With taper & torche & gret rialte,

With gret plente of fele candeles ;

That he myght haue his burieles 11892

And ligge among his antecessoures,

The riche kynges, his predecessoures,

And be ther grauen honorably

By-fore his sones that dwelles ther-by, 11896

which is only
ended by
night.

The Trojans
bewail the
death of the
king of Persia.

Specially does
Paris mourn,
who had loved
him much.

Paris counsels
the embalming
of the king's
corpse, and
sending it to
Persia

for burial.

¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem ad inuicem per magnum tempus.*

In his londis that kynges schal be [lf. 176.] 11897
Afftir him In gret pouste."

Night is comen, & day is gon,
The[i] gon to bedde & slepen euerychon. 11900

Night comes;
all go to bed.

On morwe when it was day lyght, Next morning

The sonne was resen & schon bryght,

Kyng Priamus sente doun his sonde

To alle the Gregeis liggand on the stronde, 11904

Priamus sends
to the Greeks
and demands
a truce, as
Dares says;

To Aske the trues—as Dares sais—

A certeyn tyme to ben In pais.

But it is In his bokes wane

How longe the trues were tane; 11908

but neither
Dares nor
Dites say
for how long
a time.

How long that thei schold holde,

Dites ne Dares non ther tolde.

But thei haue graunt & surte founden¹,

The truce is
granted.

Many a rop was thanne vn-wounden, 11912

Many a cope & many an hode

That were prayسد worthe mechel gode,

Off gold, of silk, and som of say,

For then was Ector put a-way, 11916

As Hector is
dead, the
Greeks will
hold rich
festivals.

That thei scholde holde riche festis—

As I fynde In here gestes.

Now Ector Menyng-day schal be holden:

The funeral of
Hector is being
prepared;

In Troye bene robis riche vnfolden 11920

That were layd vp be-fore the dayes,

With silke y-filed and riche arais,

And other newe lordis did make

For honour of that festis sake. 11924

Thorow the touz was hit done cry:

"That riche & poure, lowe & hy,

That euere longed In-to Troye,

Off ffyftene dayes schuld make no ioie, 11928

it is to last
fifteen days.

But lyue In wepyng & gret sorwe

The .xv. dayes euen & morwe,

¹ This line on erasure, but by the same hand.

With-oute karole, with-oute daunce, [lf. 176, bk.] 11931
 In gode Ector remembraunce." 11932

¶ In his remembraunce & his mynde
 Ther was that heuynesse—as I fynde—
 Off Priamus and of riche kynges
 And of other grete lordynges;— 11936

After the
 fifteen days of
 woe, they are to
 dance and
 make merry.

"And whan the fyfftene dayes of wo
 Were fulfilled and a-go,
 Thei scholde make rialte,
 Mechel daunce & mechel gle." 11940

During the
 respite, the
 Trojans and
 Greeks visit
 each other.

THe while the festes thus endured,
 And eueryche were to other ensured,
 Thei of Troye hadde here comyng
 To hem of Grece & here spekyng; 11944
 And Gregeis come In-to the toun
 And where thei wolde vp & doun,
 Saue & sound where so hem liked;
 Thei fond no man that hem be-swiked. 11948

Achilles,
 who wants to
 see the Trojans'
 festival and
 how they live,

¶ Achilles wolde that tyme gange
 To se her festes and here sange,
 He thoght algates he wolde se
 In Troye gret solennite. 11952
 Here contenaunce & here porture,
 Here myght, here sorwe, & here voysure,
 Here doying of there chere deuout,
 And how thei did Ector about. 11956

goes to the
 temple of
 Apollo, where
 the corpse of
 Hector lies in
 state.

¶ Achilles made him redi swithe,
 In-to the toun wente he blyue,
 And to the temple Apolynys
 ȝede he to se, what loye & blis 11960
 Aboute Ector Troyens made:
 He fond ther non that was glade,
 But makyng dele & gret wepyng;
 Be-fore Ector saw he sitting

{Ectuba} 11964

- ¶ Ectuba, the semely quene, [lf. 177.] 11965 Hectuba, Pollexena, and other ladies are there, bewailing Hector's death;
 And hir douȝter Pollexene;
 And fele ladies of gret genterie
 Here ther In that companye. 11968 their hair is loose;
 Thair heer faire a-boute hem spread,
 On eyther halff hit was fair sched,
 Hit hinged doun by-nethe her pappes,
 By-nethe here mydeles, by-nethe here lappes. 11972
- ¶ Thei made gret del & sykyng, they sigh and weep.
 Thei were echon In euel lykyng,
 Mechel del & mechel mone
 A-boute Ector made thei echone. 11976
 Ector ȝit sat als entere
 And so fair In his solere,
 As he was furst ther ordeyned;
 The baume so his body susteyned 11980
 Fro al appayryng & alle sauour,
 And ffro chaungyng of his colour.
- T**He tabernacle on eche a syde
 Was vn-done and opened wyde, 11984
 That eche man, bothe ȝong & old,
 On eche a syde Ector behold.
 so that every-
 body may see
 the corpse.
- ¶ Achilles loked on that werk faste;
 As he his eyen aboute him caste, 11988
 So was he war of Pollexene
 Faste sittynge by the quene,
 He loked vpon the damysele
 And saw the teres fro hir fele. 11992
 But thoow that lady fair & swete
 Wonder sore & hertly grete,
 whose beauty
 holds him in
 admiration.
- ¶ Not-for-thi for alle hir payne
 Sche wex nother pale ne wayne, 11996
 Sche lost not of her fayrnesse,
 Off hir beaute ne hir swetnesse.

¶ **Hic Achilles Amat Pollexenam Filiam Regis Troiani¹.**

All the woe
cannot deprive
her of her
beauty.

Al hir wo ne al hir pyne [lf. 177, bk.] 11999
Made hir not hur fayrnes tyne, 12000

The teres that so fro hur ran
Made hir nother blo ne wan ;
Hit for-did no-tyng hir sight,
Hir eyen were euere clere and bryght, 12004
For alle here wepyng were thei not dym,
Ne sche not apayred In neuere² a lym.

Nobody can
describe her
loveliness.

Ther is no man that is on lyue,
Hir fairnesse that myght discryue— 12008
For siker sche was as fair a woman
As man scholde sette his eyen vpan.

Achilles con-
stantly gazes
on her; he
never saw such
a fair woman;

AChilles loked euere In on ;
So ffair a thyng as sche was on 12012
Saw he neuere In al his lyue—

Widwe, ne mayden, ne non wyue.
As he loked In hir vysage,
His herte torned & his corage, 12016

he falls in love
with her,

Him hadde leuere than any thyng
He hadde ben siker of that swetyng :
Alle his herte and his delite
Was to haue of hure a sight, 12020

and looks on
her as if he
were mad.

He loked on hir as he were mad.
The more loking to hir he had,

The more he
looks, the more
he grows in
love with her :

¶ His long loking hir louely sight
Be-rafft him clene of his myght ; 12024

But he myght not his loking leue,
That thocht myght no man him byreue :
He loked to hir the while he myght,
Til the day was gon, & hit was nyght. 12028

he looks on her
till night.

Off alle thinges that euere was wroght
Was non so mochel In his thocht ;
Him thocht it zede thorow his hert,
So sore sche made him ake and smert. 12032

¹ MS. *Troiañ.*² MS. *neuere y.*

- W**hen it was nyȝt, the queene vp ros, [lf. 178.] 12033
 And Pollexene home with here gos ;
- Achilles loked aftir that wenche
 With more longyng than man may thenche, 12036
 Til sche out of the temple was went.
 Achilles In hir loue then brent ;
 And this was al the bygynnyng
 Off his sekenes and his lyggynge, 12040
 That he aftir In his bed lay
 For loue & longyng of that may.
- ¶ When he myght hir no lenger se,
 His herte for sorwe brast on thre, 12044
 He turned him hom to his tent
 And In his bed as-tite he went.
 That nyght for-sothe litel he sleped,
 He turned him ofte & sore weped ; 12048
 Hir loue hade wounded him so depe,
 That he myght not that nyght slepe.
 He saw hir loue on him was gret,
 Al his body brast on swete, 12052
 He tholed for hir gret penaunce,
 He waried thanne that foule myschaunce :
- ¶ ‘ Alas,’ seide he, ‘ that I was born !
 That I am now thus foule lorn 12056
 Thorow a mayden that is so tendre,
 With-oute myȝt, feble, & sklendre.
 And he that was so mychel of myght,
 The strengest that was In any fyght, 12060
 Ector of Troye, that doughti man,
 That price & honour of alle men wan,—
 That alle the men that stalworthe wore
 He ouercome with strokes sore, 12064
 Alle that were styff & strong
 That doughti knyȝt to dethe throng ;
- z ij

When Pollexena leaves the temple in the evening, Achilles, enamoured, looks after her.

He returns to his tent, and goes to bed ; but for love he cannot sleep.

‘ Alas ! ’ says he, ‘ that I am vanquished by a frail maiden ! ’

And though Hector, who was the strongest of all men,

and overcame all knights,

¶ *Lamentacio amoris Achillis.*

	I knewe neuere non that hadde that myght,— [lf. 178, bk.]	
	That was so strong ne douzti ¹ wyght,—	12068
	A3eyn him that myzt stonde,	
	Whil he leued In this londe——	
could not van- quish me,	And 3it he with alle his fforce	
	Ne myzt ouercome my carful corse !	12072
yet now I'm thus overcome by a frail woman !	And now ain I thus ouercomen, That al my myght is fro me nomen	
	¶ Thorow a mayden feble & frele !	
How shall I be healed ?	How schal I come to my hele ?	12076
	Ho schal do me any medecyn ?	
She hates me for her brother whom I slew.	Sche hatis me & al my kyn For hir brother that I slow ;	
	I may not keuere,—I wot neuere how ?	12080
I can't draw her heart to me !	For I may not vnto me drawe Her hert for-sothe for loue ne awe !	
I cannot en- treat her for her love ;	Ne with prayeres may I not spede ; I may not to ² hir my loue bede,	12084
	¶ I may not so of loue hir pray, I may not so that lady assay.	
nor can my riches tempt her,	Ne my richesse ne my gret ziffte May not hir hert to me lyfte,	12088
for she is richer than I am ;	For sche is richer for-sothe then I ; I wot neuere how to come hir by ?	
nor can I win her by my strength.	Ne—I wote wele—I may not spede Thorow my strengthe & my kynrede,	12092
Moreover, she is gentler than I am.	¶ For thoow my kyn be gentil & gode, Sche is comen of genteler blode Then I or any of my lynage.	
How shall I manage it ?	How schal I my sorwe aswage,	12096
	When I no wise, no way can fynde By strengthe, richesse, ne by kynde, Ne with prayers hir loue to wynne ?	
My woe is great !	The wo is gret that I am Inne	12100

¹ MS. *strong douzti ne.*² MS. *so.*

¶ *Hic Achilles mandat nuncium ad Reginam.*

In gret wodnes am I now broght! [lf. 179.] 12101

Alas! how com I in-to this thoght!

I can not wete—so god me saue!—

How that I here loue schal haue?' 12104

He leued that nyzt In that gret sorwe;

The sonne was risen faire at morwe,

A carful nyzt he thenne hadde lede,

Til he was risen vp of his bede. 12108

AT morwe whan he was rysen,

Off him selff was he a-grysen,

Off his sorwe so strong In myzt

That he hadde al that long nyzt. 12112

He called to him a siker man,

Al his consayl him telle bygan

And sayde: 'if thow wol trewe be,

Ful riche ȝifftes ȝeue I the; 12116

For-sothe schal I faile the neuere,

I schal the make riche for euere.

¶ Go to Hectuba, the quene,

And say: "I loue so Pollexene, 12120

That I schal falle for-sothe In rage,

But I haue hir In mariage."

Bid hir sicurly my werdes byleue,

And if sche wol me hir doghter ȝeue 12124

To me hastly In wedlak,

That I schal remewe al this pak:

The Gregeis alle schal I make go

To the lond that I come fro. 12128

¶ Al this ost schal I remewe—

As I am a knyzt trewe!—

Kynges & dukes, lord & sires,—

To gret honour to hire & hires 12132

With couenaunt & condicioune,

Iff sche wol haue me to hir sone. z iij

Alas, that I
know not how
to get her
love!

When the sun
rises, Achilles
has had a
sorrowful
night.
In the morning
he is afraid of
himself;

he sends a mes-
senger to
Hectuba

asking for Pol-
lexena as his
wife,

and pledging
himself to
make all the
Greeks go
home.

Moraover, Achilles engages that the Greeks will not take any revenge,	Ne thei schal neuere amendes make, [lf. 179, bk.] 12135 Harne ne schame ne slaunder take, 12136 For alle the harme & vylony, Slauzt of men, ne robry ¹ To hem of Grece that thei haue done— By him that made sonne & mone!— 12140 Ne for the quene dame Eleyne rape— If my couenaut wille skape,— But Paris schal hir stille holde Vnto his wyff, be he right bolde.' 12144
even for the rape of Eleyne.	
The messenger ¶ goes to meet Hectuba,	This man was trewe as any stele, He vndirstode his erand wele, He wiste wel what he scholde say: He hyed him faste vpon his way, 12148 As faste as he myzt gone; To Hectuba he come anone, He tolde hir al his mayster thoght, Word by word for-3ate he noght. 12152
and tells her Achilles's mes- sage.	
She says	H ectuba, the quene of pris, Was ful witti & ful wis, Sche seyde to him as luffy hende: 'Abyde me here, my louely frende! 12156 This thyng may not be ent With-uten my lord kyng assent. I schal ther-fore vn-til him gange, Sicurly I dwelle not lange. 12160 What he wol say, I wol the telle; Ful longe schal I not fro the dwelle.'
that she must first consult with her hus- band.	
Hectuba goes ¶ to Priamus, and tells him Achilles's offer.	Vnto the kyng the quene hir hyed, To him this consayl sche discryed: 12164 'What Achilles to him bed, For-whi his doughter he most wed; How he scholde alle the Gregeis gare In-to ther contre for to fare, 12168

¹ Some indistinct scribblings under *br.*

¶ *Hic Priamus miratus est.*

And remewe & leue the sege, [lf. 180.] 12169

And be-come his man lege,

And Elayn leue with Alysandre

With-outen amendis, with-oute slaundre." 12172

P Ryamus chaunged al his blod,

When he al this vndirstod ;

Al his blod be-gan to colde,

When Hectuba thes wordes tolde ; 12176

In his herte ran many a thoght,

That he the quene hadde be-soght.

An hundrid sithe sore he siked,

When he thoght how he be-swiked 12180

His sone Ector that he sclow ;

At his herte was care y-now,

He thoght on his deth so fast,

The water of his eyen out-brast. 12184

'Alas, the while!'—the kyng seyde tho—

'To graunte this thyng that me is wo !

How scholde I fynde In my wil

His askyng now to fulfil ? 12188

How scholde I loue In body or gost

Thing In erthe I hate most ?

That refft me al my worldis Ioye,

That slow my sone, Ector of Troye !—— 12192

But for to eschewe al other perrel,

That more harm not to vs fel,

A3eyn this thyng may I not stryue ;

That I may haue myne other on lyue, 12196

Myne other sones to haue lyuand,

I graunt his bone myn vn-willand :

So that he do furst alle these thynges

That he sente hidur In tydynges, 12200

That we be [be-]trayed noght,

When we haue graunted al his thoght.'

Priamus is very much astonished at Hectuba's words.

He sighs very often, thinking of his son's murderer.

He weeps.

'Alas !' says he, 'how can I grant this ?

How can I love him whom I hate most ?

But to prevent the death of my other sons,

I will grant Achilles's proposal, provided that he fulfils his promises in advance.'

¶ *Hic Priamus concedit Pollexenam Achilli.*

Hectuba returns to the messenger and tells him that Priamus, Paris,	Hectuba, worthi In wede,	[lf. 180, bk.]	12203
	To the Messenger a-ȝeyn ȝede:		12204
	‘I haue’—sche seide—‘thin erand sayd		
	To Priamus, that wel is payd		
	Off his askyng; so is Paris:		
	Bothe are thei payde of his y-wys.		12208
and herself agree to the proposal of Achilles.	And I for-sothe anendis me		
	¶ Schal do his wille, that schal he se;		
	So that no thyng be broght to ende,		
	Or euere my doghter fro me wende.’		12212
The messenger thanks her for the news,	The Messenger held vp his hondes		
	And thonked hir of tho tythandes;		
	When he hadde graunt of his askyng,		
returns, singing, home,	On his way ȝede he syngyng:		12216
	He toke his leue, for he was blythe.		
	Ham-ward wente he thanne swithe,		
and gladdens his lord Achilles with the good news.	He made his lord bothe blythe & glad,		
	He tolde him what answer he had		12220
	Off Priamus, and of Hectuba,		
	And of Paris; he seyde also:		
	“How thei hadde alle graunt his bone”—		
	‘Alle thi wille for-sothe schal be done;		12224
	Iff ȝe wol do that ȝe haue hete,		
	Al schal be done with-oute lete.’		
Never did a bird in summer sing more merrily	I N somer was neuere no nyghtyngale,		
	The throstel ne no wodewale,		12228
	The throche ne the lauerok,		
	The papeiay ne the throstel-cok		
	So mery syngand In thaire note,		
than Achilles rejoices now,	As he be-gan thanne to lote;		12232
	When that he was of here assured,		
	Ne hadde not elles his wo endured.		
He considers how best to carry out his promise.	But than be-gan he for to kest,		
	How he myght do this thing best.		12236

¶ **Hic Achilles mandauit post Reges Grecorum.**

That he be-het to the quene [lf. 181.] 12237

For hir douȝter Pollexene

By his man, his Messenger ;

For hit was not In his power 12240

To remewe that company.

He thought he hadde done foly,

That he hadde hight hem suche a thyng

That he myght not to ende bryng. 12244

¶ But not-for-thi, what vp so doun,

He traist so mechel In his renoun,

In his grete dedes & his chyua[1]rie

That he hadde done be-fore here eye, 12248

That if¹ he lefte hem In that byker,

In his herte was he sekir

That thei scholde leue al her querel,

For drede of harm & perel 12252

That hem schulde falle In that stour,

Iff thei for-ȝede his socour.

HIt was a day whil trewes last,

Achilles In his hert cast

12256

That he wolde make the lordes alle

That were of Grece come to his halle :

His Messenger anon he sende

To alle the lordes that were him hende, 12260

And bad hem come al at ones

To speke with him In his wones.

¶ Ther was no lord that with-stode,

That ne thei als sone to him ȝode. 12264

When thei were comen thedur euerychon,

Thei sat as stille as any ston ;

Achilles sayde : ‘ lordynges, my peres,

Herkenes now to me and heres, 12268

Why that I sende afftir ȝow

For thing that is for ȝowre prow.

Achilles
thinks he was
foolish to
promise so
much,
but he still
hopes that for
his great deeds

the dukes will
grant his re-
quest,

as they cannot
do without him
in the war.

Achilles re-
solves to
summon the
Greek lords to
his tent.

He sends his
messenger

to invite them.

All come,

and sit down.

Achilles ad-
dresses them.

¹ *if* inserted over line.

Achilles says:	I haue meruayle what vs ayled	[lf. 181, bk.]	12271
	That we the kyng of Troye ¹ assayed,		12272
	Whi that we this werre be-gan		
	For the loue of a womman?		
⁴ Was it not folly to begin a war for Menelaus's wife's sake?	We haue by-gonne folily this striff		
	For Menelaus the kynges wiff.		12276
	¶ What deucl ayled us to leue oure londes		
	In other straunge mennes hondes?		
	As thoght we roght not of oure lyues ²		
to leave our children and wives alone at home?	Off oure childryn & oure wyues		12280
	At home that we behynde vs lefte;		
	An aunter were we schal se hem effte.		
	And we ar here at gret dispence		
	To make of this werre defence;		12284
	Oure goodis fast begynnes to waste,		
	We may be beggeres alle In haste.		
and to expose ourselves here to hunger and wounds?	¶ We suffur wo of oure bodyes		
	As men—me thynke—that are vn-wyse;		12288
	We take here not but woundes		
	And ligge In dikes as dede houndes.		
	Ne here is non a-monges vs alle		
	That wot w[h]at wol him by-falle;		12292
	For the beste of vs echon		
	May haue harm, and thei non,		
	In woundes sore & gret brosurcs.		
A fool is he who relies upon his strength, for even I myself have to suffer much,	He is a fole that him ensures		12296
	In his strengthe & In his myght,		
	For I my-selff haue ben euel dyght:		
	¶ Many a wounde haue I here tholed,		
	My body hath ben y-holed.		12300
	Was I not hurt so sore now last		
	That I wende neuere to haue I-past?		
and was just now nearly given up by you.	I was for-sothe the deth so hende,		
	That non of 3ow my lyff ne wende.		12304

¹ MS. *Troyl*, the *l* only badly altered to *e*.
is following l. 12280.

² In the MS. l. 12279

¶ *Hic consiluit eos ad reuertendum ad patriam.*

— —¹ With sorwe but ligge and dethe a-bide— [lf. 182.]

Off oure liggyng may not be-tyde 12306

But gret periles & drede of deth.

We take to vs an euel breth, 12308

¶ When we be-gonne furst this batayle,

And lefft oure contre euery dele,

And come her to gete batayle

On stronge men & hem assayle; 12312

So fele gode as we ther-by

Haue lorn of oures dispitously

That haue here ben a-mong vs slayn,

And al for the loue of dame Elayn! 12316

By him that me to man has wrought!

We haue to dere hir lyff aboght,

And many good men has sche mad sterue.

Another womman may we serue 12320

Menelaus for to haue

To his wyff,—so god me saue!—

That schal be genteler than was sche,

In many landes & many contre. 12324

¶ And we may remewe by skyl

With-oute blame, when so we wil;

For we haue take shenful vengauce

Off the wrong and of the greuauce, 12328

Off the schame & of the slaunder

That to vs did Alysaunder:

For we haue slayn the douztieſt man

That lyued In erthe, sithen we be-gan— 12332

¶ Ector that we haue don to dede,

He was alther lord and hede,

He was alther mayntenour.

Off his dedis with gret honour 12336

Now haue we wonne suche worschepe,

That we may wel with-oute schenchipe

We did wrong, when we exposed ourselves to death, leaving our country for Eleyne's sake.

We may procure another wife for Menelaus,

and return home with honour,

for we have slain the maintainer of all our foes, Hector.

¹ No gap in MS., but the copyist seems to have dropt some lines.

¶ *Hic omnes Reges contradixerunt eum.*

- We may now
return home
without
shame;
- And with-uten any schame, [lf. 182, bk.] 12339
With-oute reprocues or any blame, 12340
When so we wil, hamward wende
To oure contre & oure frende.
And sicurly I rede also
With-oute dwellyng that we go. 12344
- Thoas
- Non that riche kyng Thoas,
That Achilles Cosyn was,
And the duk Menescene
With-sayde him with mychel tene 12348
And seyde: 'Achilles, wold neuere god
That we scholde now for euene or od
Leue the sege we haue by-gonnen,
Er we this Cite hadde y-wonnen, 12352
Sithen he is ded, roten & graven
That the toun & hem did sauen!
Iff we leue it In suche a wyse,
Hit scholde be holden for cowardise; 12356
Men wolde holde vs recreaunt.
God for-bede we to this graunt!'
- Achilles gets
angry
- ¶ Achilles was wonder wrothe;
Be-fore hem alle he made his othe: 12360
"That he scholde neuere day ne nyzt
Helpe hem more with his myzt;
He nolde no thyng do for hem alle
For no thing that myzt be-falle! 12364
- and orders his
men not to
help the
Greeks any
longer.
- ¶ But thei wolde saue thaire lyf or lym;
And as thei loued derly him,
That thei scholde helpe no more Gregeis,
But holde hem stille & be In pays, 12368
And let hem do echon her best,
For he & alle his wolde be In rest."
¶ And thus *partid* thei ful hirously,
Thei hadde meruayle how-gatis & whi 12372

That he was broght In suche a wille ; [lf. 183.] 12373

But thei sayde not, but helde hem stille.

Achilles was euel apayed
That thei his wille so with-sayd, 12376

Achilles is resolved not to help the Greeks any more.

To helpe hem more has he not ment,

He sayde : " thei schal sore repent

That thei haue azeyn him spoken " ;

He thocht on hem wel be wroken, 12380

He wolde no more ziff tent to thaym

Thenne he hadde ¹ neuere ben on of hem.

¶ In this tyme her mete hem fayles, 12384

Famine appears in the Greek camp.

Thei haue gret faute of her vitayles :

Hem ² fayles fiche, hem lakkes flesche,

Thei haue no corn for to thresche,

Thei haue but litel mete or drynke,

Ne other vitayles but litel thinke. 12388

¶ Palamydes, her Emperour,

Palamydes convokes a parliament.

Hadde ther-of gret hydour ;

He toke consayl among his peres :

" Who scholde be here messageres 12392

To wende to feche hem drynk or mete,

That thei hadde somdel to ete,

That thei died not for defaute ?

Vnnethe myzt thei for feble maute." 12396

¶ Kyng & duk & euery a lord

They send Agamemnon to King Thelaphus for fresh victuals.

Were echon at his acord,

That Agamenon thei wolde charge

Ther-fore to wende with bote & barge, 12400

To brynge hem som refeccioun,

Corn, & wyn, & venysoun,

Mele, & salt, & other store,

And vitayle hem—as thei were ore— 12404

Vn-to the kyng sir Thelaphus,

For his land was plenteuous

¹ MS. *halde*.

² MS. *Thei*.

¶ **Hic Imperator misit Agamenon ad Thelaphum Regem.**

Off corn, of best, of alle manere goode [lf. 183, bk.] 12407

That was to mannes note & foode. 12408

Agamemnon
sails off with
many ships;

A Gamenon with gode entent
Did his Princes comaundement,
With many schippes forth he ȝede;

Thei sayled forth with gode spede, 12412

the wind is
good.

The wynde was good & eke schrille,

Hit blew wel sone the lond vn-tille.

When thei hadde the lond y-lauȝt,

Her schippes were sone vitayled & frauȝt. 12416

Thelaphus
gives them all
sorts of vic-
tuals:

¶ Thelapus was of hem ful glad:

What-so thei wolde of him thei had,

He frauȝt he[r] schippes & here Coggis

meat,

With salt beffe & fat hoggis, 12420

With many a bole & wilde bore,

Vnto her schippes myȝt holde no more

corn, and wine.

Off corn, of flour, & gentil wynes,

Off seynt-pro-seynt, and maluesynes 12424

As gode as come of grapes.

Agamemnon
hies back;

Agamenoun faste him rapes

With alle his schippis to take the se,

For he was frauȝt as he wolde be; 12428

the wind is
again good.

¶ The wynd was to hem good y-now,

Thei turned ster, and sail vp drow,

And sayled forth aȝ by the wynde—

Some be-fore & some be-hynde— 12432

With alle her schippes & dromondes

To Troy aȝeyn to here bondes.

They are re-
ceived with
much joy by
the Greeks,
who are very
badly off from
hunger.

With mychel Ioye were thei keped ther,

Ful fayn the Gregais of hem were, 12436

For thei haue ben ful euel at ese,

For longer thei were ful mys-ese.

Thei grond the corn as sone & boke;

Tho myȝt thei speke & eke loke, 12440

When thei were sikur of gode vitayle. [lf. 184.] 12441

Palamydes lete reparayle

Palamydes
orders the
ships to be
repaired.

Alle the schippes that ther stode

With-Inne the hauen In the flode ;

12444

He did hem alle ful wel amende,

When thei hadde nede efft to wende,

When thei of vitayles hadde nede¹,

Off corn & wyn hem al to fede.

12448

P Alamydes arayes his naue,

Off vitayles haue thei plente ;

The lowest of hem was fat & strong,

The Greeks
have now
victuals
enough, so
that the
lowest man
can appease
his hunger.

Thei ben echon bothe wilde & wlong.

12452

And day is went out of her trewes,

Michel bale among hem brewes ;

Eche man lokes now al his gere,

That it be stiff & strong to were,

12456

That no thyng wante of hem ne fayle,

That thei may helpe with clowe or mayle.

After the end
of the truce all
prepare for a
new battle.

¶ Thei are now redi In her armures

And heled aboute with couertoures

12460

Off siluer & gold, riche & dere,

Eche a man In his armure,

Thei of Troye & Grefounes.

Both the
Greeks and
the Trojans
are now well
armed.

But thei hadde the Murondones ;

12464

But thei therfore leuen now In pes

With hem that tyme with Achilles.

Troiens thoght hem ded & foy,

Sithen thei hadde selayn Ector of Troy ;

12468

But 3it fond thei, when thei were met,

Off her purpos wo that hem let,

And did gret schame & vylony

To alle the grete company.

12472

Only the
Myrmidons
remain at
home with
Achilles,

who thus did
his men much
shame.

IN fel[d] ben thei now prest & proude,

Thei blew her hornes schrille & loude,

¹ In the MS. l. 12447 is *following* l. 12448.

¶ Incipit Bellum.

They ride together.	The batayles faste to-gedir drow,	[lf. 184, bk.]	12475
	The baneres with the wynd blew.		12476
	These osten were bothe long & brod :		
A great battle follows : many fall.	When thei with spere to-gedir rod,		
	On ayther syde faste thei die ;		
	Her horses ¹ snoure wel faste & nye,		12480
	On eche a syde thei strike & wynse.		
	Thei sclow ther many a prinse,		
	Many a gentil Erl & knyzt,		
	Kynges, dukes of mechel myzt.		12484
Dephebus, leader of the first Trojan battalion, meets the Greek King Croseus ;	¶ The furst batayle led Dephebus,		
	Azeyn him come kyng Croseus ;		
	The two men to-gedur samen—		
	Al on ernest & not on gamen—		12488
	Thei lete her brideles alle a-bandoun		
they break their spears,	And ran to-gedir with gret randoun,		
	That bothe her speres In-sunder brast.		
but Croseus is cast to the ground and dies.	But Croseus was to grounde cast,		12492
	That he myght neuere vp arise ;		
	He died anon In that ilke wyse.		
When the Greeks see Croseus dead,	¶ Ther was noyse and eke cry		
	Amonges the Gregeis witterly,		12496
	When thei saw him his lymes out-streke,		
	And that he myzt no more speke.		
they take re-venge for his death	Tho layd thei on as thei were wode :		
	Many walowed In his blode,		12500
	Thei sclow ther Troyens that it was wonder ;		
by slaying many hundred Trojans.	Ther was slayn many an hunder		
	For the deth ² of the riche kyng,		
	Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng.		12504
Palamydes and Diomedes with 20,000 knights join the battle.	B Vt then come thedir Palamydes,		
	Her Emperour, & Diamedes,		
	With twenti thousand gode knyzt		
	Armed wel at alle ryztes.	{ Thelamaneus }	12508

¹ MS. *sorses*.² *deth* inserted by another hand over line.

¶ *Hic Palamides occidit Dephebum.*

Thelamaneus come with him ¹ als,	[lf. 185.]	12509	Thelamonius arrives too ;
With his sword aboute his hals,			
With alle his men of gode assise			
Come he doun to that porprise.		12512	
Thelaman rode to sir Sisene,			he attacks Sisene, a bas- tard son of Priamus,
A noble knyzt, a good Troyene,			
The kynges sone y-bore on bast :			
Thelamon rod to him In hast		12516	
He smot him so—with-oute fable,—			and beats him down.
To fyght was he euere vn-able ;			
Afftirward In al his lyff			
Might sir Cisene neuere thriff.		12520	
¶ When Dephebus saw the wounde,			When Dephe- bus sees his brother on the ground,
And his brother falle to grounde,			
Wel sore him greued In his red blod :			
He rod to Thelaman as he were wod,		12524	he attacks Thelamonius,
He smot him with so gret affray,			
He bar him fro his hors a-way ;			and unhorses
Wel sore he fel vpon the grounde			and wounds him.
With a wide grysly wounde.		12528	
P Alamydes saw that he was doune ² ,			Palamydes, on seeing this,
His feet hiere than his croune ;			
He swor he scholde that strok venge,			swears to take revenge.
Er that he went out of that reenge.		12532	
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,			With a spear he attacks De- phebus,
To Dephebus he gan it bere ;			
To Iuste with him he him biddes,			
He bare him thorow the scheld ymyddes,		12536	and wounds him severely in the breast.
Thorow his plates In-to his brest ;			
Opon the grounde ful stille he rest,			
For In his body lefft the stompe,			
That he fel doun as it were a lompe.		12540	
¶ Sir Paris saw Dephebus falland,			Paris sees Dephebus fall.
For he was him ner-hand ;			

¶ [j]

¹ This word in the MS. is very indistinctly written, and looks more like *han* than *him*. ² MS. *done*, the *v* inserted by another hand.

	He weped for him with bothe his eye, [lf. 185, bk.]	12543
	He wiste wel he scholde deye :	12544
Paris drags Dephebus away,	He drow him fro ¹ the horses fete With michel care & herte grete, He bare him ney vn-to the toun Liggande ther In a ded swoun ;	12548
and lays him under the walls of Troy.	Thei leyde him doun vnder the walles, And Paris fast opoun him ² falles :	
Dephebus then opens his eyes,	¶ His eyen be-gan he than to open That were faste to-geder stoken,	12552
	He loked vp vpon Paris, He sayde : ' Paris, thow art not wys.'	
and addresses Paris : ' Why dost thou stand here ?	He seyde : ' Paris, my brother dere, Whi stondis thow by me here ?	12556
Wilt thou not avenge me ?	Wolde thow suffer me to tyne My lyff, Paris, my brother myne, Er I be venged on my bane ?	
The spear must not be taken from my breast before I hear that my bane is dead.	Out of my brest schal neuere be tane The spere, til I haue herd tythandes That he be ded of thy two handes. As I haue loued the, Paris, brother, In al my lyff be-fore alle other —	12560 12564
Go and kill him !'	Go azeyn & worche wisly, That he be ded rather than I !'	
Paris returns to the battle,	P aris sone did him to gone With carful herte & mochel mone,	12568
	He hadde of him gret compassioun, That al-most he fel a-doun :	
	In-to that fight ȝede he wepande, And lefft his brother ther lygande.	12572
takes out his bow,	When he come ther, a bowe he hente That was strong & wel y-bente ;	
and considers how best to hit Palamydes.	He kest aboute In al his wit Where he myȝt that kyng best hit,	12576

¹ MS. *for*.² MS. *his*.

¶ **Hic Paris occidit Palamidem Imperatorem.**

So that he myȝt him sone ſclo, [lf. 186.] 12577

That he on lyff went him not fro.

He ſoght afftir Palamydes,

Paris looks for
Palamydes;

Were he myght fynde him In that pres; 12580

He was war, where he stode

he ſees him
fighting with
King Sarpe-
don.

Fyghtand faſt as he were wode

A-ȝeyn the gode kyng Sarpedoun¹,

And he toke gode kepe ther-on. 12584

¶ Sarpedon hadde he aſſayled,

That the blod fro him doun rayled;

Sarpedon is
bleeding, but
Palamydes

But that kyng Palamydes

Lefft Sarpedoun not ſo In pes: 12588

Opon his hede ſmote he him ſo,

ſmites him
again on the
head,
ſo that he is
cloven in two
and dies.

That he cleue it euen at-two;

And he fel doun vpon the grounde

And died with-Inne a litel ſtounde. 12592

When Paris ſaw what harm he did,

When Paris
ſees this,

What gret ſorwe ther was be-tid,

He toke an arwe that was entouched

he takes a
poisoned arrow,

With foule venym—as alle men ſouched:— 12596

¶ His bowe was bent, his takel redy,

bends his bow,

And of his ſchot he was ſpedy:

Paris neuere be-lan for to wayte,

Til he hadde dreuen him to a bayte: 12600

When he ſaw him, at him he ſchet

And hitte him In his gorget,

and ſhoots
Palamydes in
the throat,

That it ȝede thorow his peſayn

And cut In-two his mayſter-veyn, 12604

And ſmot him thorow-out his gorge

ſo that he
falls down
dead.

That he fel ded—by ſeynt Iorge!

DElful cri & hidous,

A gret noyſe & a meruelous 12608

The Greeks
make a great
noiſe.

Among Gregais was vp rayſed;

He myȝt not a-monges hem be peſed.

‡ ij

¹ MS. *Sarpedon*.

The Greeks bewail the death of Palamydes,	Thei hadde suche del of here gyour, [lf. 186, bk.]	12611
	That he was dede so In that stour :	12612
	Aftir Paris thei folowed faste ;	
	But he was tho ful sore a-gaste,	
and put Paris to flight.	He smot his stede and hamward rode,	
	For drede of hem no lenger a-bode.	12616
Then they re- ¶ turn to their tents.	The Gregeis turned to her tent,	
	The Emperour was sore bement.	
The Trojans follow them.	The Troyens sone that aspied,	
	And to the Gregeis thei sone ¹ relied :	12620
	Thei folwed hem with bryght swordis,	
	As bestis gone be-fore the herdis—	
	For-sothe at my discrecioun :	
	The Gregeis fley to her paულoun.	12624
When they come to their halls,	But whan thei come to here hales,	
the Greeks dismount, and defend their dikes.	Ther the Gregeis made here stales,	
The Trojans alight,	Off her hors thei gon descende	
	And here dikes thei gan defende.	12628
	¶ When thei of Troye were y-war	
	What arest thei made thar,	
	Doun of her hors echone thei lyght,—	
	Kyng & squyer, duk & knyzt,—	12632
and fight on the dikes.	And sette her fet aȝeyn the dykes,	
	And euery man at other strikes.	
At last they enter the Grecian camp,	T hei entred In at the laste ;	
	Tho were the Gregeis sore a-gaste,	12636
	For her dikes thei hadde wonne	
	And In here Paυylons thei were ronne.	
and plunder it.	Thei robbed & refft alle that thei founde,	
	Thei sente to Troye many a fair sonde :	12640
	Coupes of gold, siluer vesseles,	
	Clothes of gold, and other luweles,	
	And al other thing that thei myght lacche :	
	Broches, rynges, what thei myght cacche.	12644

¹ MS. *fone*.

P Aris thenne & ¹ Troylus zede	[lf. 187.]	12645	Paris and Troylus, with 30,000 men, arrive
To the se with mochel spede			
With xxx ^{ti} thousand strong men,			
The Gregeis schippes for to bren;		12648	
Thei kest wildfir In here schippes,			and set fire to the Greek ships.
Fro schip to schip aboute it hippes.			
The schippes were sone on a blase,			
Thei brende bothe mast & wynlase,		12652	
Sterne & stere, ore & sprete,			
The schipmen In the water fletes.			
Ther ros a-boute hem many a spark,			
For the wynd was sumdel stark		12656	The wind being strong, the flames rise high,
And made the lowe rise on hey,			
That it be-flaumed al the sky;			
Thei myght it se wel In-to Troye,			and the fire may be seen in Troy.
Thei hadde ther-fore mychel Ioye.		12660	
¶ But then come Thelamanyus,			Thelamonius
That noble knyzt & vigorous,			
And duk Nestor, that noble knyght,			and Nestor arrive,
With Men of Grece, with mochel myght:		12664	
When thei come to-gedir & met,			
Troyle bad faste the fir be bet,			
But Thelamon bad his men hit slek			and order the fire to be quenched.
With water of broke or of bek.		12668	
Gret was the assaut that thei be-gonne,			A great battle.
Euery man on other ronne;			
¶ Hedes reled aboute ouer-al,			Heads reel about as at football.
As men playe at the fote-bal;		12672	
Thei lay a-boute hem wonder thikke.			
The fight was lyther & eke wikke,			
Hit was gret ruthe for to se			
What men died at that medle!		12676	
Sicurly the sothe it is:			
Ne hadde it be Ayax prowes,			

If Ajax and
Nestor had not
come, all the
ships would
have been
burnt.

And Nestor, the duk, that with him went— [lf. 187, bk.]
Alle her schippes hadde ben brent, 12680
That thei made brenne al to coles,
With mochel wo that day thei tholes.

Almost all the
Greeks were
wounded.

¶ The Gregeis were wel foule to-hewe,
Off hem vn-hurt were ther but fewe, 12684
For al the gras that was so grene
It was for-bled with knyghtes kene;
For thei myght not endure
For gret hete In thaire armure: 12688
Many drow out of that batayle
And kest of helm & her ventayle;
To cacche the wynd thei were fayn,
And went to batayle sone a-ȝeyn. 12692

Heber, son of
the king of
Thrace, is
sorely
wounded with
a spear,

THe kynges sone of Trase, Heber,
He rod doun by her tentes ther,
He was wounded with a spere
Thorow his body In that were, 12696
Hede & tre lefft bothe In him;
His eyen be-gan to waxe dym,
For sicurly his lyff was ent.

but he runs to
the tent of
Achilles

Vntil Achilles Heber went, 12700
That¹ dwelled at home with mochel tene
For the loue of Pollexene;
He In his herte Gregeis defied,
To wende with hem he denyed. 12704

and blames
him for his not
helping the
Greeks in their
sad distress.

¶ The kynges sone that so was lamed,
Achilles strongly he tho blamed:
“That he that day at hom him held
With alle his men—so hit is teld,— 12708
And lete ther naue so be brend,
And Gregays foule slayn & schend”;
‘And thow myght saue hem fro this wo,
If thow wolde to fight go, 12712

¹ MS. *Thei*.

¶ *Hic Heber mortuus est.*

With thi strengthe & thi myght,	[lf. 188.]	12713	
Iff thow hadde ben to-day at fight.			
Hit comes the of euel wil,			'It is evil will
That thow schalt holde the thus stil		12716	to stay at
And wol not helpe thi contre-men,			home and not
Thow hast lorn of hem [†] M ten.'			to help your
¶ Thus Heber foule Achilles myssayd			countrymen.'
And of vnkyndenes him foule vmbrayd ;		12720	says Heber to
'How myght thow'—he sayde—'In herte fynde			Achilles ;
To thi peple be so vn-kynde,			'how can you
And wold not haue of hem mercy ?			be sounnatural
It is so sothe thi vilony !		12724	and unmerciful ?
Men wol say upon the tresoun,			
Sithen thow leuest with-oute resoun.'			People will
¶ Heber bad that men scholde drawe			call you a
The spere that sat thorow his mawe ;		12728	traitor.'
Achilles men that spere out-drow,			Then Heber
And he fel doun ther In a swow :			asks Achilles's
He died by-fore Achilles eyene			men to draw
With mochel wo & mychel pyne.		12732	the spear from
A litel while—as I 3ow telle—			his wound.
Herkenes now, how it be-felle !			This done,
Achilles cleped him to a seruant,			he falls in a
A strong man, a gode seriaunt,—		12736	swoon and
At that batayle hadde y-bene,			dies before
That hadde the slaucht of Gregeis sene,			Achilles's eyes.
How thei died & how thei fore ;—			
He come then ridand In at the dore,		12740	
Ther his lord Achilles standes.			
Achilles asked : 'what tydandes ?			
How done the Gregeis, by thi fayth ?			how it fares
What was that noyse that was so layth ?		12744	with the
Is any lord of oures sclayn ?			Greeks.
Loke the sothe thow not layn !'			

¶ *Hic vnus homo narrauit Achillem de prelio.*

The sergeant
says: 'I was
in the battle.

The seriaunt seide: 'I was, lord, thare; [lf. 188, bk.]
I schal 3ow telle how thei fare: 12748

Thei may say the wrother-hayle
That thei this day 3ede to batayle;
For sicurly: but better schape,

I think none
will escape
without death
or deadly
wounds.
The Trojans
have burnt
many of our
ships, and slain
our men like
frogs.
There are so
many Trojans,

I trowe non of hem skape 12752
With-oute deth or dethes woundes.
Thei haue brent many of oure dromondes
And many schippes & cogges,
And slayn oure men as frogges; 12756

¶ Some are ded, & some home fle.
Ther is suche novmbre & plente,
My lord, for-sothe of hem of Troye:

that neither
man nor boy
remains in the
city.

I trowe forsothe, not a boye, 12760
Ne man that may his heued were,
Swerd or staff to batayle bere
For-sothe with-Inne the Cite walle,
That thei ne are come to batayle alle. 12764

And Pala-
mydes has
been slain by
Paris, because
he slew De-
phebus.

And Palamydes, oure Emperour,
He is slayn In that stour;
For that he sclow Dephebus,
Paris hath him slayn thus. 12768
But wold 3e, lord, do my rede,

But ye might
now win great
praise,
and be avenged
on them.

3e scholde do a worschip-dede,
¶ Iff I durst hit to 3ow speke:
3e myzt now on hem be wreke, 12772
3e myght now take suche vengauce,
For euere 3e scholde 3oure los enhaunce;
The Troiens alle 3e may now schende
And wynne 3owre los with-uten ende. 12776

I can show you
the way; and
the Trojans
are so wearied
that they'll
be frightened.

I can 3ow schewe to batayle now,
3e may se In batayle, howe
The Troyens ar so for-fouzten & weri;
Thei schal be ferd and so dreri, 12780

And thei saw 3ow thedur ride,	[lf. 189.]	12781	As soon as the Trojans see you come on,
Thei durst not on of hem abide			
For al the good of mydelerd;			
Thei scholde of 3ow be so aferd,		12784	they will flee,
And thei hadde ones of the a sight.			
For thei ben now al out of myght,			as they are now worn out.
Thei may hem not defende longe;			
And thei dreden 3ow, for 3e ben stronge.		12788	
¶ Thorow al this world scholde it be spoken,			And every- body then will say,
How 3e haue 3ow of hem wroken,—			
And say that 3oure self alone			that you alone van- quished the Trojans.
Discomfited hem of Troye euerychone,		12792	
And that 3oure self In 3oure persone			
Did more then kynges and kynges sone,			
And more than al the men of Grece;			
To 3oure honour gretly it lyse.		12796	You will slay them, and win great honour by it.'
3e ¹ schal sle hem as ratons and mys,			
And wyn gret los for euere & prys.'			
A Chilles stode as he were founden;			Achilles is stupefied; but he is so in love with Pollexena
Wel stronge he was In loue bounden,		12800	
That maketh a man to morne & pyne,			
And makes hem offte his worschipe tyne,			
Hit makes men leue her honour,			
And makes hem take gret dishonour.		12804	
And so ferd it with-oute les			
By the lord sir Achilles:			
He herkenes al that euere this man			
Off the batayle telle can,		12808	
¶ But he wolde not for his prechyng,			that for all the messenger's preaching and sermonizing he cannot turn his heart,
Ne for al his sermonyng,			
Ne for no gode knyghtes dede			
Turne his herte & do his rede;		12812	
For he loued so dame Pollex[e]ne,			as he fears to anger his sweetheart.
And he was ferd he scholde her tene;			

378 *The Battle ends. Dephebus bids Men draw the Spear from his Chest.*

Achilles prefers to lose his honour rather than ir- ritate his love.	And leuere him was his los for-go [lf. 189, bk.] 12815
	Then for to falle In suche a wo. 12816
	Loue hath broght him In hir chare, On his bak derne loue he bare ;
False fortune never stopped chasing him, till he lost his life through her.	Fals fortune of him now filles, He put him riȝt In hir thilles, 12820 And sche be-lan neuere that knyȝt to chase, Til he by hir his lyff lase.
	¶ The fight was sesed of that day, Thei wente homward In aray ; 12824
Night ends the battle. All go home : Troilus and Paris go to Troy ; the Greeks to their tents. Dephebus is yet living, when Paris and Troilus return ;	It was nyȝt, the sonne wente doun, Troyle & Paris ȝede to toun, And thei of Grece went al at ones ¹ To her tentis with weri bones. 12828
	¶ Dephebus was ȝit on lyue, When Paris come be-fore him blyue, And Troyle, his brother, sore wepand ; Dephebus was ȝit lyuand. 12832
they weep and cry	Thei wepe & crye as bestes braye, Thei wolde her lyff hadde ben a-waye ;
for his death.	For his deth were thei so wrothe, Thei wolde ther die with him bothe. 12836
Dephebus asks Paris	D Ephebus lyfft vp his eye-lid, And asked his brether what thei did ; Than Dephebus to Paris saythe : 'Telle me, Paris, by thi faythe, 12840 My dere brother, if that thow wot : Where he be ded that me thus smot ?'
if Palamydes is dead.	¶ Paris saide : ' my brother hende, God let me neuere my bowe bende 12844 Ne drawe tacle of Aspyñ wandis, But I sclow him with my handis !' He bad hem than that stode him next, Draw the spere out of his brest ; 12848
Paris says : 'I slew him with my own hands.' Dephebus orders the spear to be drawn from his breast.	

¹ MS. *atones*.

¶ *Dephebus mortuus est.*

Thei drow hit out byfore his eyen,	[lf. 190.]	12849	
Anon Dephebus gan to dyen.			Dephebus dies.
Thei wepe In Troye for his deth,			The Trojans
Thei spilled for him meche breth.		12852	weep for his death,
Bothe Priamus and Hectuba,			
Polexene & Cassandra,			
¶ Paris als and douȝti Troyle,			
Thei prayed her god his soule assoyle;		12856	and pray to
And the Citesens & ladies alle			their god for
That were tho In that halle.			his soul.
But what scholde I longer dwelle,			
What del thei made ȝow to telle?		12860	But I must
I myȝt not to-day ne to-morwe			not dwell any
Telle for-sothe her grete sorwe!			longer on the
			description of
			their great
			sorrow.
P riamus let make a molde			Priamus orders
Off Iasper-stones & riche golde,		12864	a golden coffin
And layd ther-In his sone so dere			to be made for
			his son,
With sore wepyng & heuy chere.			
Another tombe dede he also make			
For Sarpedoun the kynges sake,		12868	and another
And led him by his sone there			tomb for
With wepyng sore of many a tere.			Sarpedon.
For sicurly kyng Sarpedoun			
Was In his tyme a stalworth man,		12872	
A noble knyȝt of vasselage,			
Hardi, & bold, and right sauage.			
¶ Among the Gregeis with-oute wenyng			
Was mychel del & mornyng		12876	The Greeks
For that kyng Palamydes.			mourn for
A newe leder the Gregeis ches,			Palamydes,
For thei myght not be with-oute			
An Emperour for that were doute.		12880	and choose a
Thei toke consayle, wham thei wolde haue			new com-
That best coude ordeyne hem & saue;			mander.

¶ *Hic Agamenoun electus est ad officium Imperatoris.*

Agamemnon
is again elected
commander of
the Greeks.

Agamenon a3eyn thei chase, [lf. 190, bk.] 12883

The eleccioun¹ of hem alle he hase; 12884

And that was most by duk Nestor,

For he spak most ther-for.

A Gamenoun is now Emperour
I-mad a-3eyn with honour; 12888

He orders
them to be
ready for
a new battle
next morning.

Alle the lordes he comaundes,

That thei be redy In the landes

Erly at morwe, whan it was day;

For 3it wol thei efft assay, 12892

How thei may spede a-3eyn Dardanes,

And venge hem on tho fel Troianes

That haue thus slayn the dou3hti kyng

Dispitously with thair schotyng. 12896

When the day ¶
dawns,

The sterres passen and alle the cloudes,

The day dawes, the Crowe croudes,

The larkis synge, the cokkes crowe,

The waytes faste her pipes blowe: 12900

the Greeks
rise, and not-
withstanding
their wounds

The Gregeis risen vp of her couches

With many woundes & many bocches,

But thei let not ther-fore to go

go to fight
again.

Vnto the fyght that thei come fro. 12904

The sqwyers toke her harneis,

They prepare
their horses,

Her knaues ordeyned her palfreys,

Thei[r] sadel-stedis & her cou[r]seres;

and ride out.

And rides forth kny3tes & sqwyers. 12908

¶ Agamenoun In that matyne

Ordaynet hem as thei schold bene.

The Trojans
do the same.

And thei of Troye by than were 3are

Toward Gregeis for to fare. 12912

With-Inne a while come thei to-gedur;

But it made tho a lothely wedur,

It storms, rains,
and thunders
when the
battle begins.

Hit raynes faste, thondres, & blowes,

That wel was him that was with-Inne woves. 12916

¹ The second *c* may be a *t*.

But for al that wedur & the rayn	[lf. 191.]	12917	Notwith- standing the bad weather, many are slain,
Many a gode man ther was sclayn,			
Many a knyzt was ouer-throwen,			
Her bodies lay thik sawen.		12920	
¶ Off Troye died many, but mo Griffons.			but more Greeks than Trojans.
Troyle come ouer the dounes,			
With hardy hert & gret fferte			
Come he thedur to that poygne.		12924	
When he was comen a-mong that pres,			Troylus slays many.
The Gregeis faste to dethe he sles ;			
Thei were In poynt to lese the plase ;			
But then come—as thei hadde grace—		12928	The Greeks would have fled, if Diomedes and Ulixes had not come to their rescue with 20,000 men.
The gode douzti Diomedes			
With his felawe Vlixes,			
With twenti thousand doughti In place ;			
The proude Troyens ¹ thei gone to chace.		12932	
¶ Gret slauzt was on bothe side ;			
But thei myzt not longe abide,			
The thonder & lyghtyng was so strong,			
That gret sorwe hit wrouzt hem among :		12936	But the storm compels both parties to desist from fighting,
Thei with-drow hem sone for that wedur,			
And toke her conseyll al to-gedur			
To go home for that gret tempest,			
For hem thocht hit was the best ;		12940	
For so faste doun the water zet,			as they are all wet through.
That thei were alle thorow wet.			
N OW are thei alle herbarred & housed			When they get home
Al be-rayned and be-toused,		12944	
Thei did of armes & ded on clothes ;			they doff their armes.
Many of hem her lyff loses			
For the wo that thei are Inne.			
I holde: he hadde gret synne		12948	Woe to him who first began this war !
That furst the were of hem by-gan,			
For he was bane of many a man.			

¹ MS. *Gregeis*.

382 *Next Morning the Battle begins again. Troylus slays many Greeks.*

The troops sup, bewail their dead,	¶ When thei were comen, thei ȝede & souped, [lf. 191, bk.]	
	And many on for his frend drouped	12952
	And for hem-selff thei seide 'alas'	
	Thei wende neuere to passe that plas ;	
	And ȝit were thei so envious,	
	So ful of Pride and meruelous,	12956
	That hem was leuere echon to dye	
	Than any of other mercy to crye.	
and go to sleep ;	When thei hadde souped, thei ȝede & sleped,	
many a widow weeps.	And many a wydwe thanne weped,	12960
	And made gret del & sikyng sore	
	For her ffrendes thei hadde lore.	
Next morning they rise early,	W Hen thei hadde scleped & saw tyme,	
	Thei ros vp be-fore the prime	12964
take up arms,	And tok her hors & her atyres,	
	Swerd, bowes, and heded vires,	
and go to the field again.	And ȝede aȝeyn In-to the ffeldes	
	Out of her toun & here teldis,	12968
	And mete to-gedur with strokes hard.	
There are no cowards among them ;	Amonges hem alle was no coward,	
	Echon other to sle coueytes,	
	And alle men to sle waytes :	12972
	Many a man to grounde was feld ;	
no one yields himself up.	But ther was non that euere him ȝeld,	
	Whil thei myght hold swerd In honde,	
	Or on her feet whil thei myȝt stonde.	12976
Troylus and his company arrive ;	¶ But Troile come thanne with his couyne ;	
	He bar a scheld of asure fyne,	
	A lyoun of gold ther-on was paynt.	
	When he was comen to that prasynt	12980
	Ther Troye ¹ & Grece to-gedur ware,	
he slays many Greeks.	Many a man to grounde he bare,	
	Many a lord that day he slow	
	And fro her horsis doun hem drow.	12984

¹ MS. *Troyl.*

¶ Then come thedir Diomedes, And his falawe Vlixes, And the gode Thelamanyus, A strong knyzt & a vigorous, Duk Menescene, and kyng Thoas ; Thei made ther sone a ferly chas. And Agamenoun, her Emperour, Come to that peple In that stour. Lord ! the Peple that ther was ded ! Thei smot of many Troyen hed,	[lf. 192]	12985	Diomedes, Ulixes, and Thelamonius,
		12988	Menescene, Thoas, and
		12992	Agamem- non arrive.
¶ The Peple lay as thikke as strawe, Or the corn whan it was sawe. Thei held to-gedur fight mortel Seuen dayes <i>continuel</i> ; They fauzt to-gedir seuen dayes With-uten rest, with-oute delays, Til al the feld ouer-al a-boute Was be-sprad—euery a cloute— Off gode bodies that lay ded Off Troye & Grece—so god me red ! Seuen dayes to-gedir thei fauzt, That thei rest neuere but the nauzt. When thei hadde fouzten a ful seuen nyght, The Gregeis asked then respit, Thei asked trewes & gryt[h]e To haue reste a two monethe, Til the dede men were leyd in graue ; No lenger wolde thei then craue.		12996	Many Trojans are killed.
		13000	The fight lasts seven days without interruption,
		13004	till the whole field is covered with dead bodies ;
		13008	they abstain only at night.
		13012	Then the Greeks ask for a truce of two months :
T Hei sent her men to Priamus, Ful witti men, & seyde thus : “That al the feld lay be-throng With dede bodyes with sauour strong” ; Thei asked the trewes wekes eyzte, For elles myght thei not fyzte ;		13016	they send messengers to Priamus.

	¶ <i>Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem .viij^{to}. septimanas.</i>	
	Til alle the bodyes were y-graue, [lf. 192, bk.]	13019
	So long wolde thei the trewes haue.	13020
Priamus grants the truce.	The kyng hem graunted by a-visement	
	And ther-to made he his surment	
	To holde hem stable, and thei also,	
	And no dissait ther-In do.	13024
During the truce, Agamemnon meditates how to win back Achilles.	T He while that the trues last,	
	Agamenon In his herte cast,	
	How he myȝt best Achilles brynge	
	With hem aȝeyn to here fyghtyng.	13028
He sends for Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes,	He sente afftir Diomedes,	
	Duk Nestor, and Vlixes;	
	When thei were comen, he bad hem tho:	
and bids them beseech Achilles to come and fyght again.	“That thei scholde to Achilles go,	13032
	And thei scholde him by-seke	
	With faire wordes and with meke,	
	That he wolde come with hem to fyght”;	
	‘Now,’ seyde he, ‘kythe ȝoure slyght!’	13036
	¶ Let se now ȝoure qwayntyse,	
	That he ne late vs In no wyse!’	
They go to Achilles;	Thei did her princes comaundement,	¶ <i>Hic miserunt ad Achillem</i> ¹ .
	To Achilles alle thei went;	
he is glad to see them.	Off her comyng was he glad,	13041
	The lordis to sitte by him he bad;	
	Thei sette hem doun—as he hem bade,—	
	Thei dronken the wyn and made hem glade.	13044
Ulixes asks Achilles,	U Lixes, that most was wis,—	
	Coude non so wel say his devys,—	
	He seyde: ‘Achilles, be ȝoure leue!	
	That I schal say, take it not on greue:	13048
	I haue meruayle with-oute any othe,	
why he keeps back from the Greeks.	Whi ȝe be with vs so wrothe?	
	That ȝe of vs on this wise fille,	
	And haue turned ȝoure hert & wille	{ <i>Aȝeyn vs aff</i> } 13052

¹ On the left side in MS.

Aȝeyn vs alle and ȝoure owne dede,	[lf. 193.]	13053	
And ȝe ben not with vs at rede.			
That ȝe of vs on wyse fille,			
And haue turned ȝoure herte & wille		13056	
Aȝeyn vs alle & ȝoure oune dede,			
That ȝe ben not with vs a rede ¹ .			
Lete vs not dye In deth cruel!			'Let us not die,' he
For-sothe ȝe may helpe vs wel!		13060	says, 'for you may help us.
¶ ² Was it not furst ȝoure oune entent,			Was it not your idea, as
And alle the lordes that with ȝow went,			well as that of
Kynges, & princes off gret power,			all the other
And alle the lordes that now ligge her,—		13064	kings,
Oure owne londis for to leue			to leave Greece
And Priamus his landis be-reue?			and bereave
To sle alle his and exile,			Priamus of his
And do <i>him</i> -self to dethe vile?		13068	land?
This riche Cite to ouerthrowe,			
The gaye toures to ligge lowe?			
H ow may this be ȝe ben thus straunge			Why then
That aȝeyn vs thi hert chaunge?		13072	have you now
That ȝe haue now on newe taken,			changed your
And ȝoure furst wil forsaken			heart and left
Aftir the grete harme that thei haue done,			us,
And ȝit are redi to do alson?		13076	when the
Thei haue sclayn many kynges of oures,			Trojans do us
And wounded ȝow, & sclayn of ȝoures;			so much harm?
¶ Thei haue vs offte foule y-toyled,			They have
Oure Paulyons foule dispoyled,		13080	slain so many
Robbed oure godis & fro vs refft,			of ours and of
Litel haue thei with vs lefft;			yours,
Oure schippis haue thei many brent			and burnt
And many tyme In poynt to be schent.		13084	our ships.
For ȝe haue with ȝoure strengthe & myght			You have slain
Slayn that stalworth man In fyght,	25 [j]		Hector,

¹ ll. 13055-8 are an almost word-by-word repetition of ll. 13051-4.

² This sign almost blotted away.

- we are now on
the point of
winning,
- and Dephebus
is dead too;
- they would
surrender at
once, if they
saw you in the
field.
Don't you re-
member the
worship and
the honour
you won in
this war?
- None is so
strong as you
are now.
- Will you lose
your honour,
- and let the
Greeks be
slain?
- We pray you,
for God's sake,
to help us,
- and not to let
us die.
- That al her socour & trust was In ; [lf. 193, bk.] 13087
- We are now hem In poynt to wyn 13088
- And for to sle eueryche a man,
- Iff 3e helpe vs, as 3e by-gan.
- And also Dephebus is now ded,
- And thei are alle with-outen red ; 13092
- Were 3e sen Armed In the felde,
- Thei schal for drede of 3ow hem 3elde.
- A** Chilles sir, for him 3ow wrought !
- Haue 3e for-3eten, ne thenke 3e noght, 13096
- What los & worschepe 3e haue wonne
- With dedes that 3e haue her bygonne ?
- 3e haue done dedis In this stour,
- 3e haue wonne 3ow gret honour ; 13100
- In al the world, brode ne lang,
- Is non so dou3ti ne so strang—
- I holde certes—as 3e are now,
- Sithen 3e doghti Ector selow ! 13104
- ¶ Haue 3e no thought, sir, & mynde
- That 3oure los thus schal be tynd ?
- And suffre 3oure kynges and 3oure Gregeis
- Be sclayn & storuē In this mareis, 13108
- That 3e haue saued noble & kept
- With my3t & strengthe eueryche a step ?
- Michel blode haue 3e dispēde,
- To saue vs alle and to defende. 13112
- ¶ We pray 3ow, sir, for goddis sake,
- That 3e to 3owre furst wil take ?
- That 3e lese not thus sone 3oure los,
- Ne lete vs not dye of oure fos, 13116
- And help vs & saue vs also !
- For we may not with-oute 3ow do.
- Oure Emperour—the sothe to say—
- Sente vs hidur 3ow to pray, 13120

¶ **Hic Achilles contradixerunt eos.**

- That 3e scholde vs In no wise ffayle, [lf. 194.] 13121
 But be with vs at the nexte batayle
 To flyght a3eyn oure wicked enemys;
 That we by 3ow may wyinne the pris, 13124
 And than schal we haue the victori,
 And but thow do thus, we ben sori.’
 Achilles seyde to Ulixes:
 ‘Certis, sir, it is no les! 13128
 Alle that 3e say, I knowe it wel;
 But that was foly euery a del:
 That when we were In suche a-tent,
 I say that we were fouly blent. 13132
 Hit was open surfetrie,
 And on gret pride & folye,
 ¶ When alle these kynges scholde leue here londis
 For-sothe In vncouthe mennes hondis— 13136
 Her rentes faire & gret Cites,—
 To com & werre In straunge contres.
 And al for loue of a womman
 This perelous werre we by-gan, 13140
 And alle these kynges haue [ben] sclayn
 For the loue of dame Elayn.
 ¶ Say me now, sir Vlixes,
 The noble kyng, Palamydes, 13144
 Hadde him not better¹ ben—I say—
 Died at hom In his contray,
 Then haue died In this prouince?
 Him and euery another prince 13148
 That haue died here thus wickedly?
 And al for loue of that lady!
 ¶ Also the man that most was bold
 Off stalworthnes, & most of told,— 13152
 Ector of Troie with-oute pere—
 Died he not In foule manere?

Come and
rescue us in
the next battle,

else we shall
be very sorry.’
Achilles
answers:

‘All you say I
know well.
But it was
folly

to leave our
lands and
goods in the
hands of stran-
gers,

and to make
war in foreign
lands,

all for the love
of Eleyne.

Would not
Palamydes
have better
died in his
own land than
here?

And all the
other princes?

And Hector
the peerless,

did he not
die in foul
manner?

¹ MS. *be better*.

- So might I
lose my life too,
like Hector. I se therefore : so mote I [lf. 194, bk.] 13155
Lese my lyff so witterly ! 13156
I warne 3ow ther-fore, lordynges,
To me speke 3e not of suche thynges,
No more therfore 3e me say !
Off suche thynges 3e may not pray, 13160
A3eyn Troyens to 3eue batayle—
For hit is but lorn trauayle !
Rather will I
lose my fame
and good name
than my life.' ME is leuere lese my name,
Alle my los, & my gode fame, 13164
Then here to dye In wo & pyne
And lye here stynkyng as a swyne.'
- Nestor and
Diomedes
repeat ¶ Nestor duk and Diomedes
Thei prayed bothe sir Achilles 13168
And seyde : " her Emperour him be-soght,
That he wolde leue that wil & thoght
That he was In, and Armes bere,
And help hem to mayntene the werre." 13172
but in vain. But alle her prayer and her sawe
Were not that tyme worth an hawe.
¶ Her fair speche myzt him not brynge,
Ne prayer nother of duk ne of kyng 13176
Put of his herte & his purpos,
For noght that euere thei myght glos,
Ne her alther Emperour.
But sayde " that it was more honour 13180
At Priamus to aske the pes,
Then be to-hewen as other wes."
¶ The kynges saw thei myght not spede,
Thei toke her leue and home 3ede ; 13184
Thei fond her Emperour In his halle,
Wel curteysly thei gret him alle.
He asked hem : " how thei hadde sped "—
' What hath Achilles to 3ow seyd ? 13188
- He says : ' It is
greater honour
to ask Priamus
for peace than
to be killed
here.'
The kings
return to
Agamemnon's
tent.

¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendum ad patriam suam.*

Haue þe geten any grace ?

[lf. 195.] 13189

On Agamemnon's demand the messengers relate to him the whole of Achilles's refusal.

Thei seyde be-fore godis face,

Thei tolde him al her answer :

"How he nolde Troiens dere,

13192

Ne come"—he sayde—"In batayle mortel";

But seyde: "if that we wold do wel,

We scholde aske pes at Priamus,

And schold we neuere saue vs."

13196

'God that made bothe lond & se,'—¶ *Hic Agamenon*

Seide Agamenoun—"what may this be, timuit.

Agamemnon wonders why Achilles will not fight any longer,

That this gode knyzt sir Achilles

Longeth thus sore afftir the pees ?

13200

I wot neuere what it may be-mene.'

He bad the kynges alle be-dene,

All that euere were In that ost

Schold come bothe lest & most,

13204

and summons a council of all the Greek leaders.

And alle these other lordes also,

For thynges he wolde say hem to.

With-Inne a while were thei alle met

Ther to-geder and doun set.

13208

Within a short while they all meet.

¶ Agamenoun tolde his tale

To alle the lordis In that sale :

"How he hadde sent Diomedes,

Duk Nestor, and Vlixes,

13212

Agamemnon tells them,

To pray Achilles for charite,"—

'And for the loue of þow and me,

That he wolde vs helpe In oure werre.

And we of him be neuere the nerre,

13216

how he sent Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes, to ask Achilles for help,

For he swore gret othes to hem thore,

He scholde bere armes neuere more

but that he swore never to bear arms against the Trojans.

¶ Kyng Priamus to distroye,

Ne non of his to anoye,—

13220

For nouzt that we may do or bidde.

He wold not die as other didde.

Agamemnon asks the lords	And this [is] al the skyl whi	[lf. 195, bk.]	13223
	That I for 3ow sende witterly,		13224
to give their opinions.	To here 3oure alther a-visement, Of ¹ euer[y]che a man his Iugement. Telles here now 3oure best consayl: What schal we do of this batayl?		13228
Menelaussays:	M Enelaus rose vp now anon		
'He is unwise who assents to peace;	And seyde: "he held him no wyse man Vn-to that pes that wolde assent;		
	For the batayle was as good as ent,		13232
now Hector and Dephebus are dead,	Sithen thei hadde slayn the knyght vigorous, Sir Ector, and Dephebus";		
it will be easy—even without Achilles's help—to vanquish the others.'	'Thes other are ether to ouercome, Thei schal alle dye on a throme.		13236
	And thoow it be that Achilles Help vs not, but holde his pees,— With-oute his help & his vertu We schal these other sone vengu.'		13240
But Nestor	¶ But then ros vp Duk Nestor		
	That I spak of right now be-for ² ,		
and Ulixes	And the wise kny3t sir Vlixes		
	That sat to-gedir on the des ;		13244
say: 'It is no wonder that you desire more war, for your wife's sake.	Thei seyde: 'it is no wonder, sir, Thoow thow batayle more desir. Al ffor the & for thi wiff These gode lordes haue lost her lyff,		13248
	And so may we lyghtly do,		
But we do not,—	But we wil not that it ³ be so.		
	¶ For thi wyff this werre be-gan,		
we give it up,	We 3eue it vp here euery a man ;		13252
	For hir haue we done here gret perel, But we forsake here oure querel ;	¶ Hic nolunt pug-	
and will have peace.'	We wol haue the pes euerychon, Ther-a3eyn of vs is non ;	nare vltorius ⁴ .	13256

¹ MS. *To*.² After this last word *n* is erased.³ MS. *is*.⁴ In the left margin in MS.

¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendum ad patriam suam*¹.

For we haue lyued her many 3eres.' [lf. 196.] 13257

When sir Calcas that conseil heres,—

When these kynges were at that acorde,

And dukes also and many a lorde, 13260

To lete the werre and haue the pees,—

He bad hem alle lete that res;

¶ He cried loude as he were wod

Among the Gregeis ther thei stod, 13264

He sayde: 'alas, that 3e ben mased!

3oure² wit is lorn and ful dased!

Hope 3e, lordynges, it is not ille

To do a3eyn 3oure godis wille, 13268

That he wol do 3ow alle him dispise?

God for-sakes him & hise.

God hath 3ow for-sothe be-hight

The victorye—my treuthe I plyght!— 13272

Off alle 3oure enemyis & 3oure fos;

My-selff hit herde of god In Delos

That he the mastry 3ow be-het.

3oure² herte craftly ther-on 3e set, 13276

¶ Traystes wel In his prowesse!

For I herd it & bere witnessse,

For I it herde In that Il[d]e:

"That 3e scholde be lordes with herte mylde, 13280

And that 3e scholde haue al the maystrye."

Loke 3e be bold ther-fore for-thi,

Beth right bold, & trust In god!

And leues hem not for euen ne od, 13284

Til 3e haue wonnen the victory—

As god be-het 3ow trustely!

When this Clerk, sir Calcas,—

In Troye sumtyme bysshop was— 13288

Hadde sayde these wordes amonges hem alle,

Fro her purpos be-gan thei falle

25 [iiiij]

When Calchas
hears this
counsel,

he rushes up
like a madman,

and says:
'You are all
mad!

Don't you
think it bad
to act against
the will of the
god?

He promised
you the vic-
tory—I bear
witness!—over
all your ene-
mies.

I heard it my-
self in Delos,

that ye should
vanquish.

Therefore, be
bold and trust
in god,

till you have
the victory
prophesied to
you.'

¹ This rubric is just the same as that on lf. 195.

² MS. *3oure*.

392 *On Calchas's Advice the Greeks resolve on pursuing the War.*

On Calchas's address, the Greeks vow never to leave this land with- out having cast down Troy and slain Priamus, Troylus, and Paris.	And toke aȝeyn her herte & wille, [lf. 196, bk.] 13291 And made a vow her god vn-tille : 13292 “Thei wold neuere passe of ther marches, Til proud Ilyon and alle his arches Were cast down, and Priamus, And that douȝti knyȝt Troylus, 13296 And fair Paris that was his sone, Were foule slayn with-oute raunsone.
Even without Achilles's help they trust to have the vic- tory.	¶ Thoow Achilles helpe hem noght, Thei vowed to god that thei ne roght ; 13300 Thow Achilles hem for-soke, Her godis scholde vn-to hem loke. Iff he be ferd of any chaunce, Lete him sitte & rede romaunce !” 13304
They all agree not to go home,	¶ Now are the kynges all at red : Out of the place, for drede of ded, To her contres wil thei not wende, Til thei haue broght that fyght to ende. 13308 Off no thyng are thei a-bayst, In her goddis haue thei suche traist ; With-oute Achilles ar thei bold
but to fight on. Achilles is for- gotten, as if he had never been among them.	The fyght aȝeyn to take & hold. 13312 He is for-ȝeten with feble & strong, As thoow he hadde not ben hem among. Thei wente alle hom to here ostel,
They make merry, till the truce ends.	Thei daunsed & sang & made revel. 13316 The <i>terme</i> is went & passed a-way,
Next day fighting will be renewed,	The morwe next schal be her day That thei schal fyght to-gedur In feld, Ther schal be reuen many a scheld, 13320 Many a bryght basenet Schal be with blod foule y-wet.
	D Ay is went out of the trewes, Ther is gret noyse among the Grwes, 13324

¶ *Hic faciebant Magnum Bellum.*

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|--|
| <p>Thei Arme hem faste at that tyde,
 To hem of Troye thei faste ride,
 Armed wel In her harneis.
 Now gon to-gedur Troiens & Gregeis :
 The vanwardis met with gret hidoure,
 Thei rod to-gedur with gret vigoure ;</p> | <p>[lf. 197.] 13325</p> <p>13328</p> | <p>The Trojans
 and the Greeks
 meet with
 great eager-
 ness.</p> |
| <p>¶ A thousand speres brast In-sonder,
 Ther died knyȝtes many hunder.
 When thei to-gedir with speres rides,
 Many on the dethe ther abydes ;
 Thei toke ther many an euel garter,
 Some loste al his on quarter,
 Some his hede, & som his guttis ;
 Eche man other doun puttis.</p> | <p>13332</p> <p>13336</p> | <p>A great battle
 begins.</p> <p>Many die,</p> <p>and many are
 wounded.</p> |
| <p>¶ The stour was strong & perilous,
 The day was hote, the men yrous :
 Thei schotte arwes & keste gaulokkis,
 Thei dyght foule her paltokkis ;
 Knyghtes falle, and stedis stray,
 The dede bodyes on hepe lay.</p> | <p>13340</p> <p>13344</p> | <p>They shoot
 their arrows,</p> <p>knighte fall,
 and steeds
 stray.</p> |
| <p>BVt then come theder douȝti Troyle
 And be-gan amonges hem royle,
 Among Gregeis be-gan he pugne,
 That thei made many a lothely groyne.
 For his brother that thei selow
 He did hem sorwe & wo y-now ;
 His brother deth he hadde In mynde,—
 As thei of Grece fforsothe fynde,—
 Ful shrewedly hem dyghtes,
 He slow that day many knyghtes.</p> | <p>13348</p> <p>13352</p> | <p>Troylus comes
 up, and,</p> <p>revenging his
 brother's
 death, slays
 many Greeks.</p> |
| <p>¶ Then come Menelaus ride
 With men of Armes And mychel pride,
 And the doghti Diomedes
 With mychel peple to that pres,</p> | <p>13356</p> | <p>Menelaus and</p> <p>Diomedes
 come up.</p> |

394 *Night ends the Battle, which is taken up again next Morning.*

	With many knyghtes stronge & gode ; [lf. 197, bk.]	13359
Menelaus and Diomedes slay many Trojans.	Thei sclow Troiens as thei were wode, And felde hem thikke vpon the grounde. Ther died of hem many thousonde, On bothe halff thei sle men faste Al the day, til euen laste.	13360 13364
Night ends the battle ;	For hit was nyght, the sonne goth west, Thei drow hem homward to her rest, Thei parted so fro that fyght	 13368
they go home.	And 3ede hom alle, for it was nyght. T Hei of Troie are In the toun, And Gregeis In her paულoun ; Euery man goth to his rescet,	 13372
They take supper,	Her mete is dyght and to hem fet, Thei sitte alle for to soupe With many a lyuer, longe, & croupe ;	 13376
and then go to bed.	Many a man among hem drouped And 3ede to bedde, whan thei hadde souped, And rest hem til hit was day, That thei myzt make a foule deray.	 13380
The Greeks are ashamed of their defeat,	¶ For thei of Grece were sore a-gramed And gretly tened and sore a-schamed Off hem of Troye for that day be-forn, For her gode men thei hadde lorn :	 13384
and prepare to take re- venge next morning.	Thei samed hem alle on an hepe, Thei toke her hors & vpward lepe, Thei rod so forth vpon a renge, For thei wolde hem fayn venge ;	 13388
They ride out of their camp	¶ Thei alle are went of here hales, Thei passe her piles & her pales. Wel hard thei to-geder rode	 13392
with splendid banners.	With baneres faire & eke brode, Som of sandel, som of ynde, To-geder betande with the wynde.	 13392

The Gregeis toke thenne the feld;	[lf. 198.]	13393	
And thei of Troye that be-held			
That thei were so to hem comande,			
Thei ȝede a-ȝeyns hem faste ridande		13396	The Trojans ride against the Greeks.
Off gode aray & gode manere,			
With many a spere and brod banere.			
When thei come ner, to-gedur thei ran,			They meet;
And sclow be-twene hem many a man;		13400	many are slain.
Scheldes and helmes ȝede al to dust,			
Thei toke ther many a sori crust.			
B Vt the douȝti Diomedes			Diomedes cuts down many Trojans.
Ful wondirly the Troiens sles:		13404	
He smot of hondis with alle the nayles,			
He made hem greued—it was meruayles,—			
He pared her chekes al aboute,			
That al here tethe fellen oute.		13408	
He sclow and woundid & bar to erthe			
Two & thre and so the fferthe,			
¶ He smot of hedes, leg, & arme;			
That day did he moche harme		13412	
To hem of Troye & her meygne.			
Troyle knewe, that it was he			Troylus, on seeing this, rides up to him,
That did his men that vilony;			vows to take revenge,
He vowed to god: “he scholde a-by;		13416	
Iff he myȝt ride as he hath ment,			
On of hem scholde haue a dent.”			
¶ Diomedes he ascried,			
And afftirward he him defied:		13420	and defies him.
‘War the wel’—seyde he—‘fro me!			
For thi dedis I defy the!’			
‘And I the!’ seyde the knyght,			Diomedes accepts the challenge.
‘Her my treuthe to the I plyght:		13424	
I wol the not certis refuse,			
Ne thow schalt the fro me ascuse.’			

Troylus and Diomedes rush together.	Thei to-gedur as ffauouns fflyes, [lf. 198, bk.]	13427
	For-sothe that on of hem a-byes :	13428
	Diomedes brast his spere,	
	But he did Troyle no-thing dere ;	
Troylus smites ¶ Diomedes with all his might, wounds, and unhorses him.	¶ But Troyle smot him with al his mayn	
	That ney-hande he hadde ben selayn,	13432
	He fel him fro his hors swonande	
	Among her hors ded neyhande.	
	When he was thus on grounde y-layd ¹ ,	
Troylus mocks and reviles him for his leman Brix- aida.	Troyle ful foule him missayd	13436
	For Brixaida that was his leff,	
	He reuyled him as he were a theff.	
Diomedes's men drag him from beneath his horse, lay him on his shield, and bring him away to his tent.	But his men were for him dred :	
	Thei drow him fro her hors tred,	14440
	Thei leyd him on his scheld soffte	
	And led him hom vn-to his loffte ;	
	Wel sore y-hurt, In a swone,	
	Thei bare him to his Paulyone.	13444
When Mene- laus sees this,	¶ When Menelaus that was him by	
	Saw Troyle that knyght so sturdy	
	For that wounde that Diomedes laught,	
	He hadde ther-fore wel mechel aught,	13448
	He wyste ful wel that he was hurt.	
he rushes towards Troy- lus,	Menelaus to Troyle sturt,	
	He by-gan sir Troyle ban[n]e	
	For him & rode to him thanne	13452
and, to avenge the fall of Diomedes, assails him ;	To venge the kyng Diomedes ;	
	For or thei parted, he bougt that res :	
but he is wounded se- verely.	¶ Troylus spere was with-ouen brekyng	
	As he felde with that other kyng ;	13456
	To Menelaus Troylus whirled	
	That scheld and hauberk bothe thrilled,	
	He bare him vndir his hors fete,	
	Off his blod he was al wete.	13460

¹ MS. A second *thus* between *grounde* and *y-layd* in MS.

His men then qwyk him drow,—	[lf. 199.]	13461	
For him thei hadde sorwe y-now,—			
Thei toke & layde him on his scheld			Menelaus too
And bare him home vn-to his teld.		13464	is carried to his tent.
W Han Agamenoun, her Emperour,			When Aga- memnon sees
Saw his men so fare In that stour,—			that the Greeks
Thei were almost with-oute myght,			are almost put to flight,
Thei were ney-hande put to flyght,—		13468	
He gadered his men to-gedur samen,			he gathers his men.
And than be-gan a newe gamen ;			
Then come thedur Vlixes ¹			Ulixes,
With men of armes, a huge pres,		13472	
¶ And the gode kyng Thoas			Thoas,
That sori was ffor that kynges cas,			
And the gode kyng Thelamaneus,			Thelamonius,
And the gode kyng Menesceus.		13476	and Mene- scene come to the rescue,
Lord, the sorwe that ther by-gan !			and slay many Trojans.
Ther was slayn many a man,			
Many a man and many a knyght			
Was selayn that day In that fight.		13480	
Thei sclow Troyens down to grounde,			
And many flowe with hidous wounde.			
¶ Thelameneus tok a spere			Thelamonius
And to Troyle began it bere :		13484	severely wounds
He 3aff Troyle suche a weshayle			Troylus with a spear ;
That he flow ouer his hors tayle,			
And 3aff him a wounde bitter and sore			
That on his scheld he was hom bore ;		13488	Troylus is car- ried from the battle-field.
His hors was eke tho y-slawe,			
Out of that batayle he was drawe.			
¶ Paris ferd as he were wod,			Paris slays
Many a Grew ther lost his blod ;		13492	many Greeks,
Thei leyde hem faste to grounde			
With many an hidous wounde.			

¹ Something erased after 'Vlixes.'

Gret was the slaught and the wo [lf. 199, bk.] 13495
That among the Gregeis was tho. 13496

Agamemnon
is sorely
wounded.

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,
Was sore hurt In that stour,
And so was many a gode knyght
Dede & wounded In that fyght. 13500

The Greeks
are driven
back to their
tents.

The stour was gret, the fyght plener,
But Gregeis were of non¹ power
Azeyn hem lengur to holde fight;
And eke it was ney the nyght, 13504
For to her Paулoun anon he went;
For hadde thei abeden, thei hadde ben schent.

Night ends the
battle;
the Trojans
return home.

¶ Thei fledde echone with-Inne the diches
With gret sorwe and sore sikes, 13508
The Troyens ffolwed with her myght;
But it was tho al at nyght:
Thei wente hom to her Cite
With her knyghtes & her meygne. 13512

Agamemnon
is very sad, as
he himself

A Gamenoun coude no gale,
He hadde y-bled, he was pale;
He saw what wo & perel

and Diomedes
are hurt so
severely.

To him & his that day befel, 13516
How Diomedes, that doughti kyng,
Was hurt so sore at that Iustyng,
And he myght not him selff helpe;
His sorwe coude he to no man zelpe. 13520

Menelaus
is wounded too.

And Menelaus², his brother, eke
He was so hurt that he lay seke.

Both kings lie
abed.

Bothe thes kynges In bed lay
For harm thei toke of Troyle that day; 13524
Wonder sore and delfully
He was hurt & greuously,
He dredde him sore to ffyght lengur,
Til thei & he myght be strengur; 13528

¹ MS. *nom.*

² MS. *Menelaus.*

¶ *Hic ceperunt Pacem ad inuicem per .vj. menses.*

For if he did, he hoped wele [lf. 200.] 13529

Off his men to lese gret dele.

He sente ther-fore to Priamus,

To Paris, and to sir Troylus, 13532

To haue a trewe a six moneth,

That thei myght rest In pes & grith.

Agamemnon
sends to the
Trojans for a
truce of six
months.

It is granted
by Priamus,

against the
will of many
Trojans.

¶ Priamus and his consayle

Graunte trewes with-oute fayle. 13536

And that was certis a3eyn her wille

Off many of tho that longed him tille;

Thei seyde: "it was foly strong

To graunte Gregeis a trewe so long," 13540

But wham it likes & wam it rewes,

On bothe parties ben graunted trewes.

B Ryxaida that louely was,—

The Biscop[es] doghter Calcas, 13544

That fair louely womman,

That sumtyme was sir Troyle lemman,—

When the tydandes to hir was seyde

That Diomedes In bed was layde, 13548

A3eyn hir fadur comaundement

To vysite him ful offte sche went;

For sche wiste he toke the falle

Off Troyle that was hir speciale. 13552

on hearing
that Diomedes
is in bed,
goes often
to his tent
against her
father's will,

and, giving up
the hope of
ever being able
to marry Troy-
lus,

falls in love
with Dio-
medes.

¶ Sche wiste wel In hir thoght

Off Troyle scholde sche neuere haue noght;

Sche hoped neuere of him mariage;

Sche chaunged her wil & corage: 13556

Doghti Troyle sche gan forsake,

To Diomedes sche gan hir take:

Sche sayde sche wolde with him dele

For any man, whan he hadde hele; 13560

For to him sche 3aff al hir talent,

For he hadde mechel on hir y-spent,

- And loued hir wel, and sche him als— [lf. 200, bk.] 13563
 As wymmen doth that offten ben fals. 13564
- For half a year
 they may now
 rest :
 they heal their
 wounds ;
- h If¹ a 3er may thei now reste,
A The tréwe is so be-twene hem feste ;
 Thei may hele wele the whiles
 Alle her bocchis & her biles, 13568
 Thei may hem hele In here soiorning.
 But it be In mys-kepyng,
 Thei are mury In alle her woundes,
 they go to hunt Thei go & hunte with her grehoundes, 13572
 With hauke, brache, & with kenetes²,
 Thei hunte conynges with here ffirettes.
- rabbits
 with ferrets.
 Agamemnon
 fears the
 Greeks might
 not succeed
 in the next
 battle without
 the help of
 Achilles.
 He sends for
 Nestor.
- ¶ But Agamenoun hadde gret care
 That the Gregeis scholde In fyght mysfare, 13576
 But if thei myght Achilles pray
 That he wolde helpe another Iornay.
 He sent affter by a knyght
 Afftir duk Nestor, that man of myght ; 13580
 He come to him at his sendyng,
 And he was fayn of his comyng.
 To Achilles bothe thai 3ede
 To loke if that thei may spede ; 13584
- ¶ Agamenoun his wil assayed,
 Ful ffaire Achilles he ther prayed :
 “ That he wolde turne his herte & wil
 And let the Gregeis so not spil, 13588
 And come with hem In her batayle
 And at her nede no more hem fayle.”
 But for al that thei be-souzt,
 Ne myzt thei him chaunge right nouzt ; 13592
 He swore his othe & made a vow ;
 ‘ I wol no more helpe 3ow !
 But this wol I for thi loue do,
 And for thin, Nestor, also :
 Alle my men 13596
- Both go to
 Achilles and
 ask him to
 help the
 Greeks.
- But notwith-
 standing all
 their begging
 he refuses.
 He swears :
 ‘ I’ll no more
 help you ; but
 this I’ll grant
 you,

¹ h inserted by later hand, erasure of some three or four letters after lf; the first writing seems to have been *After*.

² Altered from *kenetf* for the sake of the rhyme.

Alle my men I wol 3ow graunte	[lf. 201.]	13597	to send to your help all my troops.'
That ben so stronge and vaylaunte,			
I wol that 3e tho with 3ow haue			
For 3oure loue—so god me saue!		13600	
But non Armes my-selff wil bere,			
Non of Troye to do no dere.'			
Thei were bothe fayn—by seynt Cristofore!—			They are both glad of his offer,
Off his gode wil & profre,		13604	
¶ Thei thonked him an hundred sithe :			and thank him.
“That he hadde mad hem so blythe,			
That thei myght haue the Murmidones			
To go to fyght with here Gryffones,		13608	
For thei were styff & eke stalworth.”			
Thei toke her leue and went forth			They return to their tents,
Bothe to-gedur In to her hales,			
Thei tolde the kynges this Ioyful tales :		13612	and tell the kings the good news.
“How of his men thei hadde grauntise			
But thei myght not gete him in no wyse.”			
¶ The kynges were fayn and wonder glad			All are glad of Achilles's promise, but they would have liked better to have himself, than 1,200 of his men.
That thei graunt of his men had,		13616	
But hem were leuere haue had him-selff			
Then of his men hundres twelff.			
W Hen ¹ it come ner the half 3ere. ² ende			
That the trues scholde out-wende,		13620	When the truce nears its end,
And it nyed ner the day			
That the trewes passed away,			
The Gregeis made her harneis clene			they prepare for a new battle,
And grond her speres scharp & kene;		13624	
And thei of Troye did the same,			both the Greeks and the Trojans.
For ayther thoght do other schame.			
¶ When day was comen out of her trewes,			
Agamenoun ³ had the Grwes :		13628	
“To Arme hem and dight hem faste,			
For it was tyme that thei were paste		26 j	

¹ The capital *W* is somewhat blotted. ² Between *the* and *3ere*, *laste* is cancelled, and *half* inserted over line by another hand.

³ MS. *Agamenon*.

¶ *Aliud Bellum.*

	In-to the feld a-zeyn her fos."	[lf. 201, bk.]	13631
They arm themselves,	Eche man to Arme him gos.		13632
	Ther was thanne a semely syght		
	Off many a gentil man & knyght		
mount their horses,	That semely set vpon her stedis ;		
	¹	13636
	Many a sadel was ouergiltis,		
and take their swords,	Many a sword with golden hiltis.		
	Many baner blew a-boute,		
	Ful loude the wynd hem made route.		13640
Achilles bids his men, for Agamemnon's sake, to go to the fight,	¶ Achilles gadered his knyghtes alle		
	Aboute him thanne In-to his halle,		
	He bad thei scholde her Armes take		
	For Agamenoun loue ² and his sake ;		13644
	To alle his men worthi & digne		
and he gives them a new ensign.	Delyuered he a newe signe		
	As red as any blod,		
	And 3aff hem leue with heuy mode		13648
	To wende forthe to her batayle,		
	Here foos holdly to assayle.		
Achilles weeps when they start.	A Chilles weped an hundred teres		
	At her wending vpon his leres ;		13652
	His men echon forthe stalked ;		
	Vnto the folk ful soffte thei walked.		
	Ther was by-gonne wel that tyme,		
	For it was thanne half way Prime :		13656
The Trojans slay many Greeks,	¶ The Troyens felde & slow Gregeis		
	Ful wonderly—as Dares says ;—		
	Troyle falles al that he hittes,		
	Many of hem her hert-blod spittes.		13660
	And thei of Troye died faste		
	As thikke as men myght caste		
	¹	
but are borne down by them.	The Gregeis hem cleuen alle down		13664
	And bere hem ouer her hors arsoun		
	That men myght here a perlusoun.		

¹ No gap in MS.

² MS. lone.

- ¶ Duk Menescene defendis his folk, [lf. 202.] 13667 Menescene
 He smot many In the nekke holk; 13668
 And duk Nestor him wele halpe:
 Thei 3aff the Troyens many a talpe;
 On ayther syde thei fel to grounde
 With many a grym hidous wounde. 13672
- ¶ Thei fau3t al day whil the sonne schyned,
 Fro the morwe that thei hadde dyned
 Vntil thei hadde of day no lyght;
 Thei 3ede home for defaute of syght, 13676
 And euery man wente to his Inne—
 Til thei my3t efft her note by-gynne.
- D**Ay is comen, & nyght is gone, Next morning
 The Gregeis are vppe & dyght echone, 13680
 And thei of Troye are comen down,
 Armed wel, out of the toun.
 Thei ran to-geder as wode thinges,
 Echon other al to-diggis; 13684
 Many of hem ligge In a dwale,
 May no man make acorde fynale.
- ¶ In erthe was neuere suche a semble:
 And that may alle men here & se 13688
 That romaunce may vndirstonde & rede,
 Other therto wol take hede.
 In alle the bokes that men haue sene
 Off dou3ti men that haue bene, 13692
 When thei are thorow soght,
 Sicurly ne fynde men noght
 That suche a fyght In erthe befel,
 Sithe Eue bare Caym and gode Abel; 13696
 That so fele kynges, dukes, and lordes
 Were gadered to-gedur for on discordes.
 Hit was neuere, lord! In geste ne sang
 Off werre In erthe that last so lang, 26 ij 13700

and Nestor
slay many
Trojans.

They fight as
long as the
sun is shining;
only
night ends
the battle.

they begin
fighting anew.

A greater
battle never
was,

since Eue bore
Cain and Abel.

- Ne that so many men to dethe wente [lf. 202, bk.] 13701
 As did ther, or the batayle ente ;—
- Never a siege lasted, nor will last, so long. Ne neuere of sege that so longe lay,
 Ne neuere schal to domysday ;— 13704
- Never men fought so bravely and so long. Ne men that myght so longe endure
 To fight euery day In her Armure
 With-oute reste and with-oute sese,
 That thei toke neuere trewe ne pese. 13708
- ¶ Ne held thei not sumtyme assaut,
 Day be day to-gedur thei faut,
 That thei rest neuere ful doughtly
 A ful monethe contynuely. 13712
- One may see thereby what strength they had.
 No one could now fight as long as they did. ¶ For now lyues nother man ne knyzt
 That if thei were put to that fyzt, 13716
 That thei ne scholde be for-done,
 Long tyme or it were none ;
 And thei be-gan at sonne rysyng.
 But that liggis not In my spekyng, 13720
 I wol speke ther-of no more,
 But turne a-zejn ther I was ore.
- The Trojans attack first. **T**He stoure haue thei of Troye be-gonne,
 And thei of Grece ben to hem ronne 13724
 And made In her armure many a brek,
 Many a man lay slawe ded sterk.
- Philomene A riche kyng was called Philomene,
 A worthi knyzt, a kynde Troiene, 13728
- and Polidomas attack Thoas, And also sir Palidomas,—
 Thei two to-gedir met kyng Thoas :
 ¶ Thei layd vpon him bothe at ones,
 Thei brosed his flesch and eke his bones ; 13732
 His myght vayled him not of two lekes,
 Thei toke him maugre his chekes.
- and take him prisoner.

- Off that prese drow thei him out, [lf. 203.] 13735
 And drow him forth fro alle his rout. 13736
- ¶ But that saw thenne the Murmydones, The Myrmi-
 How he was lad ffro his Gryffones; dons come to
 But thei wolde him not so lete passe, the rescue of
 Thei gadered alle a-boute Thoas: 13740 Thoas,
- Thei tere for him many a ribbe
 Off many lord & many sibbe,
 And many an hed thei al to-schyuered,
 And fro her hand thei him delyuered. 13744 and deliver
 him.
- T**Ho was Troyle ful sore tened: Troylus is
 That he was so dyght sore he mened, enraged;
 He swor by god & by his swyre: he will take
 "Thei scholde abyge that dyntes dere." 13748 revenge.
- He strok his stede amonges hem alle,
 Some he sclow & some mad falle, He slays many
 He brak her hedes vnder her hode. Myrmidons;
 But thei manly a-3eyn him stode, 13752
- ¶ Thei sclow vndir him his stede
 That Troylus down to grounde 3ede— but they kill
 As he most nede—when his hors fayled. his horse.
 But he lepe vp & hem assayled, 13756 He leaps up
 Gret defence gan he make; again;
 But thei were besy him to take,
 But he was closed him-self alone they surround
 Amonges hem on fote echone. 13760 him.
- ¶ But Paris thanne—whan he it wiste— Paris
 Amonges the Gregeis In he thriste;
 His halff-brother with-al him with,
 And many another of that kyth: 13764 and others
 Thei brak with force her scheltoun,
 And sclow ther many a Murmidoun.
 Another hors to Troyle was broght,
 And he lepe vp—as he neuere roght 26 i[ij] 13768 bring a new
 horse to Troy-
 lus.

406 *Battle for the Deliverance of Troylus; he routs the Myrmidons.*

	Off no lyues man that was his foo— [lf. 203, bk.]	13769
	He lepe vp sone as a roo.	
A great battle between Paris and the	For sir Troyle delyueraunce	
	An hard batayle & gret distaunce	13772
	Be-gan Paris & hem be-twene,	
Myrmidons for the deliverance of Troylus.	For Murimdones hadde mochel tene,	
	Gret Angwys, & mochel wo	
	That Troylus scholde so qwit go:	13776
The Myrmi- dons slay Margariton, a half-brother of Troylus (but cf. l. 10486 sqq.), and many others.	Thei leyde thanne Troiens hard vpon,	
	Thei sclow that tyme Margariton,	
	That was sir Troylus half-brother;	
	Ther died of Troyens many an ¹ other	13780
	For the delyueraunce of sir Troyle,	
	Many a Troien to dethe did royle.	
Troylus	T Royle was horsed atte devise	
	Vpon a stede of moche prise.	13784
	He thoght thei scholde not pas qwite;	
plans to take revenge.	He thoght to venge that foule dispite	
	And vilony that thei hadde tan,	
	Off hem that were his brothr ban:	13788
He slays many of the Myrmi- dons;	He wounded hem, he felde & sclow,	
	And of her horses down hem drow;	
but they are clever:	But thei were wyse of werre & sclye,	
	Styff & strong, & ful dou3tye:	13792
	¶ Thei saw thei were In gret perel,	
they make a 'roundel' and a castle of themselves; notwithstand- ing, they are put to flight at last.	Thei drow hem alle on a roundel	
	And of hem-selff made thei castel.	
	But that vayled hem not a wastel—	13796
	For Troyle was euere on hem so asper,	
	That many a riche ston of Iasper	
	Smot he a-way vpon her crestes,	
	And sclow hem as thei hadde ben bestes;	13800
	Thei lafft the feld & fledde hamward.	
	Then was comynge thedirward	

The Emperour Agamenoñ	[lf. 204.]	13803	Agamemnon
And The duk Thelamoñ,		13804	and other
With alle here men Vlixes,			Greek leaders
So did the gentil Diomedes ;			come to the
Menelaus come with hem thanne			rescue of the
With many a thousand armed menne :		13808	Myrmidons ;
The Murimdonez thanne wel reschewed,			these are re-
To the Troyens than no game growed,			encouraged ;
For thei were some I-bore to grounde,			
And many ther dede In that stounde.		13812	many Trojans
But when Troyle saw hem come socour			are slain ;
And sclow his men so In that stour,			
¶ No lenger thanne sir Troyle abode ¹ ,			but Troylus
In-to that Cite sone he rode		13816	comes to help
Ther his men were most trauayled,			his men,
And he the lordis alle assayled :			
He sclow her men & fouly fouled,			and slays
With hem so Troylus toyled,		13820	many of the
That only thorow sir Troylus myght			Greeks ;
So were the Gregeis al discomfyght			
And flende faste as thei were wod,			he puts them
That Troyle reved many his blod.		13824	even to flight.
B Vt ² Ajax Thelamaneus,			Ajax,
That noble knyzt & vigorous,			
Come than doun with many a spere			
The Troyens alle for to dere.		13828	
Duk Nestor with alle his myzt			Nestor,
Come theder tho with many a knyzt,			
And the noble kyng Thoas.			and Thoas
Tho by-gan a grisly cas :		13832	arrive to help
Thei that fledde turned azeyn,			them ;
Thei sclow the Troyens with myzt & mayn ;			they drive the
¶ The Gregeis wan a-zeyn the feld			Trojans back.
And droff hem than fro her tent & teld,	26 iii[j]	13836	

¹ 'Hic deficit' written in the margin by another hand.

² MS. BVut.

¶ *Hic Achilles Interrogauit de hominibus suisque nouA.*

And droff hem thanne a-zeyn her wil [lf. 204, bk.] 13837

With gret sorwe that place vn-til.

But for Troyle & al his myght

The Trojans
are put to
flight.

The Troyens were y-put to flyght, 13840

The Gregeys folewes & made hem falle,

Thei flow to Troye the Troyens alle.

Night ends the
battle.

The day was gon, the nyght was comen,

The Gregeis went hom al & somen, 13844

Thei wente home al vpon a rase

With her prisouns & her purchase.

THe Gregeis were fayn that it was nyzt,

For thei hadde trauayled a-zeyn her myzt; 13848

For if the sonne had lenger schyned,

Off her folk schold thei haue tynd.

The Myrmi-
dons return to
Achilles,

The Murimdones to-gedur alle

gede to her lordes halle, 13852

Alle for-wounded & for-bled.

He asked hem : "how thei hadde sped."

¶ Thei made to him a lothely playnt

And seyde : "thei were alle a-taynt 13856

For gret angwys of that Iornay

That thei hadde suffred In fight that day."

Thei seyde also : "that many of his

Were sclayn at that gret appris." 13860

He made hem come before him than

And tolde the bodyes of euery a man :

¶ When thei were rekened & told be tale

Be-fore Achilles In his hale, 13864

He fond a thousand of hem fayled

Off knyghtes that were y-rolled & tayled.

When thei were soght & alle ded founden,

He seyde : 'alas, that I was bounden 13868

In womannes loue & womannes bounde !'

Whan so many were ded founde,

and tell him
their disasters.He counts
them ;1,000 are
wanting.

He siked sore for hem & drouped.	[lf. 205.]	13871	Achilles sighs much, and cannot eat.
Ful litel mete that nyght he souped,		13872	He goes to bed very sorrowful.
To his bed Achilles went			
With carful herte & gret torment :			
He wolde him-self hadde ben ded,			
He wist neuere what was his red,		13876	He does not know whether he will
Whether he myght to batayle wende			avenge his friends now,
To venge his men or eke his frende,			or wait
Or he scholde ȝit abyde			a while.
To wete wat grace myȝt be-tyde.		13880	
He thoght al nyght so faste & wepe,			He deliberates about it the whole night, and cannot sleep.
That he myght for no thyng slepe :			Now he thinks he'll take re-venge,
¶ He thoght he wolde go at morne		13884	
And venge his men that were y-lorne,			and now he thinks he'll <i>not</i> go,
That thei of Troye hadde foule sclayn ;			
But then thoght he aȝeyn			
That if he [to] batayle ȝede,			
Off his erand he scholde not spede,		13888	because he would lose his sweetheart
Ne haue that louely to his wiff			
That he loued more than his lyff :			
That kynges douȝter Pollexene—			
For he hadde het trewely the quene		13892	by breaking the promise he made to the Trojan queen.
¶ That he scholde neuere helpe Gregeis,			
But lete hem worthe & holde his pays.			
And if he ȝede tho & bikerd			
Aȝeyn the trouthe that he hadde siked,		13896	
He myght lyghtly that louely [greue],			
And thei scholde him no more leue,			
But sey it were a fals couyne—			
And so scholde he that lady tyne ;		13900	
And leuer were him his lyff to-gang,			
Er he for-ȝede hir loue out lang.			
M Any dayes lyued he so lange			So he passes many days.
In these paynes styff & strange,		13904	

- Achilles waits,
till the battle
begins again ;
- With-oute murthe and eke Ioye, [lf. 205, bk.] 13905
Til thei of Grece & thei of Troye
Scholde assemble to-gedur efft,
For that wolde thei for no thyng were lefft. 13908
Til that on part Maystres were,
Wold thei not leue her werre there.
- ¶ But it were ouer-gret takyng,
And wel gret the makyng,— 13912
To telle the fightis that thei fau3t
And alle her dedis at alle her sau3t,
To telle here dedis and here fyght
Be-twene Troy & Grece—by goddis myght ! 13916
Alle her dedis may I not telle,
For ther-vpon I wol not dwelle.
- The day comes,
on which they
begin to fight
again.
- T**He day is comen thei schul mete ;
That foule baret wolde thei not lete, 13920
Thei hadde to-geder so gret envy
That thei wold not leue her foly.
- They are ready
for battle.
- Bothe ¹ parties were redi dight,
Thei wente to-geder with al her myght : 13924
And whan thei were to-geder met,
Echon of hem on other schet—
As thei hadde ben wode & mad.
- When they
meet, they
shoot each
other.
- Ther died many a lord & lad, 13928
Many knyght & eke baroun,
And many other proude Gryffoun.
- ¶ Many a lord & gentil man
Was ded ther, er thei be-lan, 13932
Many a kynges sone of kynde—
I may not make of alle mynde.
But seuen dayes with-oute les
Fau3t thei to-geder with ouden pes, 13936
Day be day with-oute trewes,
Til thei hadde lorn many of the Grwes.
- I cannot name
all of them.
They fight
seven days
without inter-
ruption.

¹ *Bothe* over *But* inserted by another hand.

¶ Achilles euere In pes him held,	[lf. 206.]	13939	Achilles does not fight.
That he bar neuere helme ne scheld		13940	
Off al that while a-3eyn Troiens,			
To dere none of here Citesens.			
The Grewes by-gan faste to fayle,			The Greeks
The Emperour seyde thanne: 'hylhayle!		13944	begin to fail.
We may now sone be al for-done,			
But if this lord helpe vs sone;			
But Achilles on vs rewe,			
Ther schal not skape of vs a Grewel'		13948	
W Hen thei hadde fouzten seuen dayes,			After having
Agamenon Priamus prayes			fought seven
To graunte a trewes by othe & treuthe;			days, Aga-
			memnon asks
For it to se hit was moche reuthe,		13952	Priamus for a
How alle the feld lay ful of men			long truce,
And lay & stank In that fen.			
Trewes longe wolde thei haue had,			
For Agamenon was sore a-drad		13956	fearing he may
That he scholde many of his men lese			lose still more
With hem of Troye & of Frese,			men
Iff thei mayntened lenger that stour;			
Thei asked therfore a long soiour.		13960	if the battle
			went on;
¶ But the Troyens seyde: "thei scholde non haue			but the Trojans
But that thei myght her dede men graue;"			grant only
Thei wold no lenger the trewes graunte,			time to bury
Thei held hem alle recreaunt.		13964	the dead.
And that rewed Agamenon sore			
And alle the Gregeis that with him wore,			The Greeks are
Thei myzt no lenger the trewes haue;			discontented
That rewed hem sore—so god me saue!—		13968	therewith,
For thei were wounded and al to-bete,			
And hadde biles and bocches grete			as they have so
For strokes thei zaff & eke toke,			many wounds.
Whil thei to-gedur ffauzt that woke.		13972	

The Greeks are glad that they may bury their dead.	But ȝit were thei of that trewe fayn [lf. 206, bk.] 13973 That thei myȝt bery that thei hadde selayn, Thei gadered alle the bodyes colde That lay ther ded vpon the wolde; 13976 And did alle the bodyes be brende, Or the trewes was fully ende,— Longe or the trewes was comen to ende, That thei scholde efft to batayle wende. 13980
After the truce, war is resumed,	T He trewes ar went that thei had set, The day is comen of her baret : Thei toke ther many a strok & ffylche, Thei tare her plates and her pilche, 13984 When bothe the parties to-geder were comen ; Many Ane ¹ his lyff was him be-nomen, When bothe parties were met thare, And to that batayle were alle ȝare. 13988
Menelaus attacks Paris ;	¶ Sir Menelaus Paris sawe, To him he thoght for to drawe ; He hadde gret wil & couetyse To se sir Paris feet a-ryse. 13992 He strok his stede & to him ran For the loue of his lemman, To grounde were thei y-bore bothe,— The knyȝtes were that tyme so wrothe. 13996
they unhorse each other.	¶ Polidamas, Antenor sone, With gret envy & gret raundone For alle the men and al the pres With his swerd he smot Vlixes ; 14000 But he ȝaff not ther-of an hawe, For he him held with swerd y-drawe. The noble vaylantz Menescene Smot Antenor—& that was sene,— 14004 He ȝaff him suche a romelowe, That he wente ouer his sadil-bowe ;
Polidomas	
smites Ulixes.	
Menescene dashes An- tenor to the ground.	

¹ MS. *Aue*.

¶ *Hic Archilogus interfecit Gryme Gwynel.*

- | | | | |
|---|------------|-------|-----------------|
| He layde him as brod & flat | [lf. 207.] | 14007 | |
| As is a pike when he is splat. | | 14008 | |
| ¶ Then come ridande Philomene, | | | Philomene |
| A doghti kyng, a knyght Troyene : | | | assails Aga- |
| Agamenon he assayled | | | memnon, |
| That the blod of him doun rayled. | | 14012 | wounds him, |
| Philomene, of so gret myght, | | | |
| Wolde ful euel haue him dyght,— | | | and would |
| But that him come socour sone, | | | have killed |
| I trowe his dayes hadde ben done. | | 14016 | him, if succour |
| ¶ But Thelameus to him toke hede | | | had not come. |
| And saw that he of help hadde nede, | | | But Thelameus |
| He toke a spere that was stalworthe, | | | arrives, |
| And turned his hors & rod forthe : | | 14020 | |
| To Agamenon he him hyed | | | |
| And smot Philomene that he doun syed | | | and smites |
| Fro ¹ his hors for his labour, | | | Philomene |
| For he wolde for to her Emperour. | | 14024 | down. |
| S Trong was the stour, perelous, & fel ; | | | |
| Ther was a knyzt, het Gryme Gwynel, | | | Gryme Gwy- |
| He was on of Priamus sones— | | | nel, one of the |
| As I fynde In thes Canones— | | 14028 | bastards of |
| That he hadde geten In his purchase, | | | Priamus, |
| In his murthe & his solace. | | | |
| Duk Nestor hadde a sone also, | | | |
| A doghti knyght, Archilogo ; | | 14032 | |
| Thei mette to-geder, he & Gryme,— | | | |
| A gret vn-hap ! a foule fortune ! | | | |
| ¶ Archilogus bare sir Gryme thorowe, | | | is slain by |
| And lefft him ded In a forwe. | | 14036 | Archilogus, a |
| The Troyens made gret del ther-fore, | | | son of Nestor. |
| Ther died for him mo thenne foure score ; | | | |
| For when that tale to Troyle was told, | | | |
| He myzt not for him fro wepyng hold, | | 14040 | |

For he loued him with al his myght [lf. 207, bk.] 14041

For that he was so doghti a knyght.

Troylus eyen be-gan to slyse,

The Gregeis sone he gan dispyse : 14044

Troylus
avenges
Gryme's death,

Many for him he be-hedit,

Echon fro other he sone schedit ;

Thei fled echon sir Troylus fro,

Thei made him way & lete him go ; 14048

and drives the
Greeks back.

He droff hem faste ouer doune & dale,

Among hem wroght he suche bale.

¶ Thei were ney dreven to her Panylons,

Ne hadde thanne comen the Murondons ; 14052

But the[i] styffly aȝeyn him stode,

But Troylus ferd as he were wode :

Whan he saw hem aȝeyn him stande,

He rod to hem faste manassande ; 14056

are badly
beaten and
wounded.

Vpon her hedes sette he suche dyntes,

The fyr fley out as it were of flyntes.

¶ He was so sore with hem greued,

That many an hed he ther to-cleued, 14060

Here scheldes fro her scho[ldres] dres racched ;

Ful many a Gregeis he ther atatched,

He bete hem so and so defouled,

That thei with blod were al be-stouled, 14064

As thei were paynt with rede coloures ;

He made hem like tormentoures,

Thei toke of him many a cloute.

Tho with al the haste that thei moute 14068

They flee,

¶ Thei turned the bak and fro him ȝede,—

On rounsi prekand, and on stede,—

till they come
to their tents ;

Til thei were comen to her hales,

To saue her lyff ther In her sales. 14072

but Troylus
slays many in
their flight.

But Troyle & his afftir hem sted,

Thei sclow many of hem that fled ;

¶ *Hic fugerunt ad tentorias suas.*

To her tentis he hem droff.	[lf. 208.]	14075	The Greeks are driven towards their tents,
But ther turned thei a-ȝeyn & stroff,		14076	
For thei of Troye her dyche wolde wynne,			
But thei wolde not that thei come Inne :			
¶ Thei gadered alle vpon a route,			but there they gather, and defend their camp.
To holde the Troyens tho with-oute ;		14080	However, the Trojans dismount,
But Troyens doun of her hors lyght,			
And than be-gan the perilous fyght :			
For Troyens be-gan foule to fare ;			
Than by-gan Gregeis kare,		14084	and slay many Greeks.
The Troyens felde hem In her dike ;			
Tho hy-gan thei sore to sike ;			
¶ Her myȝt was nouȝt a-ȝeyn Troiens.			
Troylus then, & Philomens,		14088	Troilus, Philomene, and Mennon put them to flight ;
And kyng Mennon made thanne entre			
And made hem fro her men to fle ;			
Thei flowe alle In-to her tentis,			they flee into their tents.
Many of the Gregeis her deth hentes :		14092	
T Hei made of hem gret tormentry,			
Ther was an hidous noyse & cry,			The clamour and noise of the Greeks slaughtered in their camp
Thei sclow hem In her paulyons ;		14096	
Wel delful was of hem the sounes,			
So wonderful and meruelous			
That hit was dredful & hidous :			
Hit ferde as hit hadde thondrid,			is so loud that Achilles hears it ;
Achilles was ther-of a-wondrid		14100	
¶ Off wham he herde that delful cry,			
He saw men come prikande him by			
That fiede fro that scomfiture,			
Makyng sorwe with-oute mesure.		14104	some fugitives tell him the sad news.
Thei seyde : " alas that thei come thore,			
For thei were lorn for euere-more ! "			
With-out his tent smartly sterte he,			
To se what dele that myght be.		14108	

Achilles
wonders what
ails the
Greeks,

and asks what
the noise is
about.

The fugitives
say: 'We are
so hurt

that we can't
fight any
longer.

You will never
see Greeks or
Myrmidons
alive again.

They will soon
be all dead.

All are fled to
their tents,
where many
are slain.

They want
succour very
badly, and
the clamour
you hear comes
from the
dying.

You will soon
see more than
55,000 men
attack you,

Achilles was gretly meruayled [lf. 208, bk.] 14109

What hem of Grece ayled.

He asked hem: "whi thei so ferde?

And what was the noyse that he herde?"— 14112

'How dos oure kynges, and oure Gregeis?

How bere thei hem a-3eyn the Frigais?' 14116

¶ 'Louely lord'—sayde thei that fledde—

'We are so hurt and so for-bledde,

That we Are alle of nonpower

A3eyn hem to fyght any lenger.

Iff 3e wol off vs tydandis here,

Carful tydandes may 3e lere;

14120

¶ Herkenes now of oure tythandes!

Sicurly, lord, now vndirstandes:

3e schal neuere on lyue se Gryffons,

Ne non of alle 3oure Murimmons.

14124

We telle 3ow, lord, that thei of Grece

Schal sone be hewen al to pece,

For thei are alle discomfit

And alle haue taken the flyt;

14128

¶ Thei are alle fled In-to her tentis,

Ther many of hem the dethe hentis.

Thei defended here entres,

But thei felde doun bothe cordes & tres,

14132

And sclow oure Gregeis cruelly,

Woundes & stikes with-oute mercy.

Hem fayles now the grete socour,

And this is, lord, the grete clamour

14136

Off hem that dye, that grysly bray,—

That 3e haue herd and 3it may.

¶ Thei schal alle dye, er that thei sese;

And 3e that wene to stonde In pese,

14140

3e schal se sone on 3ow comande

Mo then ffyue & ffyfty thousande

{ Off Armed men }

Hic Achilles Iratus est.

Off armed men & armed knyghtes	[lf. 209.]	14143	who have already slain 10,000 Myrmidons.
That haue slayn 3oure men now rightes,—		14144	
For thei haue slayn of 3oure gode men,			
Er we come thedir, thousandes ten,			
¶ And 3et to sle thei not be-lyn;—			
And iff thai fynde the her-In		14148	When they come and see you standing naked and unarmed in your tent, they will immediately kill you,
In 3oure tent naked stondande,			
Thei leue the not on lyue lyuande ;			
For al the gold of hethen Spayne			
Leue 3e not here vnsclayne,		14152	as they hate you more than anybody for Hector's death.'
For thei hate 3ow ouer alle thyng.			
For Ector deth—by heuene kyng!—			
That were, lord, her herte wil,			
Might thei, lord, thi body spil.'		14156	Achilles looks around as if he were mad,
A Chilles chaunged al his mode,			
He loked aboute as he were wode			
When he herde this tydynges :			
He clapped his hondes, and alle his rynges		14160	and behaves like a lunatic;
Sicurly In-sonder brast ;			
To and fro his armes he cast,			
As he hadde ben a wod man ;			
Wel harde to swete he be-gan.		14164	
¶ Achilles seyde on that wolde			
To him that these tydandes tolde :			he asks if Troylus is among the Trojans;
'Is ou3t Troyle In that place,			
That makes oure men thus to chase ?'		14168	they answer 'yes.'
He sayde : 'lord, ther he is,			
And alle oure men he dos amys ;			
For his wodnesse & his deray			
Alle oure men ben fled a-way ;		14172	
¶ For he is so strong In his myght,			
Ther may non a-byde him In fight.'			
'Alas !' he seyde, 'that euere Moder me bar !			'Alas !' says he, 'that ever mother bore me!
Whi ne were I right now thar ?	27 [j]	14176	

¶ *Hic Achilles Iratus est.*

Alas! that

Alas that euere me Moder bounde [lf. 209, bk.] 14177

Or euere In¹ cradel me be-wounde!for a woman's
love I let my
enemies murder
my kinsmen.'

That I scholde for a wommanes sake

Let my enemys suche murther make 14180

Off my Men and of my kyn,

And do ther-of no medicyn¹'He grows so
angry, that¶ He was so ful² of tene & ire

That he bad fecche his atire; 14184

he forgets
Pollexena and
his promises
given to the
queen, has his
armour and
his steed
brought to
him,
and rushes
away.

He for-3ate ther Polexene

And al that he be-het the qwene.

His stede was sone j³-dight

With clene harneis & bridel bryght, 14188

He lepe vp anon vpon his stede

And sprang forth as sparks of glede.

Like a mad-
man he rides
forth,**A**Chilles rides as a man mad,

For his men was he not glad; 14192

He myght that tene no lenger thole,

He brende In yre as any cole;

When he herde hem so gryslly grone,

For hem he made moche mone: 14196

like a lion he
goes from his
tent to help
his men.

As lyoun rampyng forth he went,

Wel Armed, out of his tent,

To socoure his men and helpe his Danes.

When he hem mette a-mong the Troyanes, 14200

He slays many
Trojans;

He sclow hem faste as a tyraunt,

Many a man made he criaunt;

¶ He slees & felles al that he metes,

Thei falle thikkere than heryng fletes 14204

In-myddes the se In here scole.

all know him
by his broad
sword.

Alle men, thei knewe by his tole:

His sword was other halff fote brode;

Thorow the Troyens bodyis it glode. 14208

Thei knewe him that smot so sore,

Alle were a-drad that were thore,

¹ MS. *Or euere me In.*² MS. *sul.*³ MS. *ī.*

¶ **Hic Achilles pugnauit cum Troianis.**

Whan thei saw that he cam.	[lf. 210.]	14211	
Off hem made he gret Marterdam :		14212	Achilles fills every furrow with corpses ;
Euery forow Achilles filled,			
With dede bodies the erthe he hilled			
That he hadde sclayn In that stour,			
Sithe he was comen, In litel hour.		14216	
¶ Ther was kyng ne knyzt so gode,			
That thei ne fled as thei were wode ;			all flee from him.
His noble sword, his bryght bronde,			His sword is bloody down to his hand.
Was bloody doun to his honde		14220	
For men that he hadde ther sclawe,			
Off many a knyght broght he of dawe.			
He fferde as it were a deucl of helle,			Like a devil he slays many Trojans.
Lord ! the peple that he gan qwelle !		14224	
Thei flow tho ffro her tent & hale,			
In the diches thei hadde mochel bale.			
The Murimdones come anon,			The Myrmidons turn up and kill Trojans.
Now many Troyen to dethe gon ;		14228	
Thei sorwed & cried as thei were wode,			
Many walwes In his blode.			
T He Gregeis tho were glad & blythe			The Greeks are glad, and thank their gods that Achilles came to battle.
And thonked her goddis offte sythe,		14232	
That he was comen to that batayl.			
Troylus then gan him meruayl :			
“ What deucl In helle hit myzt be			When Troylus sees
That made the Troyens so to fle ? ”		14236	
By his swerd he him ches,			
He wiste ther-by hit was Achilles			that it is Achilles who makes the Trojans flee, he grows wroth
That made his Troyens so to fle ;			
Wod & wrothe thanne gan he be,		14240	
Durste no man aske whi he were wroth,			
When he bare armes a3eyn his oth.			that he fights against his oath.
¶ As a lyoun rores, to him he cried,			
With hardy herte he him defied :	27 ij	14244	

¶ *Hic Achilles vulneratus est.*

- 'Go to Hell!'
says Troilus
to Achilles;
'false traitor,
have you not
broken your
oath? Defend
yourself!
I defy you!'
- He rides to-
wards him;
- Achilles,
in a fury
because of his
insolent
words,
- throws his
glove to him.
- They meet,
- cleave their
shields with
their spears,
wound and
unhorse each
other.
- Achilles rises,
- but Troilus is
taken off by
his Trojans.
- 'In helle'—seyde he—'mot thow be loken! [lf. 210, bk.]
Hastow now thin owne othe broken? 14246
Thow hast euere ben a fals faytour,
A losenger, a fals traytour!
Were the fro me, I the defy,
For if I may, thow schalt a-by!' 14250
He let his stede to him flyng
Als harde as he myght slyng;
And he to him with al his myght,
For he at him hadde gret dispit 14254
¶ For his wordes & his reueri
Bothe of falsnes & losengeri
That he on him bare; that he wolde proue:
And ther-to he profered forth his gloue. 14258
Him hadde leuere than al that I can telle,
That he myȝt Troyle qwelle.
STrong & stiff & hardi bothe
Were the knyghtes that were wrothe: 14262
Eyther on other her speres poygned,
Wel hard to-geder tho thei loyned,
Her scheldis roff, here speres brast,
The knyghtes bothe to grounde were cast, 14266
That nother of hem with-oute wounde
Thei myght not rise nother hol ne sounde.
¶ Achilles for-sothe was euel hurt,
Vpon his feet wel sone he sturt 14270
And drow his swerd as man of myght,
And wolde haue sclawe that gentil knyght.
But alle the Troyens on an hepe
By-fore him than wel sone gan lepe, 14274
And doghti Troyle so thei defende
That Achilles myght not come him hende,
And ladde him home out of that place.
Tho was it tyme to leue the chace, 14278

For hit was al atte nyght,	[lf. 211.]	14279	Night ends the battle.
And thei were weri of that fyght,		14280	
That hem lust to take her rest ;			
For that were thanne alther best.			
Achilles gan faste hamward gange ;			
Many day afftir & lange		14284	Achilles lies in bed for several days.
Lay he seke In his bed ;			
Off his wounde was he sore dred,			
For hit greued him so sore,			
He thought to venge him eft ther-fore.		14288	
T He Troyens thanne to ¹ Troye 3ede alle			The Trojans return to Troy.
And Troylus to his fader halle,			Troylus relates the death of Gryme Gwynel ;
He tolde him of the deth of Brunys ;			the Trojan ladies bewail him.
Then were mad hidus tuynes		14292	
Off many a gentil damysel			
For the deth of Gryme Gwynel.			
He tolde him also of the Iornay :			Then he relates the first success of the Trojans,
“How thei hadde fou3ten to-gedur that day,		14296	
And how Gregeis were discomfith			
And foule put to the fly3t ;			
And how thei felde her Pauylons,			
And scholde haue sclayn alle the Gryffons		14300	
¶ Er euen-tyde at his hopyng,			
Hadde thei had no socoryng			and the attack of Achilles :
Off doghti sir Achilles,			
That foule ferde among her pres ;”—		14304	
‘That Ilke knyght him-selff alone			‘He alone made our men flee.’
Maked oure men to fle echone			
For any thyng that we coude do,			
And made vs lese oure worschepe so.’		14308	
¶ When Priamus herde these tydandis—			When Priamus hears that Achilles has broken his oath,
That Achilles a3eyn couenandis			
That he hadde made & hem be-het			
At that ² Iorne hem hadde let	27 [iij]	14312	

¹ MS. of.

² MS. And at that. Cf. l. 14313 & note.

- And at that¹ semble sclayn his folk,—[lf. 211, bk.] 14313
- he grows very sad,
His herte for tene be-gan to bolke;
Off tho tythandes was he not payde,
His wiff ful foule he myssayde: 14316
- and scolds his wife:
'Oh, that I had believed your words!' he says.
'Certis, I was'—he seyde—'ful wrecched
That I scholde by the so be drecched,
Vn-to thi wordes that I 3aff ffayth!'—
Priamus to his wiff sayth— 14320
- 'This false traitor has deceived us;
' ¶ 'This fals² traytour has vs by-swyked,
For my doghter vnto him lyked;
He dede it certes for oure ille,
For he of here wolde haue his wille 14324
And holde hir In lecherie
With his scleyzt & trecherie,
And do vs alle a foule repræue
As a fals for-sworen theffe. 14328
- he certainly wished to have our daughter for a leman only;
¶ And that semes by his falshede:
For³ now he may not of hir spede
At his wille by his dissayte;
He be-thenkes him now ful straye, 14332
How he may best schende me & myne;
That myght thow se with thin eyne.
And elles hadde he holde couenaunt,—
But he is fals & euel thynkand 14336
And doth alle thyng with gylerye,
With no manhed ne chyualrie.'
- and when he saw that he might not speed, he resolved on undoing me and mine.
He is false, deceitful, and unchivalrous.'
Hectuba is much ashamed,
Hectuba was sore aschamed
H Off here lord that sche was blamed, 14340
Hir Angred sore that eueure spak sche
Ther-of wordes two or thre;
Sche cursed offte his wickednesse,
His gylrie and his falsnesse. 14344
And that mayden Pollexene
Ther-of was offte blo & grene,
- and curses Achilles's wickedness.

¹ MS. *At that*. Cf. l. 14312 & note.² MS. *sals*.³ MS. *for*.

- Hit Angerd hir sore & displesed, [lf. 212.] 14347 Pollexena, too,
 Whan that hir loue hade so¹ spysed 14348 is very angry
 That he be-het hir moder & here; that her lover
 Gret othes he made & by god swere, broke his
 That he ne scholde helpe Gregeis more promise,
 The while that thei dwelled thore. 14352
- ¶ Sche chaunged chere & eke corage,
 For sche wolde fayn the mariage. as she would
 The kyng & quene were euel lykyng have liked
 For that dede,—by heuene kyng! 14356 marriage
 Thei sette trestles & layde bordes much.
 With litel Ioye of any wordes; The Trojans
 When thei hadde souped, thei wente to bedde, take supper,
 Thei swor he scholde hir neuere wedde. 14360 go to bed, and
 swear that he
 shall never
 marry her.
- T**He Gregeis hem Armed, when it was day;
 Saue Achilles In his bed lay, Next morning
 For his woundes he myȝt not ryse the Greeks
 For alle the gode In that emprise. 14364 arm them-
 selves;
 When Troyens herde the waytes horn, Achilles stays
 Thei ros vp erly on the morn; in bed because
 of his wounds.
- ¶ Eche man thanne his armes craues, The Trojans
 Thei bad her ȝomen and her knaues rise up,
 14368 take their
 arms,
 Dight her hors & sadel hem faste. and saddle
 The² sadeles on hem sone were caste their horses.
 With double gerth as thei most nede,
 To make hem strong thei toke hede; 14372
 Many a stede broght thei forthe
 That gret tresour & mechel were worthe;
- ¶ Her helmes were on her ventayles sperde.
 Thei lepe vp & forward ferde 14376 They ride out
 With-oute the toun vpon a renge. of the town.
 By dere god! hit was elenge
 Eche a day se hem so fare,
 How echon other al to-tare! 27 i[iij] 14380

¹ MS. *hade him so.*

² MS. *Thei.*

¶ *Hic ibant ad prelium & pugnaverunt .vij^{tem} dies.*

Whentheiwere met, ther was no laughter, [lf. 212, bk.] 14381

But moche wo & gret slaughter.

The Trojans
array their
battalions.
The Greeks

THe Troyens had take the Champayn,
Thei are batayled In-myddis the playn.

14384

send their van-
guard before,

And thei of Grece when thei beheld

How thei of Troy hadde taken the feld,

Thei sente to hem her vanwarde

With brode baneres & hye standarde ;

14388

and come
themselves
behind.

And thei come afftir with many a knyzt,

With kynges & dukes of moche myzt,

With many a louely fair pensel

Off gold, of Inde, of fair sandel.

14392

A great battle
is fought.

Thei ran to-gedir, when thei a-proched,

Euery man thorow-out other broched ;

With speres, swerdes, & knyues

Echon¹ other al to-ryues.

14396

But I can-
not relate
all their
deeds,
as I should
never come to
an end.

¶ But I may not her dedis alle sigge,

Therfore mote I my boke a-bregge ;

For to telle al that thei did there²

Til ende scholde I com nere.

14400

They fight
seven days,

But .vij. dayes fro thei be-gan,

Thei fauzt to-geder & neuere blan,

Til thei myzt for wery no more,—

Her bodyes & bones were so sore,

14404

And alle her bones ful sore aked,

And thei were wery & for-waked ;

And al the feld was be-sprad

With dede bodyes,—who myght be glad ?

14408

until they are
worn out,
and the field
is covered with
dead bodies.

Off bothe parties were many dede,

The nombre of hem coude I not rede.

¶ Seuen dayes fauzt thei to-gedre,

And al that while was mury wedre.

14412

For whan thei hadde fouzten .vij. dayes

With-oute rest to-gedur al-weyes,

¹ MS. *Echon on.*

² MS. *thore.*

¶ *Hic Greci miserunt nuncios suos ad Troianum.*

- ¶ Agamenoun thenne assayed, [lf. 213.] 14415 Agamemnon
Wh[er]e that fight myȝt be delayed, 14416 thinks it best
Vntil Achilles couered wore¹ to delay the
Off his sekenesse & of his sore ; fight until
For th[e]i were not at no defence, Achilles
But he were ther In *presence*. 14420 recovers ;
- He sente to Troye his messageres, he sends
That were wel gode latymeres, messengers
That coude wele say her Message to Priamus
And vndirstande many langage. 14424
- ¶ He bad hem wende to Priamus,
To Paris, & to gode Troylus,
And pray hem ffor her goddis sake :
“ Be-twene vs a trewe to make 14428 to ask for a
A six monethe & no day wane,— truce of six
For dede men are oure alther bane, months,
We may for hem be lyghtly schent, so that both
But if thei be the sonner brent. 14432 parties may
þeue vs leue her bodies brenne, be able to burn
And hele the while oure seke menne,— the corpses.
And thei may haue the same merit
Thorow the trewe & this respit.” 14436
- T**He gode kyng Vlixes, Ulixes and
And his felawe Diomedes, Diomedes are
To do this erande thei ben chosed : chosen mes-
Thei did on robes wel a-losed 14440 sengers ;
And furred wel with riche Ermyne, they don very
As kynges that were of gentil kyn ; rich apparel :
Thei were richly apparayled furred robes,
With riche gerdeles wel Anamayled, 14444 rich girdles,
Thei drow riche hodes of ther pile and embroi-
That alle were sewed with riche orivile ; dered hoods.
Thei wente to Troye In gode aray,—
How richeli dyght, can I not say. 14448

¹ o altered from e.

426 *The Messengers are introduced to Priamus and say their Message.*

The Trojans, on seeing them arrive un- armed,	When thei of Troye sei hem come naked, [lf. 213, bk.]	14449
are glad,	Thei hoped a trewe scholde be maked	
and open the gate.	Be-twene hem and Grece kyng; Glad were thei In here thingkyng.	14452
The messen- gers go into the palace, greet the king,	¶ A3eyns the kynges was done vp the 3ate, The kynges reden In ther-ate; Thei ride hem forth hand In hand With louely chere & fair semblaunt:	14456
and are wel- comed by him.	Thei wente In-to that riche palais And grete the kyng with wordes curteis; And he 3eld sone her metyng And thanked sone her wel-comyng,	14460
Ulixes	And sayde "thei were wel-come him to," And asked "what thei wolde haue do?" Ulixes kyng & his ffelawe By-fore the kyng a gode thrawe	14464
speaks the message:	Stode spekand & told her tale Be-fore the Troyens In that sale; He seyse: 'sir, and 3oure wille were, Herkenes now vnto me here!	14468
'Agamemnon	And I schal telle, sir kyng, to 3ow Whi we are comen hidur now: ¶ Agamenoun, oure Emperour, That is oure a[l]ther gouernour,	14472
asks for a truce,	Bad vs two hedur go To 3ow, sir kyng, with-uten mo To aske a trewe, if 3e assent With 3oure consail & parlement.	14476
as we have fought so long, and scarcely any of us is unwounded.	It is long tyme sithen we vs rest, Off medecyne haue we mechel brest; ¶ We haue fou3ten dayes many, That vnnethes of vs is any That we [n]are wounded or vnhesed, Strongly hurt or envysed,	14480

¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem per .vj. Menses.*

- Or bitterly beten with bitter strokes; [lf. 214.] 14483
 We wolde ther-fore haue help of leches 14484 We want the
 To hele oure woundes, er we fau3t efft. help of sur-
 We may wilne that it were lefft, geons, before
 Til we¹ be hole—he bad vs say,— we fight again;
- A six moneth euery day. 14488
- ¶ He wolde the trewe were be-twene vs fest,
 Til we were heled In the best,
 And 3e 3oure-selff to reste haue nede
 To hele 3oure sores—so god me spede ! 14492 and you cer-
 For I trowe 3e haue som part— tainly do so
 Off spere or sword or of dart— too.
 Off som brysure or som wounde,
 3e are not al hol ne sounde. 14496
 I wil therefore 3ow not fode,
 We mot be-twene vs bere euen lode :
 3iff 3e the trewes assente to,
 3e may hele 3ow, and we also.' 14500
- P**riamus seyde: 'iff my consayle
 These couenandes wil entayle,
 I schal acorde to here Iugement
 By gode a-surte and sacrament.' 14504
 He wente fro hem out of that halle
 And called his men abouten him alle.
- ¶ He seide: 'lordynges, 3e ben alle here,
 3e are of my counseyl al plenere, 14508
 And 3e haue herd what these men aske.
 Telles me now sone In haste :
 Hope 3e hit be oure profite
 To take suche trewe & respit ? 14512
 What schal I say to thes lordynges,
 These Messageres, these riche kynges ?
 Wol 3e the trewe ? what is 3oure wit ?
 Are 3e wele avised 3it ? 14516

¹ MS. *he*.

Avise þow wel, ar þe hem graunt, [lf. 214, bk.] 14517
That þe be not afftir repentaunt.'

The Trojan
councillors
assent to the
truce.

Thei seyde alle : ' sir, we be a-vysed :
Thei haue the trewe wel devysed, 14520
We graunte the trewes aþeyns vs.'
' And I for me '—seyde Priamus.

Priamus re-
turns to the
hall,
and tells the
Greeks that
he and his
barons grant
the truce.

¶ Priamus ran to halle a-valed,
Ther these kynges to-gedur taled ; 14524
He sayde : " that he and his baronage
Wolde graunte the terme by gode ostage
A six monethe til thei were heled,
By siker dedes wel asseled." 14528

He bids
them safely
return,

for he and his
should keep
their oath
well,
and so should
the Greeks.

¶ " For he & his scholde by her othe
Holde hem stable for leue or lothe ;" 14532
And bad : " that thei scholde do so als,
That thei were not founden fals ;
And that euery man with-oute debate
Scholde gon & come erly and late 14536
With-uten robbyng or reuynng,
With-oute any debate-makyng."

Diomedes and
Ulixes swear
to do so,
and take leave.

These kynges swor bothe this—
" So god þeue hem Ioye and blis." 14540
Priamus þaff hem gode conge,
To wende her way and wel be.

They return
very glad to

Now ride these kynges murily,
To-gedir rydande Ioyfully ; 14544
Thei are ful fayn that thei haue sped,

the camp.

Off no-thing now are thei adrad.
Vnto her tentis are thei reden ;
Thei haue ther not longe abyden, 14548
Thei hied hem to her Emperour,
Ther he sat vndir his couertour.

In his teldis thei him fond,	[lf. 215.]	14551	Diomedes and
Thei seyde: "thei hadde ben on his sond,		14552	Ulixes
And that thei hadde wele done his nedis."			go to Aga-
And [he] hem blessed for her dedis;			memnon,
He asked: "whether thei treweus hadde			and tell him
A six monethe, as he hem badde?"		14556	the news,
And thei sayde: '3e, sir, sicurly!			
Thei schal be holden treuly			that the truce
¶ The trewes stable a six monethe,			is granted for
On payne to lese bothe lym & lythe;		14560	half a year.
And ther-to haue we hondes holden			
And truthis ¹ ply3t & fynGRES folden.'			
The tydandes ran fro halle to halle,			The Greeks
Eche man tolde other this tale:		14564	are very glad
"How here kynges haue ben at Troye			at this mes-
And brou3t tydandes of moche Ioye,			sage;
How thei scholde reste a wel gode while."			
Eche man thanne be-gan to smyle.		14568	they smile.
A Gamenoun than was wel glad,			
And so was euery lord & lad,			
And euery a knyght that vndirstandis			
The right sothe of these tythandes.		14572	
Now euery man helis his soris,			They heal
Euery man his tentis restoris			their wounds,
Off mete & drynke & other store,			re-store their
Wel better than thei were ore.		14576	tents,
¶ Thei were fayn of that grace			and procure
Off her trewe so long a space,			new victuals.
Vntil Achilles were y-couered.			
Many a lord ouer him houered		14580	Achilles is
Eche day him to solace;			nursed by
He gan Troyle faste manace.			many lords;
¶ He seyde: "when he hadde hele,			he menaces
That he wolde with Troy[1]e dele,		14584	Troilus.

¹ MS. *thruthis*.

He wolde not lette for al Fraunce [lf. 215, bk.] 14585
But he tok of him vengauce."

The Greeks
think the
Trojans are
deceived

Thei sayde : "that Troyens were dissayued,
And that thei nere not persayued 14588
To graunte the trewes when thei it asked,
For thei scholde now be euel a-tasted,
Thei graunt the trewes In the dismole.

and will be all
slain, after
Achilles is
recovered.

For were it so that he were hole, 14591
He scholde scle Troyle and alle thos other,
As he hadde done Ector, his brother."

WEle was hem thei scholde soiorne,
It was for hem a noble turne : 14596

They gather
grasses, make
plasters and
salves,
and heal their
wounds ;

Thei gadered gras on eche halue,
And made plastres & eke salue,
Thei dyght here woundes that sore gored.
Off mete & drynke thei ben wel stored, 14600

they play at
chess, eat and
drink, and tell
fables.
All the sur-
geons of the
whole army

Thei played at the chesse & tables,
And ete & drank and tolde fables.
And alle the leches that craftly were
In al the ost that tyme there, 14604

¶ Alle that coude of surgerye,
Off Plasteres and of herberye,—
Hadde Achilles In that cure
To hele his woundes & his visure : 14608

take care of
Achilles ;

they nurse him
well,

Thei 3aff to him wel gode kepyng
To brynge him to his right slepyng,
Thei made him drynkes of gode licour
And broght a-3eyn his fair colour ; 14612

and restore
him to good
health,

¶ Thei 3aff him drynke many skyns,
And heled him vp with medycyns,
That he was hole, stalworthe, & fere
In his strengthe & playn power, 14616

before the
truce ends.

Er euere the trewes come fully out.
Then were the Gregeis bolde & stout,

¶ **Hic Troiani ordinauerunt magnum Bellum.**

Whan he was hole & ȝede on fete. [lf. 216.] 14619

For tene his herte wex grete, 14620

Achilles is
angry,

That Troyle did him the vilony;

He hadde to him gret envy,

He swore by god that dwelled In heuene

He scholde him sele for odde or euene.

14624

and swears to
be revenged on
Troylus.

AChilles is hol & clene In myȝt,

Bold and strong, semely In syȝt,

For he is hol In flesch & fel,

And as hole as any pykerel.

14628

Hit drawes faste vnto that day,

That thei most nede leue her play

And bygynne aȝeyn the werre,

For no man may ther-fro hem sterre;

14632

Vntil that on for ay & euere

Be al for-done, thei blyn neuere.

The truce
nears its end.

¶ **Euery man ordeynes now his gere,**

Sadel, & bridel, & stalworthe spere,

14636

Fresche atyre, wel gode newe helmes,

And made hem gode staues of oke & elmes

Ful of warres and of knottis,

Piked staues with heuy bottis.

14640

Achilles thinkes day & nyghtis,

How he may sle douȝti knyȝtis;

He nolde it lette for non aȝt

That any man him ȝeue mauȝt.

14644

WHen the trewes were alle gone,

And th[e]i were heled euerychone,

And day was comen thei scholde fyght,

And thei were rysen & redy dight,—

14648

Eche man In his armure

On gode stedis, be ȝe sure!—

The Troyens ride to Ilyon;

Kyng Philomene & Mennon,

14652

When the
truce is ended,
and all are
healed,

the Trojans
ride to Ilion.

Odeman & Eueas, [lf. 216, bk.] 14653

Antenor and Palamydas,

And eche a lord ȝede with his ost;

And alle men houed then a-cost 14656

The Trojans
are waiting
in Ilion for
the orders of
Troilus, how
he may
array them.

¶ Aboute Ilyon, that riche palais,

To here what Troyle to hem says:

“How he here batayles wolde devise,

In what manere and what wyse; 14660

Ho schal haue the vaunwarde,

Who the myddel, and ho the rereward?”

So were thei redi In that mornyng,

Al redi dyght by sone rysyng. 14664

Troilus is very
careful in
arranging his
troops well,

DOghti Troyle faste him payned

That thei were wel ordeyned;

When thei were ordeyned wele & clene,

and sends
them out

He bad hem go forth al be-dene, 14668

Euery lord with his Eschele,

with all good
wishes.
The gate
‘Dardanides’
is opened;

And come aȝeyn with Ioye & hele.

The ȝate was than vndone & opone

That we by-fore hadde of y-spoken, 14672

That ȝate was cleped Dardanydes:

they go out,

Ther was of knyȝtes mechel pres,

¶ At the ȝates thei outward issed,

As doughti Troyle hem hadde wissed; 14676

Thei ride to-gedir vpon a rase

and ride to-
wards the
Greek lists.

Toward Gregeis a gode pase,

Til thei were comen nye here lystes.

They wait
till the Greeks
come out.

Thei houed stille at here tristes, 14680

Til thei se Gregeis oute comande

With brode baneres a-boute wayvande.

¶ Troyle now rides and his Troyanes

With his burgeis & Citeȝaynes 14684

Out off Troye—alas the wo!

For he schal dye, er he then come ffro.

Alas troye

Alas Troye ! what is thi grace ?	[lf. 217.]	14687	Alas, Troy !
To the fel neuere gode trace,		14688	
To the fel neuere gode chaunce,			thou and thine
Ne non of alle thi retenaunce !			never had good
Thoow thow be gay & glorious,			luck.
Thow were euere ¹ on-gracious !		14692	
Off thow hede of Cites were,			Though thou
Blysful hap to the fel neuere !			wast the head
For better men were neuere lyuand,			of the cities,
Than were that tyme to the longand ;		14696	and thy people
And 3it was it here alther schap,			were the best
That thei died alle by myshap.			living,
¶ Ther-fore I trowe In my thoght :			they were all
A3ens godis wille so were thei ² wrought.		14700	to die.
Hadde destyne ben Ector frende,			Had destiny
Or doghti Troylus that was so hende,			been the friend
The Gregeis nad not hem sclayn ;			of Hector or
But destene turned hem a3eyn,		14704	Troylus, the
Destyne was here enemy			Greeks would
And sclow hem bothe vnhappily.			not have slain
And also died alle that other kynde			them.
Off gode men that were In mynde.		14708	
T He Gregeis saw the Troiens come			The Greeks see
Out of Troye alle on a throme,			the Trojans
Armed wel In her maneres,			come out of
With faire penseles & brode baneres.		14712	Troy, well
The wannward than to hem thei sende,			armed and
The Middelward ³ come afterhende ⁴ ,			with banners.
The rerwarde dwelled lange.			
But when Achilles scholde out gange,		14716	Achilles
¶ He gart his men vnto him calle ;			
And when thei stode aboute him alle,			
He sayde to hem with glad chere :			addresses his
‘ 3e ar my frendes leue & dere,	28 [j]	14720	soldiers.

¹ Some letters erased between *were* and *euere*.

³ MS. *Middelward*.

⁴ MS. *asterhende*.

² MS. *we*.

¶ *Hic ibant ad prelium.*

- Achilles says
to his soldiers:
'I know your
faithfulness.
- Do now what
I beseech you!
- Ye know how
Troylus
wounded and
unhorsed me
the other day.
- Help me now
to takerevenge
for it on that
boy!
- Don't care for
any king or
knight,
- but only to get
at Troylus.
- And when you
see him, sur-
round him
very closely,
- that his men
may not help
him,
- and let me
fight with him
alone.
- I wot wel *3e* loue me mechel [lf. 217, bk.] 14721
 With trewe herte & no-thing felik,
 And to do my byddyng are *3e* meke;
 Now for my loue I *3ow* be-seke: 14724
 To my sawe *3e* *3eue* good tent,
 And beth to me obedient.
- ¶ *3e* wot wel what affray
 I toke of Troyle that other day, 14728
 Wiche an harm and a wounde;
 And how I fel vpon the grounde;
 Bode I neuere scuche a dispit.
 Now helpis me that it were qwit; 14732
 But I be venged of that boy,
 In myn herte gete I neuere Ioy.
THerfore for my loue I *3ow* pray
 That *3e* do as I *3ow* say: 14736
- That *3e* this day *3eue* no gome
 To kyng ne knygt¹ ne to grome,
 Man to sle ne to take,
 Ne non assaut to non make,— 14740
 But beth besi on alle thing,
 How *3e* may him among *3ow* bryng!
- ¶ When *3e* thedir comen are
 And *3e* of him may be ware, 14744
 Be-closes him al a-boute
 That he fro *3ow* go not oute,
 And stondis a-boute him on a throme
 That non of his may to him come 14748
 Him to defende fro myn hond.
 Ful stille aboute *3it* *3e* stond,
 And lete vs two oure myght schewe;
 And I schal that boy al to-hewe. 14752
 But loke that no man to vs come,
 That fro my hand that he be nome;

¹ MS. *knytt*, but the scribe has tried to alter the first *t* to *3*.

¶ *Hic preliauerunt.*

- | | | | |
|---|------------|-------|-----------------|
| I schal him ful wel qwite | [lf. 218.] | 14755 | I'll take re- |
| That his spere did on me bite, | | 14756 | venge on that |
| And thus may I haue my wille | | | boy. |
| That foule boy for to spille. | | | |
| ¶ Ther-fore I pray 3ow alle— | | | And I pray you |
| For any thyng that may be-falle, | | 14760 | to do as I tell |
| And as I am 3oure a[l]ther lord— | | | you.' |
| That 3e be alle at this acord | | | |
| And 3if to no-thyng elles kepe.' | | | |
| And with that word Achilles wepe,— | | 14764 | Achilles weeps. |
| So wolde he fayn on him be venged. | | | |
| The batayles ben to-gedir renged, | | | A fierce battle |
| Thei of Troye & thei of Grece ; | | | begins : |
| Thei hewe here bodies al to pece, | | 14768 | |
| Thei did gret sorwe & mechel wo, | | | |
| Whan thei gan to-gedir go. | | | |
| T He stoure is styff & strong be-gonnen, | | | |
| Euery man on other is ronnen, | | 14772 | |
| Thei haue her speres brosten & broken, | | | spears are |
| Ful ffewe wordes ther were spoken ; | | | broken, few |
| At that tyme were many kastoun | | | words are |
| A-3eyn the grounde that al to-brastoun, | | 14776 | spoken. |
| Ther died many at that torpel. | | | |
| But then come Troyle, y-armed wel, | | | Troylus rushes |
| With mechel peple of Armed kny3tes | | | against the |
| Come he thedir at that riztes ; | | 14780 | Greeks, with |
| With scheld enbrased & spere enbossed | | | many knights ; |
| A-mong the Gregeis he ran & pressed : | | | |
| That he to ran, dethe was his dome ; | | | all he meets |
| Wel euel was he thedir wel-come. | | 14784 | he kills. |
| ¶ When Troyle hadde broken his spere, | | | |
| He toke his swerd that wel coude schere, | | | |
| It was trenchaund & wel poynted, | | | |
| With Gregeis blod it was anynted | 28 i[j] | 14788 | |

Troilus
wounds and
slays many
Greeks,

until midday;
then the
Greeks begin
to flee.

Achilles and
his men had
not yet turned
up;
but when he
hears the
Greeks cry,
and sees them
flee,
he bids his men
rescue them.

He takes his
good sword.

Fro the poynt to the hilde, [lf. 218, bk.] 14789
Ful many Gregeis hadde it spilte.

He rased scheldes ffro here neckes,
He teres the mayles as it were sekkes, 14792
¶ He bare hem down to grounde al flat,
He 3aff hem many a sori sqwat¹;
He droff down alle that come him by,
As doth bestes that ben hungry. 14796

Thei were noght to him worth a schelle,
He blan neuere to scle & felle

Fro he come thedir to the mydday,
That thei fro him fled a-way; 14800

Thei fled echon by on red,
And elles thei hadde ben alle ded.

H It was a litel be-fore the none,
A-boute mydday, that this was done 14804
That thei of Grece ffro Troyle fled,

So were thei of his strokes dred.

But Achilles ne none of hese
Were comen not to that purprese; 14808

But when he herde hem criande,
He loked & sey hem fleande,
He saw hem flee fro that purprise,
He bad his men be war & wyse. 14812

He was y-armed at alle rightes,
Strong & hole In alle his myghtes;

¶ He tok his swerd that was so gode,
Hit wolde bite as it were wode, 14816

Ther was none suche hard ne towe;
Many a Troyen ther-with he sclowe.

He bad his men: "so mote thei thee"—
'Socoures now hem that now dothe fle! 14820

Helpis now, for thei haue nede!

Achilles than to hem 3ede,

¹ MS. *sqwat*.

¶ He bad his men thenk on his spellis [lf. 219.] 14823

And attende to [no] man ellis; 14824

And thei bad him be not abayst,—

“But on him he scholde trayst.”

He passed forth with his meyne

And socoured hem that he saw fle, 14828

Thei mette the Troyens In her wyse

Thei bare hem down at the burdisse.

The Myrmi-
dons succour
the Greeks,

and bear the
Trojans down.

¶ Achilles and his Murimdones

Socoured alle her Gryffones; 14832

For by her help and her comyng

Thei were tho lettid In her chasyng,

And Gregis keuered a-ȝeyn the feld

And made good visage with spere & scheld 14836

To her enemys ful boldely

And fauȝt with hem apertly¹.

The Greeks
recover the
feld and
attack their
enemies.

GRegais turned and gete the place,
For Troyens were let of here chace.

14840

The Murimdones for-ȝete no-thing

What was her lordes faire praying :

Among Troyens bothe ner & fer

Thei loked aboute In euery corner

14844

Off that batayle afftir sir Troyle,

Iff thei saw owqher that knyȝt royle.

So were Thei war where he stode

Scleande Gregeis as he were wode :

14848

The Myrmi-
dons look out
for Troylus,
as Achilles
bade them.

They find him
fighting quite
alone against
the Greeks,

¶ He was that tyme hi[m]-self alone,

Off hyse that tyme with him were none ;

Him faste ffyghtand alone thei founde

Opon the Gregais In that stounde.

14852

Thanne wente aboute him alle that frape,

That he myȝt no-wayses skape,

And made a scheltrone him aboute

And spered him fro alle his route.

and surround
him.

28 i[ij] 14856

¹ t very indistinctly inserted over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Troylum.*

Off Gryffons come ther many a knyzt [lf. 219, bk.] 14857
 And halp the Murimdonez with her myzt.

Achilles is glad ¶
 when he sees
 Troylus sur-
 rounded ;

Achilles—lord ! that he was glad !
 Off alle the world no more he bad ! 14860
 He come ridande on his stede,
 Off sir Troyle toke he gode hede
 How he sclow doun right his men
 That thei lay dede In the fen. 14864

he insults him.

‘ Turne the ’—he seyde—‘ fals gadelyng !
 Thow schalt now dye—by heuene kyng !
 My dispite schaltow sore abigge !
 Kepe the fro me ! I the sigge.’ 14868

They draw
 their swords

¶ Thei drow her swerdes that were gode
 And hew to-gedir as thei were wode,
 The rede blod ran by here side,
 Thei made hem woundes longe & wyde : 14872

and wound
 each other.

Achilles hews
 Troylus's
 helmet off
 his head, and
 throws down
 his shield.

Achilles hewys In-two his mayles,
 The rede blod afftir rayles ;
 He hew the helme al of his hede,
 His scheld sone he him be-reued. 14876

Troylus
 defends him-
 self bravely ;

But Troyle defendis him by his myzt
 With al his strengthe, that gentil knyzt.

but Achilles is
 stronger,

BVt Achilles was so strong
 That he myzt not endure long,— 14880

and nobody
 can help
 Troylus ;

No man myght to him come
 For Murimdonez that stode athrome,
 The Gregeis also with al here myght[es]
 Passyng twenty thousand knyghtes. 14884

he grows
 weary and
 falls from
 his horse.

¶ Troyle was wery¹, he myght not sitte,
 He was al faynt & out of witte
 For the blod that he gan blede,
 Tho fel he doun of his stede. 14888

Achilles draws
 his sword,

Achilles tho lyght glad ynow
 And his noble swerd out-drow

¹ *y* seems to be corrected from *i*.

¶ **Lamentacio Troianorum.**

- And smot his hed fro the body [lf. 220.] 14891 smites off
 And throw ¹ it away dispitously ; 14892 Troilus's head
 He tyed his body at his hors tayl and throws it
 And drow him tho thorow the batayl. away,
- ¶ Achilles has sir Troyle slayn,
 And ther-of he is wonder fayn ; 14896
 Michel schame & vylony
 Did he tho that dede body :
 He tied him at his hors ers binds the dead
 And drow him ouer myre & Mers, 14900 corpse to his
 Thorow her ost & her batayle horse's tail,
 He drow him at his hors tayle— and drags it
 As he hadde ben a cut-purs, over the field.
 Ne myȝt he him haue don no wors. 14904
- ¶ When it was told sir Palidomas ²,
 Antenor, & sir Eueas,—
 And his brother sir Paris
 When he herde telle of this, 14908
 He myȝt not speke no ³ word, but swoun,
 Among hem alle tho fel he doun. Paris swoons.
- ¶ The Troyens than hadde sorwe y-now,
 When thei saw how he him drow, 14912
 Thei ran on the Grues alle on a res
 To reue sir Troyle ffro Achilles;
 But thei of Grece so with-stode
 With egre wil & sturdy mode, 14916
 That thei myȝt not the Gregeis twyn
 Ne that body fro hem wyn. but they do not
 succeed.
- A** wonder stoure and a cruel
 Be-gan thei thanne & a mortel, 14920
 For alle the Troyens ther-about
 Gadered hem vpon a route,
 The ded body fro him to reue ;
 But Gregeis wolde it not leue. 28 i[iij] 14924

¹ MS. *drow*.

² *idomas* written by another hand on erasure.

³ MS. *spoken o*.

Achilles cleues alle her bones, [lf. 220, bk.] 14925
For sorwe thei crye & bitterly grones.

When King ¶ But when Mennon, that noble kyng,
Mennon hears Off Troyle herde this tydyng, 14928
this news,

Whan he wyste that he was slayn
And thorow that ost so foule drawyn,—
An hundrid sithe he seyde ‘alas!’

he bewails the So was him wo that he ded was: 14932
death of
Troylus, “Alas!”—seyde he that tyme & tyde—

“That euere scholde he that day a-byde
To se so noble a doghti knyght
Be so distroyed & foule dyght!” 14936

and presses to With sore herte thorow alle that prese
Achilles; he Cried Mennon to Achilles,
insults him:

¶ When he was comyn to him neye;
He sayde: ‘traytour, I the defye!’ 14940

‘Traitor, I defy thee! How couldst thou bind to thy horse’s tail and drag through the brooks
To thi¹ hors tayl that knyght to bynde,
In thi foule herte how myght thou fynde?
And drawe him thorow bekke & broke
That gentil knyzt that thow so toke, 14944

such a good That was so gode of vasselage²,
and gentle Off douztines & of corage!
knight?

Beware! Ware the, traytour, now for me!
By him that made leff on tre: 14948

Thou shalt not Thow schalt him no further drawe
drag him any
farther!’

Achilles is With-out harm for loue ne awe!’
furious that
Mennon so
despises him, **L**Ord, that Achilles was wode!
That alle tho chaunged his blode! 14952

That he sette him so at noght,
He thought it scholde be dere a-boght;
He smot tho kyng Mennon a-zeyn
With al his power & his mayn, 14956
And kyng Mennon to him with that;
But Achilles In his sadel sat.

and smites him
with all his
might,

Mennon smites
him too,

¹ MS. *his*.

² MS. *basselage*.

But thorow his scheld & Aketoun	[lf. 221.]	14959	and pierces
He smot Achilles In that raundoun ;		14960	Achilles's shield and 'aketoun.'
¶ Achilles was sore aschamed			Achilles is ashamed,
And of that dede foule a-gramed,			
Opon his swerd his hond he layde			
And swere by othe and seyde :		14964	and swears to bring Mennon down.
"That he scholde doun for leue or lothe!"—			
And therto Achilles swor his othe.			
¶ Achilles smot that knyzt sore,			He smites and unhorsed him ;
That he fel doun of his hors thore		14968	
Opon the grounde In a ded swone,			Mennon swoons.
And of his hors he fel a-doune.			
The Troyens than fro him wan ;			
But ȝit ther died many a man		14972	
With dynt of sword In that batayle,			
Thei suffred ther ful mechel trauayle.			
T He while thei were at this fight,			
The Troyens with strengthe & myght		14976	The Trojans recover the body of Troy- lus.
Troylus body a-way thei stale			
As faste as thei myght hale,			
Til it was stolen out of that ost,			
Vndir a dike layde a-cost.		14980	
Than gan these ostis parte atwynne,			The parties separate ;
For of that fyghtyng wold thei blynne ¹ ;			
And kyng Mennon a hors was brouzt,			Mennon is rehorsed.
But arst with Troyens was hit ful touzt.		14984	
¶ But it was euen, they myzt not dwelle,			Night ends the battle.
Thei departed, as I ȝow telle :			
Hit was ney the euenyng,			
The sonne was ney at his setting ;		14988	
And bothe parties hamward drow,			
For thei hadde foghten long y-now.			All go home.
The Gregeis ȝede to here tentis ;			
And Paris vp that body hentes,		14992	

¹ MS. *thei not blynne*.

Paris brings
the corpse of
Troylus to
Troy.

And a-none hamward gan royle, [lf. 221, bk.] 14993
And ledde with him the body of Troyle.

THei haue her fyght for this day ent;
And thei of Troy hamward went, 14996
The dede body with hem thei ledde,
Al of blod it is be-bled.

All the bells
ring, and
everybody
weeps, know-
ing that some
one of theirs is
dead.

At euery temple the belles ronge,
Euery man wepe, and no man songe; 15000
And ther-by wiste alle tho of Troye
That some of heres were dede & foye.
Philomene & kyng Mennon
That body bar to Ylion, 15004
And alle the Troyens on a rowe
With loude cryng and moche harrowe.

When they
hear those
bearing the
corpse cry,
they ask the
reason.

¶ When thei of Troye hadde herd that cry,
Thei asked "how?"—the chesoun whi 15008
Thei cried so and wepe so sore—
"And what he was that thei bare thore?
Iff he were lord of gret renoun?
Or any kyng of any regioun?" 15012

On hearing it
is Troylus,

And thei answered & seyde a-zeyn:
"That it was Troyle that ther was sclayn."

they wring
their hands
and bewail his
death.

¶ When thei of Troye the sothe wiste,
Ther was wrongen many a ffiste. 15016
'Alas'—thei seide—'now he is ded,
Now are we alle with-uten red!'
Thei wyste tho to lese her lyues,
Bothe here children & here wyues, 15020
And alle the godis euere thei aught;
Off here lyues tho rouzte thei naught.

So do his
father and
mother.

¶ The sorwe that the fadir made!
Ther was no man that him myght glade. 15024
Out off sorwe was not the quene,
Ne his suster Pollexene.

Sche made for him sorwe y-now,	[lf. 222.]	15027	Pollexena,
For dele hir body al to-drow,		15028	
Hir louely heer sche al to-rent,			
Sche cracched hir face & al to-schent,—			
That it was ruthe & gret pite			
So fair a lyff so dyght to se.		15032	
¶ In gret mornyng was dame Heleyn,			Eleyne, and
When sche wiste sir Troyle sclayn;			
And his brother, sir Paris,			Paris bewail
Gret sorwe made he y-wis:		15036	Troylus,
He sorwed bothe day & ny3t.			
And so did euery lord & kny3t,			and so do all
And alle that euere were In the toun;			the other lords
For thei seide alle: "thei were a-doun,"—		15040	and knights of
And al the nyght til the morwe			Troy.
Lyued thei In gret sorwe.			
¶ But the Gregeis were wel glad;			But the Greeks
Lord, the Ioye that thei mad		15044	are very glad,
That her strong fo was sclayn!			and make
Lord, that thei therfore were fayn!			merry,
Thei slepe al ny3t and made blythe,			
And thonked her god offte sithe,		15048	
And solaced Achilles thei also			and congratu-
For that prowesse that he hadde y-do.			late Achilles
¶ When day was comen, and ny3t gon,			on his having
Thei toke her hors euerychon ¹		15052	slain their
And rod a3eyn In-to the feldis,			strong foe.
Out of the toun & of the teldis;			Next morning
And be-gan a newe assaut,			all prepare for
Til hit was fer with-Inne the naut.		15056	a fresh battle.
W hen it was day, & thei sei lyght,			
And thei were armed & redi dyght,			
Out of Troye rod the Troyanes;			
A-3eyn hem come alle the Danes,		15060	

¹ *chon* on erasure, but by the same hand.

¶ *Hic Pugnabant per vij^{tem} dies.*

	Wel arayed on horse rydande,	[lf. 222, bk.]	15061
	With fair scheld & spere In hande.		
Many are wounded,	Many a man ther strokes toke,		
	That many of hem her lyff for-soke ;		15064
	Many a body was ther to-koruen,		
many die.	And many gode knyzt was ther storuen.		
They fight the whole day, till night ends the battle.	¶ And thus ferde thay til it was nyght,		
	That thei of sonne had no syght,		15068
	That thei most nede take her rest.		
Next morning they begin again ;	On morwe were thei al prest		
	That ffyght azeyn to be-gynne ;		
	For that wolde thei neuere blynne,		15072
	Vnto that on were for-done,—		
	And that scholde now be sone.		
and thus they fight seven days without rest.	¶ And thus ffauzt thei to-gedur samen—		
	Alle on earnest & not on gamen—		15076
	With-oute rest dayes seuene ;		
It would take too much time to relate all their deeds ;	But alle her dedis may no man neuene,		
	For that wolde be to longe dwellyng,		
	To moche werk of my tellyng :		15080
	For who-so wolde aboute that dwelle		
	Alle her dedis for to telle,		
many books might be filled with them.	Many bokes myght men make ;		
	I wol not now vndirtake.—		15084
	¶ But seuene dayes with-uten pes,		
	With-oute rest—so saith Dares—		
	Fauzt thei to-gedir day for day,		
Only Achilles did not fight; he lay in bed healing his wounds.	Saue Achilles In his bed lay		15088
	To hele the woundes that he hadde cauzt,		
	When he & Mennon to-gedir fauzt		
	Off that fyght that thei hadde meled.		
	The seuenthe day whan he was heled		15092
	Off his woundes wel & fyn,		
	Off his Angwys & his pyn,		

¶ *Incipit bellum In die septimo.*

He Armed him as other did,	[lf. 223.]	15095	Achilles, on
To go & fyght the Gregeis myd.		15096	the seventh
¶ Then were the Gregeis bold & glad ;			day of the
Alle his men tho faire he bad ¹ ,			battle, arms
That when thei come to that batayle,			himself
That thei scholde alle Mennon assayle		15100	and instructs
And close him alle envyrour,			his men how
That him myght helpe no man ;			to surround
And jiff to no man elles entent,			Mennon,
But that he were amonges hem hent,		15104	and not to take
That he myght do hem wreche,			heed of any-
And sle him for his ² last speche,			body else,
And for he woundid him so sore—			in order that
He swore : “ he scholde do so na more ³ .”		15108	he may be
¶ And therefore he bad his men not fayle			avenged.
To helpe him wele In that batayle ;			
Thei bad him holde him stille,			They promise
Hit scholde be done at his wille.		15112	to do so.
H IT was upon the day seuend,			
Achilles thoght he wolde be euend			
Vpon the doghti kyng Mennoun.			
He bad her kynges & Agamenoun :		15116	Achilles bids
“ That he scholde the Gregeis aray,			Agamemnon
To se that day qwat thei do may ? ”—			array the bat-
‘ For I my-selff that day schal lede			talions.
The formast warde, so god me spede ! ’		15120	Achilles will
¶ Agamenoun tho hem arayed,—			lead the first
With baneres brode alle displayed,—			one.
And bad echon thei scholde hem hye			Agamemnon
Forward with her companye,		15124	bids them
For thei of Troye were comen alle			make haste,
And with-uten her Cite walle			
In-to the feld, to take her stale,			as the Trojans
With many riche amerale.		15128	are already in
			the field.

¹ Some letters erased after *bad*.

² s on erasure.

³ MS. *namore*.

- ¶ Kyng Mennoun the vamwarde ledis, [lf. 223, bk.] 15129
 Vnto Achilles he him spedis ;
- Achilles and
 Mennon meet
 at once ; When he saw him be-fore comande,
 He hied to him faste ridande : 15132
 Rode thei to-gedir with gret envy
 As faste as thei myght fly,
 Ayther smot other In-myddes the scheld,
 That bothe fley on the feld 15136
 Fro her horses to the grounde,
 That nother was with-uten wounde.
- and fight on
 on foot. ¶ But thei lepe vp & fau3t on fote,
 For tho was hem no more bote : 15140
 But Mennon was his men with-oute,
 Here horses ran fro hem a-boute ;
 Ther was no man to him 3aff gome,
 Kyng ne sqwyer, kny3t ne grome. 15144
- Trojans and
 Greeks meet ; **T** Royens mette & the Gryffons
 With sword & spere & gret burdons,
 With piked staues wel y-wrythen.
- a strong fight. Ther was a fyght strong y-3euen : 15148
 On bothe parties thei died thikke,
 But thei schal leue non qwyk,
 Many a schanke brake thei In-sonder,
 And many lay his hors fet vnder ; 15152
 Ech-on other smot & quelled
 That thikke to grounde ded thei felled.
- The wounds
 are described. ¶ Many an hed was al to-squat¹,
 And many ded on his hors sat ; 15156
 Some loste nose, & some her tonges,
 Som her lyuer, & som her longes.
 The Murimdones when thei were ware
 Off kyng Mennon & his fare 15160
 A-3eyn her lord, thei hadde gret tene,
 Thei closed him tho hem by-twene
- When the
 Myrmidons see
 the combat
 between their
 lord and Men-
 non, they
 surround
 them,

¹ MS. *alto squat*.

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Mennonem Regem.*

That no help myght he haue	[lf. 224.]	15163	
Off no Troiene—so god me saue!		15164	and keep the Trojans back.
Thei holde hem oute with gret fyght			
And sclow the Troiens down right.			
¶ Achilles and Mennoun fau3t In-fere,			Achilles and Mennon fight hard;
The strokes myght men fer here ;		15168	
The knyghtes were bothe gode & strong,			both are very strong.
But her fyght myght not dure long :			
But Mennoun woundes Achilles sore,			Mennon
But Achilles did him wel more,		15172	wounds Achil-
Thei fau3t to-gedir as thei were wode,			les severely,
Bothe thei ran al on blode.			but
¶ Mennon scheld is al to-hewe,			Achilles cuts
He cutte his mayles rewe on rewe,		15176	Mennon's
With his blod-brode bronde			shield to
He hewe his scheld to his honde :			pieces,
Mennon was faynt for many wounde,			wounds him
Achilles smot him down to grounde,		15180	several times,
He cleue his hede to his brest,			throws him on
He bad him lye ther & rest.			the ground,
			and cleaves his
			head.
M ennoun is ded, and that is harm ;			
He lithe ded In his blod warm.		15184	
Trojens bere him a-way thore,			The Trojans
Thei were tho agast sore.			take away
But then come down to that semble			Mennon's
Menelaus with his meyne ;		15188	body ; but
And so did duk Menescenes,			by Menelaus,
And Ajax Thelamens,			Menescene,
And Diomedes with his peres,			Ajax,
With his gode men & comperes :		15192	and Diomedes
And hem of ¹ Troye so schent & donge			
And so stoutly among hem thronge,			
That thei made hem the feld for-sake			they are put to
And to the flight for-sothe hem take.		15196	flight.

¹ of inserted by the same hand over line.

The Trojans flee,	¶ The Troyens fledde, for thei hadde nede ; [lf. 224, bk.]	15197
	Thei were echon In gret drede For tho that Gregeis ouer-toke, Afftir lyff myght thei not loke.	15200
many are slain and wounded ;	Thei sclow the Troyens many on And wounded also gret won ;	
but others flee into their city	But alle that hadde space to fle Flow In-to Troye, the strong Cite,	15204
and bar the doors.	And spered the 3ates with keye & lokke To kepe out the Gregeis folke.	
	¶ The Cite 3ates are sperd & stoken, That thei be not on hem broken ;	15208
	And thei wente alle In-to her Innes.	
Hectuba bewails the death of her son Troylus,	But Hectuba, the quene, not blynnes Reuful sorwe & dele to make For doghti Troyle, her sones, sake ;	15212
who is yet lying unburied.	For 3it he liggis vpon molde, I-buried In clothes of golde.	
Priamus weeps,	P Riamus wepis and makes mone,	
	And so do alle the lordes echone,	15216
and so do Paris,	Paris wepis for him sore,	
	And so did his suster wel more,	
and Pollexena,	That faire mayden Pollexene,	
and all the others.	And Eche burgeis & Citezene.	15220
	For eche man cares now for his lyff, For his children, & for his wiff.	
	For Mennoun kyng were thei sori, Ther was non that he ne was drery.	15224
Hector, Dephe- bus, Troylus,	¶ Now is Ector ded, and Dephebus, Troyle also the vigorous,	
and Mennon are now dead ;	And sir Mennoun, the doghti kyng.	
	" Alas, Alas ! " thei gan to syng,	15228
only Paris is left.	For hem is lefft none but Paris, Now of Troye is litel Prys.	

{p¹Riamus}

¹ The rubricator forgot to paint over the small p.

¶ *Hic Troiani pecierunt pacem ad sepeliendum Troyllum
& Mennonem Reges*¹.

P	Ryamus calles his conseleres, [lf. 225.] And biddes hem chese two Messageres That ben witti and curtays, That may wende on Message to the Gregays; He bede hem riche robis done on And wende to kyng Agamenoun ² .	15231 15232	Priamus sends messengers to the Greeks;
¶	The Messageres to Gregays wende, The knyȝtes curteys, gode, and hende, A trewe to aske—as here kyng sayde;— And thei hem graunt and are wel payde. And thei come a-ȝeyn ridande To telle him of her tydande, And seyde: ‘the trewes are ferme & stable, Sicurly with-uten ffable.’	15236 15240 15244	they go and demand a truce; which is granted. They ride back to Troy and relate the good news.
¶	The Troyens haue at Gregays ben, And trewe is taken hem be-twen. A precious tombe for Troyle was wrought, And his body ther-In was brought; And leyde him ther-In bischopis thre With wonder gret solempnite: Ther was for him a riche offerynges Off Erles, Dukes, and of kynges.	15248 15252	A precious tomb is built for Troylus; three bishops bury him with great solemnity.
¶ ³	And Priamus made also Another tombe Menoun vnto, And did his men ther-Inne him brynge With fair seruice & gret offrynge. And whan that seruice was al y-done, To her mete thei wente sone, Thei dight hem to her mete. But Hectuba has not for-ȝete Off Troyle deth, that doughti knyȝt, That sche loued with al her myȝt: Many a way that lady soght And wel narwe sche hir be-thoght,	15256 15260 29 j 15264	Another tomb is erected for Mennon. After the funeral service, they have dinner. But Hectuba cannot forget the death of Troylus.

¹ One line in MS.

² MS. *Agamenon*.

³ In the MS. the *next* line (15254) is standing here, after this sign.

¶ **Lamentacio Hectube.**

Hectuba considers how to be avenged on Achilles; she calls Paris to her,	How sche myght venge hir on that swayn [lf. 225, bk.] 15265 That hadde hir two sones slayn. Sche called to hire hur sone Paris And seyde to him wepande y-wys :	15268
and says to him : 'Thou knowest how this Achilles has slain thy brothers.	¶ 'Paris'—sche seyde—'thow wost wele Off this Achilles euery dele. This wicked theff Achilles Thi bretheren hath slayn with-oute les With his falshede & his quayntise, Ther-fore I wolde on alle wise Be venged on that wicked fode; Me were it leuer than any gode ! I pray the : do thing that I bidde, That my consayl be not kidde.'	15272 15276
I will be avenged on this wicked beguiler.	Paris swor bothe loude & stille : "Alle her wil he wolde fulfille ; What thyng that sche wolde haue done ¹ , Hit scholde be done swithe sone."	15280
Pray, do all I bid thee !'		
Paris swears to do so.		
Then Hectuba says to him :	H ectuba with drery mode Seide to Paris ther he stode :	15284
'This wicked man, peerless in battle, intends destroying all of us.	'This wicked man, this losengere In al this batayle hath no pere ; He wol vs alle distroye, But we the rather may him anoye.	15288
But as he is in love with Pollexena,	This Achilles, wham I mene, Loues thi suster Pollexene, And has ofte sent his message Hir to haue In mariage ;	15292
and has several times prayed to have her in marriage,	¶ He wolde neuere of sendyng blyn, Til he of me answeere myzt wyn. I wol therfore—so god me a-mende !— To-morwe erly afftir him sende And bid him derely : "come me tille, And he of hir schal haue his wille."	15296
I'll send and tell him that he may come and have her.		

¹ MS. *doð*; the scribe is very inconsistent in the endings *oñ* and *oū*, he even rhymes *oñ* and *oū* sometimes, as here, and leaves the reader to decide which is right.

- And than wol I—so haue I blis!— [lf. 226.] 15299
- In the temple of Apolynys 15300
- That thow be hid with certayn knyztis,
Armed wel at alle rightes ;
And when he comes a-mong 3ow alle,
That he be slayn,—what so be-falle !— 15304
- That he no wyse passe quyk,
For that were then to vs ful wik.'
- P** Aris than answered & sayde :
' Mi dere Moder, I holde me payde 15308
Off 3oure biddying & 3oure consayl ;
Hit schal be done with-oute fayl.'
- On morwe erly, whan it was day,
Paris thanne with-oute delay 15312
- Wente to the temple, and ther him hid
With twenti armed knyktes myd
That were hardy & wondir strong,
To sle Achilles hem among. 15316
- ¶ The sonne schon, the day was cler,
Hectuba sente hir Messanger
Afftir that knyzt, sir Achilles,
And bad him faire: " whil it was pes, 15320
Come swithe home to hir house,
And he scholde haue to his spouse
Pollexene, that semely may,
That he so moche loued ay." 15324
- ¶ When Achilles these tydynges herde,
With mochel Ioye & murthe he ferde,
For he was so with hir loue bounden :
Thoow he hadde of rede gold founden 15328
An hundrid thousand pounde,
He hadde not ben so glad that stounde
As he was thanne—I vndirstande,—
When he herde this tythande. 29 i[j] 15332

Thou and
some well-
armed knights
shall hide in
the temple of
Apollo, and
slay him
there.'

Paris answers :
' I agree ; all
shall be done
so.'

In the early
morning Paris

and twenty
knights
hide in the
temple.

Hectuba

invites
Achilles to
her house,

to have
Pollexena as
his wife.

Achilles
is very glad ;

though he had
found 100,000
pounds of gold,
he could not
have been
gladder.

¶ Qualiter Achilles fuit occisus.

Achilles calls
Archilogus, the
son of Nestor :

¶ He called as sone vnto him tho [lf. 226, bk.] 15333

Duk Nestor sone¹ with-ou~~ten~~ mo,
A doghti kny3t, sir Archilogus,
And seide anon to him thus : 15336

' Archilogus, my trusti frend,
I pray the now : with me thow wende ;

' I have faith
in you, and
will tell you
my secret :

On the is now my most trayst,
Ther-fore I am not a-bayst 15340
The to telle my priuete :

I'll go to Troy ;

I wol wende to that Cite,
I schal haste me thedir now ;

nobody else
must knowit.

Schal no man wyte but only thow. 15344

¶ For I haue then suche tythandes had
That I am bothe mury & glad :

I shall have
for my wife
her whom I
love more than
my life,
Pollexena.

For I schal wende vn-to my wyff
That I loue more than my lyff ; 15348

I schal wedde that mayden clene,
The kynges doghter, Pollexene,
That is whitter then Blaunche flour ;
And I haue loued hir per amour 15352

And suffred for hir moche pyne,
But now is sche on of myne.

Therefore I'll
hasten.'

¶ I wol therfore to hir me spede,
That sche delaye no more this dede.' 15356

They ride
together to
Troy very
merry.

AChilles than & his ffelawe
Rode so forth with mochel plawe,
With mury herte & mochel Ioye
Rode Achilles In-to Troye. 15360

¶ When thei were comen to Troye 3ate,

The porter
lets them in,

The porter was redi ther-ate,
And lete hem In with fair semblaunt,

they ride to
Ilion singing.

And thei to Ylion rod syggand 15364
With mury herte & louely chere,
And that aboute thei ful dere :

¹ MS. *Nestorsone*.

For whan thei comen at that palays, [lf. 227.]	15367	Achilles and
Thei fonde ther kny3tes curtays	15368	Archilogus
Vnto the temple that hem ledde,		are led into
Ther thei leide ¹ her lyff to wedde.		the temple
In-to the chirche when thei were gon,		
Thei spered the dores euerychon ;	15372	
And Paris thanne & his comperes		where Paris
Come walkyng out of here soleres		and his men
Ther thei hadde ben In a-wayt,		are hidden.
To brynge Achilles to his dissait.	15376	
¶ Achilles thei alle tho discried,		
And he hem alle boldely defied :		
Tho twenti knyghtes on a rowte		They attack
By-sette Achilles al abowte,	15380	Achilles and
And euery man his sword out-drowe		his fellow,
And seyde : ' Achilles, defende the nowe !		and shout :
For thou schalt for thi vilonye,		' Thou must
For thi falshede & cowardye	15384	die to-day for
That thou sir Troyle so foule slowe,		the death of
Die this day, yff that we mowe.'		Troilus.'
A Chilles saw he was dissayued :		Achilles sees
Fro his necke his mantel he wayued,	15388	he is betrayed ;
And a-boute his Arme he caste,		
And with his hond he held it faste ;		
And smot a knyght amonges hem alle		he slays one of
And made him his swerd to falle.	15392	the Trojans,
His felawe was sclayn lyghtly,		but his fellow
But Achilles tho fau3t myghtly,		is knocked
And ten of tho that him assayled		down.
He sclow, er his herte fayled.	15396	Achilles slays
¶ But Paris stod fro his meyne,		ten of his
And In his hond held dartes thre		assailants.
And kest hem at Achilles		Paris shoots
Ther he fau3t In-myddes the pres,	29 iij 15400	three darts at
		Achilles.

¹ The MS. has *leff*, but crossed out, and *leide* inserted by another hand over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles Interfectus fuit.*

- And wounded him, as he fauȝt thore, [lf. 227, bk.] 15401
 In his body with hem ful sore.
- Paris wounds Achilles severely, else he would have slain all twenty.
 And nad Paris so him wounded,
 Alle his knyghtes hadde he comfoded 15404
 With his manhoud¹, & thorow his myȝtes
 He hadde slayn the .xx^{ti}. knyȝtes.
 But he hadde than many a wounde,
 Tho fel he ded vpon the grounde. 15408
- Achilles dies.
 ¶ Whan he was ded, thei him to-coruen ;
 When Paris saw that he was storuen,
 He bad hem take him by the leggis
 And throwe him ouer In-to the seggis 15412
 And let him ligge to roke & rauē ;
 He swor : “ he scholde neuere be grauen,
 But he scholde to houndes mete,
 And rokis & rauēys him scholde etc.” 15416
- Paris orders his body to be thrown to the rooks
 ¶ **B**Vt when that the quene Helayn
 Wyste that thei were so slayn,
 Sche come rennande thedir blyue
 And sir Paris sche gan to schryue ; 15420
 Sche prayed for loue & curtasye :
 “ He scholde not do that vylonye
 To that knyȝt that was alosed.”
 So sche spak & so sche glosed, 15424
 That he bad men scholde him lay
 Somwhere In Troye In an hye way,
 That euery man that likyng hadde
 Might hem be-holden & be gladde, 15428
- and dogs.
 ¶ Whan thei saw ded that ilke body
 That was that mortel enemy.
 In Troye tho was mochel Ioye
 Among alle burgeis of Troye, 15432
 When thei saw him ded & slayn thore
 That thei be-fore hadde dred so sore.
- Eleyne asks Paris not to do shame to such a renowned knight.
 Paris then has the corpse laid in the highway, that every Trojan may see it.
 The Trojans are very glad to see slain him whom they feared so much.

¹ *With* on erasure, but by the same hand ; in *manhoud* something has been altered, it seems to have been like . . . *hond*.

Thei sayde tho: "thei hadde no drede [lf. 228.]	15435	The Trojans say they don't fear the Greeks any more, as they will never win the City, since Achilles is dead.
Off the Gregays ne of her dede,	15436	Thus Achilles was done to death through a wicked woman's advice,
For thei scholde neuere the Cite wynne,		like so many other good knights.
¶ Sithe he was ded her trust was Inne."		
¶ And thus was Achilles done to ded		
Thorow a wicked woman red,	15440	
Thorow her sleght & consayl		
Died the knyght with-oute fayl.		
And so hath many a-nother man		
Died thorow red of a womman :	15444	
That neuere were so gode knyghtes		
Off ffairnes, of connyng, ne of myghtes,		
¶ The beste body that euere ete bred		
Thorow fals wymmen haue ben ded.	15448	
And so did Achilles, the strong knyght,		
Thorow a womman lost al his myght ;		
And sche ther-afftir sclayn was		
For the deth of Achilles.	15452	She was afterwards slain for the death of Achilles.
A Chilles ligges In gret wondryng		
Ded In Troye In gret wowenyng;		
Among the burgeis of the toun ¹		The news of his death reaches Nestor
The word goth bothe vp & doun ¹ .	15456	
So fer the tythandis were told,		
That duk Nestor, the knyzt so old,		
And alle the Gruwes gret & smale		and the Greeks,
Hadde yherd that sori tale.	15460	
¶ T[h]er was tho a delful cry & gale ²		They bewail it.
Among the Gregeis gret & smale,		
Thei wepyn for him more & les ;		
Thei seyde: "thei were al redeles,	15464	
Tho thei coude no more red,"—		
But seyde echon: 'now he is ded		
That al oure los & worschip wan !'		
Ther wepte for him many a man.	29 iiij 15468	

¹ MS. *toū* . . . *doū*, see note on p. 450.

² & *gale* inserted later, but by the same hand.

¶ *Hic Imperator Grecorum pecijt corpora Militum.*

The Greeks
swear to give
up the
beleaguering.

Thei swor alle by her god lege, [lf. 228, bk.] 15469
That thei wolde alle byleue that sege,
Thei wolde no lenger holde it forth;
Thei held hem no-thing worth: 15472
Gret sorwe made thei al day,
That he was ded—I dar wel say.

Agamemnon
sends messen-
gers to

A Gamenoun, her Emperour,
He sente to Troye a *procuratour*, 15476
Lordis, knyȝtis, & squyeres,

Priamus and
Paris, asking
for the two
bodies.

And bad the kyng, for her prayeres,
And also to sir Paris,
To graunte hem tho two bodyes 15480
To grauen hem the moldes vndir,
That men on hem no more wondir.

Priamus
grants this;

¶ *Priamus* graunt the kynges bone
And seyde: "her wil scholde be done," 15484
And escused him of that dede,
Bothe of assent and of rede;
He bad thei scholde hem hom lede.

the Greeks
bring the
corpses home.

Thei toke hem tho bothe In¹ her wede² 15488
As bloody as thei wore;
For Achilles thei wepyn sore
And ledes hem home to here Grues,
But euery a man his sorwe newes, 15492
Off no Ioye thei ne rought,
When he was so ded hom³ brought.

Then they ask
leave to bury
Achilles and
his companion

A Chilles is to Gregais broght;
Priamus then thei be-soght: 15496
"That he wolde to hem graunte
That knyȝt that was vayllaunte
In that toun to grauen somwher,
Wher he ordaynet for hem ther." 15500

somewhere in
the town.

¶ *Priamus* wolde not werne,
He bad hem graue them In an herne

¹ MS. *In bothe.*

² *de* by another hand on erasure.

³ *o* altered from *e*.

In som 3ate of that Cite,	[lf. 229.] 15503	They are
As hem thoght best, In that entre.	15504	allowed to
The Gregais than a-non did make		bury them
A tombe of Marbil gray & blake,		in a gate, and
Off Alabaster as white as mylke ;		erect a
¶ In al this world is non silke,	15508	gorgeous tomb.
So noble werk, ne so riche ;		
Ther is no tombe In erthe it lyche,		No tomb in the
So craffteli coruen, ne so precious,		whole world
With gold be-gon, ne so glorious,	15512	is like it.
With gold & gemmes so y-dyght,		
And schon a-nyzt as bryght ;		
That 3aff so bryght a gleme,		
As it hadde ben the sonne beme ;	15516	
Men seide: "ther was non suche y-wroght		
As wyde as men hadde erthe y-soght."		
T Hese kny3tes are layd In monument,		The knights
And alle these lordes hom ben went	15520	are buried
Vnto her tentis & here hales.		therein.
Ther were amonges hem many tales :		The Greek
Some bad pul vp rope & stake,		lords
For thei wolde hamward schake ;		return home
And some bad dyght schip & ore,	15524	from the
For thei wolde dwelle ther no more.		burial ; they
"Thei wolde wende"—thei sayde—"In hast,		prepare to
To dwelle lengur it were but wast,	15528	give up the
When he was ded, that gentil knyzt,		siege.
That hadde her strengthe & her myzt."		
¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,		When
Herde this cry and clamour ;	15532	Agamemnon
He made anon a bedel crye		hears this, he
Thorow that ost al on hye :		calls them
"That eche a lord by on assent		together.
Scholde come to a parlement."	15536	

¶ *Consilium inter Reges Grecorum.*

Ther was no lord that herde that word, [lf. 229, bk.] 15537

That thei ne ros fro table & bord

And come to him ridande alle,

And sette hem down In his halle 15540

To wete of him: "what he be-ment

That thei were alle afftir sent?

And whi he afftir hem sent so sone?"

'To wete'—he sayde—'what is to done, 15544

NOw are ȝe alle to-gedir here,

Kyng & duk alle In-fere:

Hit is me told a newe tythyng,

That In this ost is gret gronyng 15548

For this knyȝt that thus is ded;

Here are manye at suche a red—

As I here say—to leue this place

And take the see opoun a race, 15552

To wende hamward to here contre,—

For here wol thei no lenger be,

Sithe he is ded that thei on traist,—

To dwelle lenger thei ben a-baist. 15556

Tel me ther-fore ȝoure Iugement—

Whil ȝe are here alle in present¹—

Whether wil ȝe duelle or wende?

Telle me the sothe, let here an ende!' 15560

¶ When Agamenoun his tale hath ent

Be-fore the lordes that were present,

Eche man telles his resoun²

Afftir his owne discrecioun²; 15564

Some sayde: "thei held it best

To make hem redi & prest

To passe the see to here contre,"—

'For ȝonder Cite neuere gete we 15568

With non of vs that here are now,

Now he is ded & lith In throw³

¹ This line, signed +, inserted by another hand in the left margin; cf. note 3. ² MS. *resoun*... *discrecioun*, see note on p. 450. ³ The last line of this page, following this one, runs thus: *Therefore to wende henne is for oure prou*; it is struck out by the same hand probably which wrote line 15558, and put '*vacat*' before pointing to line 15558.

The Greek
lords come,

and ask what
is the matter.

Agamemnon
says:

'They tell me

that many of
you intend to
return home,

because
Achilles is
dead.

Will you do so
indeed, or
stay?'

All answer;

some think
it best to
return home;

- By wham we oure worschip wan; [lf. 230.] 15571
 To dwelle lenger is no wis-dam.' 15572
 And some seyde: 'nay, it is not gode
 To leue the sege & passe the flode, others to stay
 For we are ner now oure honour, for another
 We schal sle hem In fight, In stour, 15576 year,
 Or thei schal fayn this Cite 3elde,
 Er we haue holden a 3er this felde.
 ¶ To wynne the toun is now but hende:
 Ther nys no man may hem defende, 15580 as the Trojans
 Sithen thei Ector for-3ede, have nobody
 And Troyle that was doughti In dede, left to defend
 And Dephebus, & kyng Mennoun. them.
 Hit were schame to take so vpoun 15584
 To leue the toun In suche a plyt,
 When thei ben so ney discomfyt.'
 Eche man afftir his herte wille
 Seide his resoun & his skylle, 15588 Thus every-
 ¶ Some wolde hom, & some dwelle: body states
 But at the laste—the sothe to telle: his opinion.
 Thei were alle at this acord,
 Kynges, duk, and euery a lord, 15592 At last all
 Ʒat Ʒey¹ the sege wolde holde stille agree to
 Til thei my3t hem of Troye² spille. continue the
 Thei swor echon that place to holde, siege.
 And not remewe for hote ne colde, 15596
 Til thei of Troye were alle sclayn,
 And wonne a-3eyn quene Helayn.
 ¶ For thei seide alle: "thoow it so were
 That thei Achilles hadde not there, 15600 They say:
 Thoow thei for-3ede him & his help, 'Though we
 Off her goddis my3t made thei 3elp.'" have lost
 Alle here hertis were trustely set Achilles, we
 In here goddis that hem be-het³: 15604 may trust in
 who pro-
 phesied

¹ These two first words on erasure. ² 7 seems to be erased
 between y and e. ³ A later hand made two lines full of scrib-
 blings, quite indistinct, and blotted out at once by the finger.

that we
should con-
quer the city,

'The Cite'—he sayde—'3e schal gete';— [lf. 230, bk.]
Ther-fore the sege wolde thei not lete. 15606

Off here godis thei toke hede
That hem be-het: "thei scholde spede 15608

That thei scholde wynne hit In a throwe
And alle toures down throwe,"

As here goddes by-fore hadde told.

"Thei my3t ther-fore be sur & bold 15612

slay the king,
and burn Ilion.'

To scle the kyng & brenne Ilyoun,"—

'As oure eldres did Lamedoun.'

Ajax proposes

A louely knyght, that het Ajax,—
With lokkis faire, 3elow as wax, 15616
Hongyng side aboute his swyre—

A kyng of Grece, a wel gret sire,—
Stode vp thenne & tolde this tale
To alle the lordes In that sale, 15620

And seyde: 'sithe he is take vs fro

In wham oure help is thus for-go,

Off this gode kyng, sir Achilles,—

to send for the
son of Achilles,
Pirrus,

Sende we to kyng Lycomedes 15624

Aftir Achilles sone, sir Pirrus,

and ask him
to avenge his
father's death;

And bid him: "that he come now to vs

To venge him on his fader bane,

When he the ordre of kny3t hath tane." 15628

'for I have
often heard,
that without
his help we
shall never
win Troy.'

¶ For I haue herd offten say

That we schal neuere by ny3t ne day

With-oute him wynne this Cite,

For thus say thay of oure destane; 15632

And the schal venge his fader dede

And gete the toun & do hem quede.

I rede therfore: do be my consayle,

I trowe it schal vs alle a-vayle! 15636

They say his
advice is good.

Thei seyde tho alle: "thei vndirstode

That his consayl was to hem gode."

- ¶ Thei saide echon: "it was to done." [lf. 231.] 15639
 Thei toke consayl among hem sone: 15640 The Greeks deliberate who
 "Wo scholde afftir Pirrus sende? must go to
 And who myzt best Afftir him wende fetch Pirrus
 Off kynges alle of that baronage, from
 To wende for him In this message?" 15648 Lycomedes.
- ¶ Menelaus thei chese tho They choose
 Afftir Pirrus for to go Menelaus for
 Ther Lycomedes dwelled at,— this work.
 To fecche that child that Pirrus hat 15648
 To helpe hem to wynne the toun
 And gete him los and gret renoun,
 As his fader be-fore him did,
 And be a knyzt of worschepe kid. 15652
- Off this is now no more to carpe,
 For now ben speres grounden scharpe,
 And euery man lokes his atyres,
 Some to arwes, som to vires. 15656 They prepare
 Some now ben went al out of the trewes their armour
 Be-twix the Troyens & the Gruwes; for a new
 And day of fyght now is taken,— battle.
 Nother side wol it for-saken,— 15660 The truce ends
- ¶ The sixte day for-sothe of Iune, on the 6th
 As chaunce hem schop & fals fortune: of June,
 When the day is alther lengest,
 And the hete of the sonne is strengest, 15664 when the sun
 Aboute mydsomer—as 3e wele wote— shines hottest.
 The day is long, the sonne is hote:—
 The Gregays were alle arayed In the feld,
 Couered with helm & with scheld, 15668 The Greeks
 are in the
 field,
- ¶ To begynne al newe the stour;
 Eche lord with his baneour,
 Armed wel with alle her myzt,
 Wel y-harneyst & wel y-dyzt,— 15672 well armed.

Ajax goes to
the battle,

Saue Ajax that dud folye, [lf. 231, bk.] 15673

Gret out-rage, & surfetrye :

Armes wold he bere none

To saue him fro woundis flesche ne bone, 15676

But al vn-armed on his stede

With-oute scheld to batayle he zede ¹,

Vpon his hede bare he no helme,

Ne spere of asche ne of Elme, 15680

Ne on his bak non haberiouⁿ.

Platis, pysane, ne aketoun;

But al naked saue his sword

Went forth that dou3ti burd. 15684

armed only
with his sword.

Priamus
arranges his
battalions :

PRyamus also made his men
Hye hem ouer more & fen,
With her enemys for to mete.

The Archeres alle that wel coude schete 15688

their leaders
are : Paris,
who weeps
much for his
brothers'
death,

To sir Paris were thei be-tauzt,

To wende with him In that assauzt ;

The furst batayle that day he ledde,

Sore wepyng & sore adredde : 15692

¶ He wepis ful sore vndir his hatir

Many a tere of salt watir

For alle his brether that hadde ben souerayn,

Be-fore him were thei alle sclayn. 15696

Polidomas.

Afftir him wente Polidomas

Esdras.

With his batayle, and then Esdras,

And then come afftir him [&] alle his

Philomene,

The noble kyng Philomenys ; 15700

Eneas.

Eneas then with his batayle,—

The leste ost hadde he saunfayle.

¶ When thei were alle with-oute the zatis,

And sey that thei most fyght algatis, 15704

And thei ned nother one nor other,

Gode Ector, ne Troyle his brother.

¹ MS. *3ode*.

¶ **Hic Incipit Bellum Magnum.**

- Ne Dephebus that was so wys, [lf. 232.] 15707
 Thei tolde of hem but litel pris : 15708
 ‘ Alas ! ’—thei seide—‘ that we were born !
 Oure gode lordes that we haue lorn ! ’
- ¶ The Troyens then to batayle ȝede The Trojans
 With sori herte & mochel drede, 15712 go to battle
 And bende her alblastes & her bowes, with heavy
 And rayed hem on renge & rowes, hearts.
 With baneres brode blawande a-boute.
 Ther was tho an hidous schoute : 15716
 When thei were met with speres,
 Eche man other ouer-beres.
 Many a Grew to dethe was schet, Many Greeks
 When Paris men & thei were met ; 15720 are shot to
 ¶ For Paris & his gode Archeres, death,
 His bowemen, & his Alblasteres for Paris and
 Sclow hem thikkere with her arwes his archers
 Than tyndes of tre stondis In harwes. 15724 slay
 The stour was strong, the cry was gret,
 Thei rored grisly as it hadde ben net.
 Many a man with moche stryff
 Loste that day bothe child & wyff, 15728
 A thousand died for-sothe & mo more than
 Er euen-tyde with moche wo. a thousand of
 ¶ The day was hote, the wedur warme, them.
 On bothe parties was gret harme : The day is hot,
 15732
 The fyght was sterne and wyk, the fight is
 The peple died wondir thik ; strong,
 When thei were alle to-gedir samed, many die,
 Many a man ther was lamed, 15736
 And some be-gan donward to loute. many are
 And Diomedes loked aboute wounded
 And saw kyng Philomenys
 Play with the Gregays al on mys : 15740

Diomedes
fights with
Philomene
a long time.

He toke a spere & ran him to, [lf. 232, bk.] 15741

And Philomene another also ;

Thei brak here speres & drow her brondis

And fau3t to-gedir on the sondis ; 15744

Thei smot to-gedir many a dynt

And sturdy strokes, er thei wolde stynt.

¶ But Philomenys & his men

Seventy
Greeks are
slain,

Hadde slaw of Gregais sixti & ten, 15748

Thei ferde the Gregais so foule with

That thei droff hem out of the frith ;

Diomedes flees.

Diomedes made he fle

For drede of him & his meyne, 15752

For he myght not In no manere

With-stonde that kyng & his power.

Philomene
drives the
Greeks back

Philomene hath the better syde :

He made the Gregays on-bak to ride, . 15756

Thei¹ 3ede backward a gode space,

And thei of Troye Grewes chace.

And that be-held duk Menescene,

And therfore hadde he gret tene : 15760

and chases
them.
Menescene
attacks
Polidomas
and unhorses
him ;

¶ He rode to sir Palidamas

With a spere that stalworthe was²,

And smot him so that he 3ede doun,

Op his fet & doun his croun, 15764

And lay ther vndir his hors fete

Sore wounded opon the grete.

Menescene drow his sword tho,

Polidamas thoght he to sclo ; 15768

And sicurly so he hadde done,

Ne hadde come him socour sone :

he intends to
slay him,

and would
have done so,
if Philomene
had not come
to his rescue.

¶ But when that doghti Philomene

Polidamas so falle hadde sene, 15772

And Menescene, that noble duk,

So vilensly him rebuk,

{ He wente }

¹ MS. *And*.

² *was* inserted with another paint.

- He wente ridande to him anon [lf. 233.] 15775
 As faste as he myght gon, 15776
 And socoured him In that gret nede
 And made him lepe upon his stede;
 And he fyghtande for him standes,
 Til he was brouzt out of her handes. 15780
 And elles for-sothe he hadde ben ded,
 Menescene elles had hadde his hed.
THe stour is styff, the ffight mortal,
 The knyghtes are kene & cruel. 15784
 Ajax—that I be-fore of told—
 Was fol-hardi, & ouer-bold:
 He rod al day with-oute Armure,
 And neuere tok harm ne blemure 15788
 Off his bodi In that batayle;
 And that—thinketh me—was meruayle,
 That he vnarmed scholde so ride
 Fro morwe erly vn-to that tyde 15792
 With-oute harm of his body;
 Hit was a wonder sicurly.
 ¶ He rod the batayle thorow-out
 And jaff that tyme many a clout, 15796
 Vntil he come to Paris ffolk:
 Many made he here¹ blod to bolc,
 Many of hem reffte he the lyue,
 He sclow of hem .xx. & fyue; 15800
 Thoow he vn-armed were & naked,
 Gret martirdom of hem he maked.
 ¶ But sir Paris ther-with was wrothe
 And with gret tene swore his othe: 15804
 That [he] or euen scholde him sclo,
 On lyue scholde he not fro him go.
 The stalwortheste bowe that Paris hadde,
 Off noble tre sicur & sadde, 30 [j] 15808

Philomene
delivers Poli-
domas,

else he would
have been
slain.

Ajax is foolish ;

though un-
armed, he is
not wounded
during the
whole day :

it is quite
a wonder.

He wounds

and slays
many Trojans
of Paris's
battalion.

Paris swears
to kill him.

¹ here inserted over line.

	He toke to him that rapely bent,	[lf. 233, bk.]	15809
	And an Arowe to him sent		
	That [was] venymed hede & vale,		
	That was forsothe that knyghtes bale :		15812
Paris wounds Ajax mortally with a poisoned arrow.	In-myddes the ribbes he him hit,		
	That his herte blod he spit.	¶	Hic Paris
	Ajax hadde his deth than ;		occidit Ajax ¹
	To chaunge colour he be-gan,		15816
Ajax, feeling that he must die,	He wiste ther was non other red,		
	He saw that he was tho but ded.		
	He thoght ther was no other bane		
	Off wham the deth he hade tane ;		15820
says to Paris :	¶ He called loude & saide : ‘ Paris,		
	Thow hast me rafft this worldis blis !		
‘ Thou hast slain me with thy arrow ;	Sicurli thow hast me slayn		
but I’ll be avenged.	With thin Arowe & thi flayn !		15824
	And I schal on the be a-wreke,		
	The wile I may go & speke ;		
It is time that thou leave thy love, for whom so many have been slain.	It is gode skyl that thow for-gange		
	That loue that thow hast loued so lange		15828
	With mochel wrong & gret vn-right.		
	Many a doghti kyng & knyzt		
	Hath ben slayn In this ten 3ere,		
	And that schalt thow bye so dere !		15832
Though I must die, thou shalt die before me !’	I telle the, Paris, witterly		
	That thow schalt dye ere then I !’		
Ajax cleaves Paris’s head ;	A yax smot thanne Paris so,		
	That bothe his chekes he cleue atwo ;		15836
	In-to the baly the gode sword sprong,		
	And he fel dede among the throng.	¶	Hic Ajax occi-
	And Ajax fer not fro him 3ede,		dit Paris ¹
	Er he fel ded doun of his stede ;		15840
	And so lay ded vpon the sand		
both fall to the ground dead.	Side by syde, of aytheres hand.		

¹ On the *left* side in MS. ; signs blue, words red.

T	He Trojens saw Paris ded falle ; [lf. 234.]	15843	The Trojans, on seeing Paris fall,
	Sori men than were thei alle,	15844	
	Whan he was ded of that wounde.		
	Thei lyfft him vp upon the grounde		
	And fled away to that Cite		take him up and flee to the
	As faste as thei myght fle.	15848	city.
	The Gregeis folewed afftir faste,		The Greeks
	Wo was hem that was the laste !		
	I wote thei sclow at that flyghtes		slay many of
	Mo then a thousand knyghtes,	15852	them ;
	With-uten squyeres & fotemen		
	That lefte dede ther In the fen.		
¶	Thei bare that day ded & foy		
	Fro strete to strete thorow-out Troy,	15856	
	Vntil thei come to Ilyoun ;		
	Kyng Philomene & Odemoun		but Philomene and Odemon
	Thei leyde Paris In that fair hous		succeed in
	By-fore Helayne, the quene, his spous ;	15860	bringing the
	Whan sche saw him ded ligge ther ¹ ,		corpse into
	Sche scratte her face & tare hir heer		the town.
	As wight that was with wo by-gon,		They lay Paris
	For him sche siked & sore gan ² gron ;	15864	down before
	Sche was so ful of sorwe & care,		Eleyne ;
	Sche seyde : ' alas, that moder me bare,		
	Or fader me get In this world !'		she bewails his
	Hit was del se, how sche ferd	15868	death,
	Whan sche saw him ded In his blod,		
	Sche ferde as womman that were wod.		
¶	His fader als for him weped sore ;		and so do
	And so did alle that In Troy wore,	15872	Priamus and
	Euery man of his lyff dispaire ³		all the
	And sori is of his wiff & his ayres,		Trojans ;
	Thei leue to lese here heritage,		all despair.
	Here godis, & alle here lynage.	30 [ij] 15876	

¹ This line inserted by another hand in the right margin, a cross standing in the left one between ll. 15860 and 15862. Cf. note 3.

² *gan* inserted by another hand over line.

³ Between ll. 15873 and 15874 the following line is standing which is crossed out (cf. note 1): '*Off his catel & sore payres.*'

¶ *Hic Paris sepultus est.*

Off hem-selff coude thei no rede, [lf. 234, bk.] 15877

Now alle the kynges sones be dede.

The Trojans
are full of
sorrow.
They weep.
They erect
a splendid
tomb
of precious
stones;

But In that sorwe & that wepyng,

The while he was In kepyng,

15880

A tombe was made of precious stones,—

To lay him In, bothe body & bones,—

Off riche werk, of fair facture :

Off saphires, gold, & riche asure ;

15884

¶ Hit was richer then other fyue ;

to describe it
at full length

I may not al the werk discryue,

Ne halff the richesse that ther was on

Off riche gold & precious ston ;

15888

would take
too much
time.

Hit were long tellyng,

Ther-on make I no dwellyng.

But when that seruice for him was seyde,

Paris is buried
therein.

And his body In tombe layd,

15892

Euery man wente to his In,

For sorwe coude thei neuere blyn.

Paris is dede & doluen depe,

They bewail
his death day
and night,

Night & day for him thei wepe,

15896

With-oute rest thei wepe ay,

Thei are In mornyng nyght & day :

¶ Echon to other of sorwe telles,

Thei tende to sorwe & nothyng elles,

15900

Ther is non for wele ne wo

That dar with-oute the ȝatis go.

and dare not
go out.

¶ Agamenon remues his place

Agamemnon
causes the
Greek tents to
be brought
near the walls
of Troy,

And ner the toun his stede he tace,

15904

He bad euery lord with tent & hale

With-oute dwellyng remue here sale,

And bad hem sette ner the toun

Hale & tent and Pauploun.

15908

and sends
a messenger to
Priamus.

To Priamus, the kyng, he sende

And bad " that he scholde him defende

¶ *Hic Troiani clausurunt Ianua sua per .ij. menses.*

Azeyns the Gregeis, his enemys, [lf. 235.] 15911

As a kyng of mochel pris "; 15912

And bad him " come with his meygne

With-oute the gates of that Cite,

That he the batayle to him nome

Til that on of hem be ouercome, 15916

Agamemnon
challenges
Priamus to
come out with
his troops to
fight,

¶ As he was man of gret renoun

Or kyng worthi to bere croun ;

For suche a kyng schulde euere dispice,

For that was token of cowardise ; 15920

And ligge not ther as an hog In sty,

For that was to him a vilony."

and not to lie
there as a hog
in a sty ;

BVt Priamus with that seyde " nay,"

Hem thurt no more of that play ; 15924

but Priamus
refuses.

That wolde he no wyse graunte,

To sende out knyzt ne sergaunte

To fight with hem with-oute the walles,

For no-thing that ther be-falles. 15928

With-Inne the toun whil thei dwelle stille

For fferd of more perel & ille,

For he was ferd his men to tyne

And die him-selff with moche pyne. 15932

All remain in
the town.

¶ To fight with hem the Gregais assayed

And therto wel offte thei prayed ;

But al was noght that thei coude do,

For he wolde not assente ther-to, 15936

Thei dwelled so forthe In the toun,

And walked vp the toun & down,

And kepte the gates and the walles

With ablasteres, bowes, & qwarelles, 15940

With many an armed knyght & man,

That thei with-outen the toun not wan.

Thei helde so Troye a ful .ij. monethe,

That thei fauzyt neuere her fomen with, 30 [iij] 15944

but the gates
of Troy are
not opened,
only defended.

But kepte the toun so al aboute [lf. 235, bk.] 15945
 For ferd of hem that were with-oute.

After two
 months the
 gates of Troy
 are opened

Two Monethes the 3ates were stoken
 That thei were neuere vnloken, 15948
 Vntil a quene gentil & fre

for Penthesi-
 lea, queen
 of the
 Amazons.

Come hem to helpe fro fer contre.
 The quene was called Pantasaley,
 A noble womman of Chyualry, 15952
 Sche was quene of Amazone;

She arrives
 with 1,000
 armed girls
 to help the
 Trojans.

For hir was furst the 3ates vndone :
 Sche come thedir with a thousande
 Off hardi maydenes wel fyghtande, 15956
 To helpe Troyens, tho hir was tolde
 That the Gryffons proude & bolde
 With mechel ffolk & gret aray
 Aboute the toun of Troye lay 15960
 And seged hem that were with-Inne,
 To sele the kyng, the toun to wyne.

Hearken now
 of this quene
 and her
 maidens !
 I'll tell you of
 their land and
 manners :

BVt herkenes now of the quene,
 And of hir maydenes bolde & kene ! 15964
 I wol 3ow telle, if 3e wol here,
 Off here lond the right manere ;
 Where it is, and what lande,
 The manere schal 3e vndirstande. 15968
 And elles wol 3e haue meruayle—
 That wommen scholde go to batayle,
 Armed as men vpon her stedes,
 And be so doghti In her dedes. 15972

In the east end
 of the world
 is an island,
 Amazone,
 where wild
 and proud
 women
 dwell.

IN the est-ende of alle the world— ¶ De Insula
 As I In bokes haue I-herd— Amazone¹.
 Is a lond, a louely Ilde,
 That wymmen dwelle In, wonder wilde, 15976
 Off grete renoun and prowessse,
 That Amazone y-called is ;

¹ On the left side in MS.

Wymmen dwelle ther-Inne alone,	[lf. 236.]	15979	They live
Men with hem wol thei haue none.		15980	there alone, without men ;
¶ Off these wymmen the stori spekes			
And seythe : thei are strong frekes,			
Styff, & strong, stalworthe In werre			they are good
Strokes to 3eue and to berre,		15984	warriors.
Armes to bere In many a stoure,			
To wynne hem los and gret honoure ;			
For alle here herte & couetyse			
Is to be of gret emprise.		15988	
¶ Be-syde that Ile another Ile was,			Near this
Long & large, brode In compas,			island is
Wonder fayr and delitable,			another,
Plenteuous and amyable,—		15992	
And telles vs the right story,			where only
That men with-oute company			men live,
Off womman-kynde dwelles ther-In.			without the
To telle 3ow wol I begyn :		15996	company
What vse thei haue, & what custome,			of women.
And how thei to-gedir come ?			
T Hese wyse clerkes for-sothe telle,			They say that
That these wommen that so alon dwelle		16000	these Amazons
In the lond of Amazone,			
Comen to the lond ther men In wone			go to visit the
Sicurly thries In the 3ere,			men thrice
And dwellen to-geder ther In-fere		16004	in the year ;
To haue her murthes & delite			
And do here wille day & ny3te.			
¶ These clerkes say and Philo3oferus :			
The womman to the man hir proferus,		16008	
For thei are also styff & strong			
That no man dar come hem among			they do not
In-to her lond a3eyn here leue,			allow men
For men hem schulde no-thyng greue	30 [iii]	16012	to come to
			their
			island.

The whole year the Amazons stay in their own land ;	Ne nothyng done aȝeyn her wille. [lf. 236, bk.]	16013
	In her lond holde thei hem stille, Til tyme of ȝer that thei come down And dwelled with hem In tour & toun,	16016
	And take her solace & here play— That is In Iune, Aueril, & May ¹ .	
only in April, May, and June they meet with the men,	¶ Euery ȝer these thre Monethe Come thei to dwelle ther-In withe,	16020
and then return to their island.	And wende aȝeyn than to her Il[d]e. Iff it be so thei be with childe,	
The female children are kept for ever in their own island,	And it be ought of womman-kynde, Among the wymmen—thei it fynde— In her lond ther stille it dwelles Among hem euere—as my boke telles.	16024
but the male ones are brought up by them only till they are three years old,	¶ Iff it be man, thei brynge it forth Til it be so moche worth, That it can go and be so bold That it be fully thre ȝer old ; And whan it is of thre ȝer elde That it may it-selff welde,	16028 16032
and are then sent to their fathers.	To that Ilde that is hem hende Ther men dwelle, the childer thei sende To the fader and to his kyn, To dwelle with hem the lond with-In.	 16036
Penthesilea was then queen of this island ;	T hat tyme—godemen!—of that prouynce ¶ De Pantasa- Pantasalye was quene & prince, lia Regina ² . A doghti Mayden & sterne,	
she had been secretly in love with Hector.	That loued Ector wel longe derne For his prowessse & his noblay That sche herde of him often say.	16040
When she hears that the Greeks have crossed the sea,	When that quene, that frely fode Off Amazone, so vndirstode That thei of Grece were passed the see And Priamus and his Cite	16044

¹ MS. *That is In. June. Aueril. & May.*² On the *left* side in MS.

- Hadde be-seged him & his londes wasted, [lf. 237.] 16047
 Pantasalye to him sche hasted 16048 she hastens to
 And toke with here Maydenes x. hundre come to Troy
 That echon were hir baner vndre, with 1,000
 To helpe the kyng for Ector sake maidens.
 And do the Gregais mochel wrake. 16052
 But sche wiste not of Ector ded,
 To wende to Troye tho sche toke red ;
 Sche wiste right not, til sche come thore.
 When that sche wiste, sche weped wel sore ; 16056 Her grief
 Sche hadde for him gret wo & payn, when she
 When sche wiste that he was sclayn. hears of it.
PAntasalye, that worthi wyght,
 Is comen to Troye with-oute knyght, 16060 No knights
 With-uten knyghtes or any men, are in her
 But fair companye of hir wymmen company,
 That are hardi as men In dede, but her
 Off lyues man haue thei no drede. maidens
 But than hadde sche care In thoght, are as brave as
 When Ector was to dethe y-brought ; men.
 ¶ At hem of Grece hadde sche gret Ire,
 Sche prayed the kyng for the loue of hire, 16068 Penthesilea
 That he wolde then the 3ates vndo to let her
 That sche myzt wende the Gregais to, fight the
 For sche scholde so do,—sche him be-hight,— Greeks,
 That a mayden was worth a knyght
 And as strong and as 3epe, 16072
 When thei were met on an hepe.
 ¶ So longe prayed sche, he graunt hir bone ;
 He bad a 3ate scholde be vn-done, 16076 and he at
 He bad opon Dardanides ; last orders
 But him hadde leuere haue ben In pes, a gate to be
 For he was ferd what scholde be-tyde, opened for her.
 When he saw hem of Troye out-ride. 16080

¶ *Hic Priamus ordinat Prelium magnum.*

The gate
Dardanides
is opened for
Penthesilea.

¶ Dardanides that gate dos opon, [lf. 237, bk.] 16081

Pantasalye on horse is lapon

With hem of Troye and with alle hires,

Armed wel In al here tyres.

16084

Priamus
arrays his
troops as she
orders,
for she is their
leader that
day.

Priamus his men araied

As that lady him praied ;

Sche was that day here souerayn,

Here ledere, & here cheuayntayn.

16088

Penthesilea
rides out

Pantasalye that gate rod oute

With-uten fere¹ & with-oute doute

Off hir enemys or of hir fos,

Ful hardeli to hem sche gos,

16092

with her girls ;

With hir Maydenes ridande be-syde

That wolde with hir In stour abyde.

Philomene,
Eneas,
Polidomas,

¶ Kyng Philomene and Eueas,

And afftir that Polidomas,

16096

Come with here batayles on a rowe,

And thei of Perse with qwyuer & bowe—

That Paris was wont to lede—

Forth to ffyght with hem thai² zede.

16100

and the
Persians
follow her.

When the
Greeks see
them turn up,
they are much
astonished,

¶ When thei of Grece saw hem come out

So proudly praunsande & so stout,

Thei were echon gretly meruayled

What it myght be that hem ayled

16104

That thei come out so proude & gay,

And ther-byfore not many a day

With-oute her gates durst thei not passe ?

Thei hadde meruayle how it was ?

16108

But when thei saw hem out comande,

Eche man toke his harneis In hande

And hyed hem that thei were clad,

For of here werre³ were thei glad.

16112

The Greeks
arm in haste,

and mount
their horses.

¶ Thei lepe on horse with moche rape

And rod out vpon a frape,

¹ fere inserted by another hand over line.

² MS. *that*.

³ *werre* inserted over line by another hand.

¶ *Hic venerunt omnes ad Bellum.*

With manye brode gomfanoun, [lf. 238.] 16115

As lordis of gret renoun. 16116

When thei were comen to-gedir there,

A wonder noyse men myzt here

Off speres that thei brak & barst,

A fierce battle
ensues.

Off knyztres that were to grounde cast. 16120

Echon on other wolde be wroken,

Ther were many bones broken,

The poet
describes
the wounds.

Hedis corven, heeres schorne,

Scheldes reven, armes torne. 16124

¶ But herkenes now, my louely frende,

Off Pantasalye, that mayden hende,

Hearken now,
how Penthesi-
lea and her
damsels

And hire hardi damyseles

That come with hure & with hure penseles 16128

How sche bare hir In that pres

behave in
that battle:

With hir Maydenes that sche ches;

How sche bare that day the pris

Off alle that fau3t In that [emp]ris; 16132

Penthesilea
fights best
that day;

How sche made hem to flee,

she puts the
Greeks to
flight,

And how sche hem droff In-to the see;

How sche hem felled & wounded,

And scholde hem alle [haue] confounded, 16136

and would
have con-
founded all
of them,
but for
Diomedes.

Ne hadde y-ben withouten les

The doghti kyng Diomedes.

NOW ar thei alle to-gedere on hepis,

Now euery man on other lepis, 16140

Scheldis ryue, & speres crake,

They fight
hard,

Eche man fightis with his make,

Fotemen falle, stedis straye,

many fall
and are
wounded.

Knyztres wounded ligge & braye. 16144

The dust ros so thikke on hye,

That men myzt not se the skye.

¶ Pantasalye, that dou3ti quene,

Hatis Gregais—and that is sene:— 16148

¶ **Hic Pantasalia Regina pugnauit cum Regibus Grecorum.**

Penthesilea
slays many
of the Greeks,
and puts them
to flight.

That douȝti quene ful wel hem knowes, [lf. 238, bk.] 16149

Sche keste hem down & ouerthrowes ;

With-Inne a while so fele sche hath sclawe,

That thei fro hir a-veyward drawe ; 16152

Thei knewe ful sone al hir strengthe,

Thei fled fro hir on brede & lengthe.

Menelaus,
being envious
of the queen,

MEnelaus hadde grete envy
Off that quene Pantasaly, 16156
That sche the Gregais so defouled ¹ ;

On hir that tyme ful foule he schouled

And seyde : "that he wolde to hir ride

To se whether sche wolde him abyde." 16160

says he'll try
to fight her.

He rides up to
her,

He rode to hir with mochel Ire,

And sche was war & keped that sire

and is smitten
down by her ;

And smot him euene In-myddes the scheld,

That he fley out In-myddes that feld ; 16164

Among her horses stille he lay,

Til that he was drawen a-way.

she gives his
horse to one of
her girls.

By the rayne his stede sche cauȝt

And to a mayden sche him be-tauȝt. 16168

Diomedes,

¶ Diomedes, that douȝti kyng,

By-held that tyme that Iustyng,

on seeing
Menelaus fall,

He saw the kyng falle a-down,

Vp the fete & down the croun ; 16172

His hors was lorn, & he on fote,

resolves to
avenge him.

He seyde : "ther-on he scholde do bote,

That sturdy strok scholde sche abyde."

He attacks the
queen with all
his might ;

He rode thanne to Pantasalye 16176

With al the myght that euere he hadde,

But sche was not of him a-dradde :

they fight
hard with
spears,

Sche cauȝt a spere, when sche was war

That pat kyng to hir was war ; 16180

but the queen
does not move
in her saddle,

A sterne strok was hem by-twene,

But on hir hors sat the quene

¹ o corrected from e.

That bridel ne stirop sche ne tynt,	[lf. 239.]	16183	whilst
But he was feld down at that dynt;		16184	Diomedes is unhorsed.
Fro his nekke toke she his scheld			Penthesilea
And toke hir mayden for to weld,			takes his
And bad: "that sche scholde it bere			shield and
Euery day ther In that were,		16188	gives it to her
In vilonye and In dispit			handmaid.
Off him that it au3t, what so he hit."			
K yng Thelaman stode euere alone			Thelaman,
And saw the dedis that sche had done,		16192	on seeing her
He saw hir felle that dou3ti kyng,			unhorse
And his scheld take with-oute lesyng			Diomedes,
Fro his nekke his vnthankes,			
And felde him down at his hors schankes;		16196	
And he was feld upon the grounde,			
And sche sat stille hol and sounde ¹ .			
He herde neuere speke of suche a woman			
That feld In fyght so gode a man.		16200	
¶ Gret envy hadde he ther-ate,			is much
Opon hys ² hors ther he ³ sate;			enraged,
He wex for tene blak as Cole,			
That schame myght he no lengur thole		16204	
That sche hadde done the kynges two,			and resolves
He wolde assaye what he myght do:			on avenging
¶ He toke a spere of stalworthe tre,—			both the
For he on hir wolde venged be,—		16208	kings.
And rode to hir with gret herte;			He takes
And sche him kepis rapely & smerte,			a spear,
Sche smot him euen In-myddis the scheld			and assails
That he fley out In-myddes the feld.		16212	Penthesilea,
So sore to grounde the knyght sche puttis,			but is
That he wende he hadde to-brosten his guttis;			unhorsed like
And sche gurd forth among the Grewes ⁴			the others.
And mochel bale among hem brewes ⁵ :		16216	

¹ ll. 16197-8 are following ll. 16201-2 in MS., and are crossed out
⁴ several times. ² y and s on erasure. ³ s seems to be erased
before he. ⁴ MS. *gregais*. ⁵ MS. *breunes*.

Penthesilea,	Sche turned a-ȝeyn to Thelaman	[lf. 239, bk.]	16217
	And sturdi strokes laid him an,		
	Sche bete that kyng for-sothe so sore		
	That sche of force toke him thore;		16220
with the help of Philomene,	With the help of Philomene		
	Sche did to him that day gret tene,		
takes Thelaman prisoner.	Sche toke the kyng to hir meygne		
	To lede him to Troye Cite.		16224
When Diomedes is risen and sees Thelaman led away,	¶ But Diomedes, when he was resen,		
	Saw Thelaman was taken to prison,		
	Toward the toun he saw him go,—		
	Lord god, that him was wo!		16228
he calls his men together. 10,000 come,	He blewe his horn & samed his men,		
	Ther come aboute him thousand, ten		
	Off doughti knyȝtes swithe proude,		
and ask why he has blown.	And asked: “whi he blew so loude?		16232
	What it be-mente? what it myght be?”		
‘Don’t you see,’ he says, ‘how Thelaman is taken prisoner?’	He seyde: ‘felawes, may ȝe not se		
	How Thelaman, that doghti knyȝt,		
	With hem of Troye is discomfyȝt?		16236
	¶ Lo! where thei lede him toward toun		
	Ouer dale and ouer doun!		
	But sicurly, if I may spede,		
	Thei schal him not to Troye lede.		16240
I beseech you,	I ȝow be-seke, falawes myne alle,		
	For any-thing that may be-falle:		
don’t fail me, till I’ve brought him back.’	In this gret nede fayle me not,		
Then he follows the Trojans who are carrying Thelaman off,	Til I haue him fro hem y-brouȝt!’		16244
	W hen he these wordes to hem hadde sayd,		
	On his scholdur his spere he layd:		
	He ran to hem that Thelaman ledde,		
	And thei of him were sore a-dredde,—		16248
and wounds some of them.	Some he ¹ hurt & some by-heded,		
	With stalworthe strokes he hem schedid.		

To lete him go thei were fayn,	[lf. 240.]	16251	
That thei of him were not sclayn.		16252	
¶ Thelaman ¹ fro hem he toke			Thelaman is set free.
And faste awayward with him schoke.			
When the quene herde it say			Penthesilea,
How he from hem was led away,		16256	on hearing this,
For wratthe sche wax ner wode,—			
So sterne sche was In hir mode.			
That ladi thanne, Pantasalye,			
To hir Maydenes by-gan to crye		16260	calls her maidens together,
And gadered hem vpon a route ;			
When thei were comen hir aboute,			
Sche bad that thei scholde kythe here myght			and incites them to take revenge.
Bothe on kyng & eke on knyght.		16264	
P Antasalye, that Damysele,			
When sche herde telle how it felle			
That Thelaman was fro hem twyght			
Thorow Diomedes, that gentil kny3t,		16268	
Sche swor an othe ther: “for his sake			She swears she'll slay whoever she meets.
Sche wolde scle that sche myght take.”			
Hir maydenes to-geder tho-samed,			
Sche seyde: ‘are 3e not aschamed		16272	She addresses her girls: ‘Are you not ashamed that this king has been de- livered ?
That this kyng is take fro 3ow ?			They shall pay for it.’
Felawes myn, I pray 3ow now:			She rushes among the Greeks,
For so haue I euere gode chaunce,			
Thei schal bye his lyueraunce.’		16276	
¶ Sche strok hir stede with hir spores,			
Ouer falow & ouer forwes			
Among the Gregais sche ther rennes—			
As dos the fulmard among the hennes.—		16280	
Many a scheld that lady rofe,			and breaks many shields and helmets
And many a basenet sche al to-drofe ² ,			
Many a bak that day sche bowed,			
For Thelaman was so rescowed.		16284	because Thelaman was freed.

¹ MS. *Diomedes*.

² MS. *alto drofe*.

Many Greeks
are slain or
wounded ;

Sche wounded & sclow & droff down [lf. 240, bk.] 16285

The men that most were of renoun,

Sche barst gerthes, paytrel, & pole ;

The gentil quene delis hir dole 16288

Here & thore as sche hem takes,

Gret ma[r]tirdome of hem sche makes ;

Vn-til here tentis sche hem reuersed,

In euery a side that ost sche persed. 16292

they are
driven back to
their tents.

None dare
oppose the
queen ;

W As non of hem that tyme so bolde

Durst fyght with hir opon the wolde,

Not Diomedes, that vigorus,

neither
Diomedes,
nor Ajax,
nor Menescene,

Ne Ajax Thelamanyus, 16296

Ne that sturne knyzt Menescene

Durst not byde hir In here tene,

Ne Agamenon, here Emperour,

Ne thei that were of most valour 16300

Not ones loke to hir ward ¹ ;

nor Aga-
memnon,
nor anybody
else ;

But alle thei flow awayward,

Vntil thei come to her tentis.

but all flee to
their tents.

Many a man her dethe ther hentis, 16304

¶ For sche hem chased with swerd In hande,

With loude vois hem manassande,

And droff hem ouer doune & dale,

And fro her tentis & fro here hale, 16308

Vntil thei come vnto the see

That thei no wyse myght fer flee.

Tho turned thei azeyn and fauzt,

As thei that tyme nede mauzt, 16312

Or haue ben draynt In the see.

So that quene by-gan to slee,

They are
driven back
as far as the
sea ;
there they
turn and
defend
themselves.

¶ Thei hadde died tho with gret trosture,

Ne hadde tho y-comen socoure : 16316

For tho come than with-oute les

The noble kyng Diomedes

They would
have died,
had not
Diomedes
come to their
rescue.

{ And made }

¹ MS. *hirward*.

And made of the Greces resistens	[lf. 241.]	16319	Diomedes gathers the Greeks,
A-3eyn the quene & hir defens,		16320	
And mayntened the fight tho			and maintains the fight,
A3eyn Troyens with mochel wo,			
Til it was nyght & day gone.			which is ended only by night.
Thei departed sone anone,		16324	
For hadde thei had day at wille,			
Many a Grew hadde thei don spille.			
¶ Thei of Troye rode to the toun,			The Trojans return to the city, the Greeks to their tents;
And Gregais to here Paulyoun;		16328	
And set hem down In tent and hale,			they are very weary, and sorry that they hadn't better luck.
Wel sore & dreri, wan & pale			
For werinesse of that Iornay,			
That it myght no better be that day.		16332	
To dight here mete her men thei bad,			
To comferte hem for nede thei had,			
And ete & drank as thei myght,			They sup, and go to bed.
And sone to reste thei hem dight;		16336	
For werinesse off that Iornee			
Nede to reste tho haued hee.			
T hat worthi wyght, that fair lady,			Penthesilea
That doghti quene, Pantasaly,		16340	
With hir Maydenes is comen to Troye			and her girls are much honoured in Troy.
With mochel murthe & mochel Ioye,			
For gret worschepe & los sche wan			
Off many knyzt & many man		16344	
For dedis that day that sche hadde done.			
The tydandes come to Priamus sone,			When Priamus hears of her return,
At hure Innes that sche was lyght			
With hir Maydenes stalworthe & wyght.		16348	
¶ When Priamus, the kyng, herde say			
That the worthi gentil may			
Was I-comen to hir Inne,—			
Til he come ther wolde he not blynne,	31 [j]	16352	he hastens to meet her.

	That noble queene to ¹ thanke & se	[lf. 241, bk.]	16353
	That so hadde meyntened that melle		
	For him al day ² to his honour;		
Priamus hopes to win by Pen- thesilea's help.	ȝit hoped he to be conquerour		16356
	By that queene of alle his foos.		
He pays her a visit,	Kyng Priamus to hir vp goos		
	With mury herte & glad chere,		
and thanks her.	And thanked hir on his manere		16360
	Off hir godenesse & noblay		
	That sche for him hadde done that day.		
He proffers her all his goods,	K Yng Priamus to hir him profered		
	And al his goodis to hir he offred,		16364
and gives her many jewels and presents:	And ȝaff hir ȝiftis many & fele,		
	Many worthi riche luele;		
	Many a noble riche present		
	The kyng to hir that euenyng sent:		16368
golden clothes,	Clothes of gold of mochel pride,		
horses, and	And stedes stronge vpon to ride,		
arms.	And gode Armure of gode a-tyre		
	Sent Priamus that nyght to hire.		16372
He is hopeful, ¶	¶ He was so fayne of hir prowesse,		
	That he wende by hir doghtinesse		
	Off al his bale to haue bote.		
but before the year is out,	But he was—lord!—ȝit vndirfote,		16376
	Er that ȝer was al out-paste;		
his palace will be destroyed, and all his kindred.	That fair Palais was ouercaste		
	And distroyed, and al his kyn,—		
	Wyff, & child, & cosyn,—		16380
	And alle the kynrede that he hadde;		
	And that was ruthe, by seynt Chadde!		
The citizens are very glad of the queen's help	¶ Ther was gret Ioye & solace		
	That euery a burgeis now hace		16384
	Off that noble doghti queene		
	And of hir Maydenes gode & kene.		

¹ MS. *he to*.² MS. *alday*.

Thei lyued ere In sykyng sore	[lf. 242.]	16387	
And In gret mornynge wore,		16388	
Thei make gret Ioye & melody			The Trojans are glad,
That thei haue hir In company,			
On euery part In that Cite,			
When thei herde of hir pouste.		16392	
For 3it hope thei sche schal relesse			and hope to get peace by Penthesilea's help.
Hem of that wo, and sitte In pece			
Thorow hir gret myzt & hir dede,			
Iff sche may leue & rightfully spede.		16396	
¶ Sche called styward and boteler,			
Sergaunt, coke, & hir sqwyer,			Penthesilea takes supper.
And bad thei scholde her soper dyght,			
For it was wel with-Inne nyght.		16400	
The bordes were layd, the clothes spred,			
And thei were set & richely fed.			
Than afftirward thei gon to rest,			They go to bed.
Eche bodi his clothes of-kest,		16404	
And 3ede to bedde & wele ¹ hem wrapped ;			
When thei were layd, sone thei napped			
A L the nyzt, til it was morn.			
Than was blowen many an horn,		16408	Next morning they prepare for a new battle,
Many an horn & many a beme,—			
Iff thei of Grece to hem toke 3eme.			
Thei ride al forth with-oute the 3atis,			and ride out.
The quene by-fore rydyng algatis		16412	
Opon a stede strong & store,			
With spere In hande & gilden spore.			
And thei of Grece be that were 3are			The Greeks are ready too,
A3eyn Troyens for to fare,		16416	
That thei se comande on a route ² ;			
And not-for-thi thei were In doute			but are afraid to meet them.
To mete with hem an hundrid score			
For that day that was be-fore ;	31 ij	16420	

¹ The first *e* altered from *o*.

² MS. *aroute*.

The Greeks
are forced to
defend their
lives.

But ther lay non other amende, [lf. 242, bk.] 16421
But ¹ nedes most thei here lyff defende.

The armies
meet,

Now thei mete with spere & scheld,
Bothe parties In-mydde the feld 16424
By-twene the hales and the toun;

Thei ride to-gedir with gret randoun,
Euery man now hath of other envy;
Ther was a carful company, 16428

When thei were to-gedre met:
Echon other al to-bet,
Sclow, & wounded, & thorow-bare;
Non of hem wolde other spare. 16432

and fight all
day.

And thus ferde thei that neuere blonne
Al that day, whil thei hadde sonne,—
That thei most part fro that fyght
For wantyng of that dayes lyght. 16436

And so they
do many days,

¶ And thus mette thei to-gedre efft
Many a day or thei lefft,
Til thei most the feld make clene
Off men that were sclayn hem be-twene,
And thei hem-self so weri wore ²
That thei myght fyght no more.

till they are
obliged to bury
their dead.

Then both
agree upon a
truce of two
months.

Tho toke thei be-twene hem grithe
To be In pes a two monethe, 16444
To reste her bones that were weri
By assent of bothe parti.

They swear on
the relics to
keep it well.

¶ The trewes was take monethes two,
That non of hem schal other mysdo 16448
Lastande the trewes a nedle worth:
The relykes are y-broght forth,
And thei are sworne & made ther othe,
Thei schal hem hadde for leue or lothe. 16452
¶ The Gregais alle toke consayl to wende,
That thei wolde afftir Pirrus sende

¹ The capital B is altered from V by the same hand.

² o altered from e.

¶ *Hic Greci mandauerunt post Pirrum filium Achillis.*

To the kyng sir Lycomede, [lf. 243.] 16455

To help hem In that gret nede,— 16456

That was so tyff & strong In stoure.

Agamenoun, here Emperoure,

Bad than his brother Menelaus

With his meygne wende afftir Pirrus; 16460

And he as sone wente to the see

With his men & his naue,

And sayled forth with mochel spede

Vn-to that lord Lycomede. 16464

The Greeks
send Menelaus
to Licomedes
for Pirrus.

Menelaus
sails,

and reaches
the harbour of
Licomedes.

Licomedes
welcomes
Menelaus,

and asks him
why he comes.

Menelaus
answers:

'I'll tell you
my business:

The Greek
kings greet
you.

¶ When he was comen In-to that hauen,

He bad sqwyeres, zomen, & knauen

Lede out here hors upon the sonde;

And he lepe vp & rode to londe, 16468

With Lycomede til he was met:

With curtais wordis he him gret

And welcomed him with loueli chere,

And sette hem down to-gedir In-fere 16472

In his hye halle upon the dese.

Then seyde the kyng Lycomedes:

'Sir kyng, to me welcome thow art!

S But me meruayles what [t]he has gart 16476

Come fro thi Grues thus fer to me?

And what thow wole In this contre?

What tydandes haue ze broght hidur?

And what thow wol with the haue thidur? 16480

For wele I wot: with-oute skille

Art thow not comen this lond tille.'

¶ Menelaus to him then sayde:

'Sir Licomede, so thow be payde! 16484

I schal the telle myn erande, whi

That I come hedir sicurly:

The kynges of Grece alle In-fere

The gretes wele, as thow seis here, 31 [iij] 16488

	Bothe by mouthe & eke by letter,	[lf. 243, bk.]	16489
They think it better for Pirrus, whom you keep here,	And sayn that it were moche better, Child Pirrus, that thow holdest here		
	In vn-manhed & foule manere,		16492
	To send to hem & to his kyn ¹ ,		
to win honour,	And loos & worschipe to wyn,		
and to avenge ¶ his father's death.	¶ To venge his fader on his Enemys,		
	When he were man of loos & pris ;		16496
	And be his fader fomen bane,		
	The order of knyzt when he hadde tane,		
	And not to ligge thus In scolcurye.		
It is villainy for you and for him,	Hit is, sir kyng, a vylonye		16500
	To the, sir, and to him bothe,		
	The kynges of Grece <i>with</i> the are wrothe ;		
to keep him thus like a bird in a cage.	And thow him holdis as brid In cage,		
	That he wynnes him no vasselage,		16504
	But leses his time & his loos,		
	And helpis hem not azeyn here foos,		
	As him by skyl auzt for to do.		
	And thus bad thei me say the to.'		16508
Licomedes is angry,	L Icomede wex blo of blod,		
and says :	When he these wordes vndirstod ;		
	' Off god '—sayde he—' I take witesse,		
	On no wise long on me non isse		16512
	That he hath dwelled so longe fro 3ow :		
'I did not know how to send him,	For I wiste neuere whi ne how		
	I myght him sende, ne by what man ;		
and he did not know the way. ¶	Ne he him-selff the way ne can,		16516
	¶ But sithen the kynges for him haue sent,		
	And thow thi-selff [art] here present,		
But now, Pirrus, I bid thee go and avenge thy father.	Child Pirrus, I the be-teche		
	Thi fader deth to gete wreche.		16520
	He[r] by the hand I the him bede,		
	Ouer the see with the to lede		

¹ MS. *And to hem & to his kyn.*

¶ *Hic venit Pirrus ad Grecos.*

Vnto the lordis & kynges alle. [lf. 244.] 16523

I pray to god, that fair mot 3ow falle.' 16524

I wish you
good luck,
Menelaus is
very glad,

MEnelaus when he herde that,
He was Ioyful ther he sat ;
Him thought his herte wel hesed,

Whan he of him was fessed & sesed. 16528

He thoght no lenger ther to dwelle,
He hadde no tale lenger to telle ;
He toke his leue at him to go
To hem of Grece that he come fro. 16532

and takes
leave at once.

¶ He bad god that made sonne & mone,

Brynge hem thedir sound & sone ;

And thei to-gedir verament

Vn-to the see thei ben y-went. 16536

He goes on
board with
Pirrus ;

When thei were comen to her schippis,

Eche man afftir other In hippis ;

And drow vp Anker & her ropes,

And caste on hem cloke & copes 16540

they weigh the
anchor,

To saue hem fro the salt water,

That it be-sprenged not her hater.

¶ Thei sayled bothe day & nyght

With spede & haste that thei myght 16544

and sail day
and night,

Ouer strem & ouer wawe,

Vn-til thei stonde before hem sawe

Off trusti Troye the hye walles,

Here gaye toures, & her halles ; 16548

until they
arrive before
Troy.

On hem schon the sonne bem.

Thei sayled forth ouer that strem,

Til thei were come to here flote ;

Thei wente to londe tho by her bote, 16552

They land,

¶ Thei leue her schippis & gon to londe

And riden to-gedir hond In honde,

Til thei come to here Pauylons

and ride to the
Greek camp.

Among the Grues and the Gryffons. 31 [iiij] 16556

Pirrus

Among the Gregais Pirrus is lyght [lf. 244, bk.] 16557
 A fair man, hardi, & wyght;
 Many a lord Pirrus by-held,

is heartily wel-
 comed by the
 Greeks;
 he is much
 like his father.

Whan he was brought to that teld: 16560
 Thei were echon for him ful glad,
 Hem thoght that thei his fader had
 With hem a-zeyn, so was he lyche
 To his fader—by heuene ryche! 16564

Agamemnon
 and all the
 other lords
 welcome him,

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,
 And alle the lordis did him honour,
 And did him worschepe ther he stode,
 And welcomed him with chere gode. 16568
 The Murundones come to him than,
 And welcomed him, euery man;
 Ioyful & glad thei with him wore,
 That he hem was comen thore. 16572

and so do the
 Myrmidons.

Agamemnon
 orders all
 Achilles's
 riches, tents,
 horses, arms,
 &c., to be
 given to
 Pirrus.

¶ Agamenoun as sone gan brynge
 Al his fader richesse & ryng: 16576
 Paelons, tentis, & his teldis,
 Stedis, speres, helmys, & scheldis,
 And al his gode fair Armure,
 And clothes of gold, fyne & pure,
 Off say, of silk, bothe red & grene,—
 And 3aff hem Pirrus al be-dene. 16580

Next morning
 they dub him
 a knight;

The morwe Afftir thei made him knyzt,
 Richely was he dubbed & dyzt.

Ajax girds him
 with the
 sword,

¶ Ajax Thelamaneus
 Off hem was most glorious, 16584
 He gyrd his sword aboute his swire
 And sayde to him: 'Pirrus, leue sire!
 I gird the with thi sword, take hede
 To venge thi fader as thow most nede. 16588

and wishes
 him good luck.

And moche Loye haue thow of thin ordur of knyzt,
 As thi fader hadde that venged vs In fyzt.'

Two lordes of Grece, princes, skete	[lf. 245.]	16591	Two princes
Set his spores on his fete,		16592	buckle on his spurs.
That were of gold, pure & ffyn.			
Then myȝt men here a mechel dyn			
Off Trompes, pipes, & other glues			
Among the Gregais & the Grues.		16596	
Gret was the murthe & the melody			The Greeks
That ther was of Menstralecy :			make a great festival,
¶ The Grues held gret feste & strong			
Many dayes afftir and long,		16600	
And made gret Ioye & solace ¹			and are very merry.
In worschipe of him that newe knyȝt was.			
P irrus is knyght gode & gay,			Pirrus is a good and gay knight,
Off ffair porture, of gode aray,		16604	
Off wel riche apparayle,			
Off gentil blod, of fair entayle ;			of gentle blood.
He prayes tho his Murundones			He bids his Myrmidons
That thei go sette here Paulylones,		16608	set up their tents as in his father's time.
As thei were wont to stande			
The while his fader was lyuande.			
And thei on to-geder went			
And did her lordes comandement ;		16612	They do so.
And his tentis tho thei maked,			
Faste & sekirly thei hem staked			
In-to the erthe with lyne & cordes ;			
And sette his tentis by other lordes.		16616	
¶ And whiles the trues last			Pirrus gets to know all the other lords.
A-qwynted with the knyȝtes fast,			
In fair manere & gode beryng			
He was a-qweynt with euery kyng,		16620	
Er euere the trewes was fully ent ;			
But it is ney verament,			Thetrucceends.
ȝe that thei be-twene hem set			
The trewes to holde as thei be-het.		16624	

¹ ce very small on erasure.

- Both sides
prepare for a
fresh battle.
- Pirrus, in his
father's
armour,
leads the van-
guard :
- he rides out
- with all his
men ;
- and so do all
the other
kings,
- with 70,000
men.
The poet
enumerates all
the Greek
leaders.
- ¶ He trewes are past with-oute faile, [lf. 245, bk.]
And day is comen of here batayle : 16626
Thei buske hem faste & bowes bende,
Vnto the fyght aȝeyn to wende. 16628
Pirrus In his fader wede
That vaunwarde that day he dos lede,
¶ He hath his batayle wel arayed
Off men byfore offte assayed ; 16632
He is wel dight & horsed als,
His fader scheld aboute his hals
And Achilles swerd also,—
Many man to dethe ther-with was do,— 16636
¶ His armes Are stronge & sicur.
And he with that rides In-to that bicur,
He passes forth ouer the dikes
With his men that wel him likes, 16640
And takes the fel[d] brod & large
Couered vndir helm¹ & targe.
And euery a-nother kyng
With alle her men In her ledyng, 16644
Knyght & sqwyer, erle & swayn,
Rode & ȝede vn-to that playn
Ther thei were wont for to fyght,
With thosandes sixti two & eyght. 16648
¶ Ther was the duk Menescene
With alle his men, & kyng Chelene,
So was the kyng Menelaus,
And Ayax Thelemaneus, 16652
Dux Nestor, & Vlixes,
And the doghti Diomedes,
Theseus kyng, & Thelamon,
And the Emperour Agameon, 16656
Polinytes, & kyng Thoas :
Tho rod thei forth on a pas,

¹ MS. *him*.

Euery a lord with his ost,	[lf. 246.]	16659	
Proudly pyght lest and most.		16660	
¶ And thei of Troye were comen out			The Trojans come out too.
With-oute drede or any dout,			
Off here enemys hadde thei no drede.			
Bothe the parties to-gedur 3ede,		16664	The parties meet; a
A wicked werre thei ther by-gan,			wicked war begins, 10,000
Thei sclow ten thousand, er thei blan.			are slain.
N ow are thei to-gedir samen,			
Alle on ernest & not on gamen;		16668	
Now are thei to-gedir broght,			
A woful day schal ther be wroght:			
The speremen ride, the bowemen schote,			Spearman ride, bowmen
Thei fel faste ded at horses fote,		16672	shoot,
The swordmen smyte & strokes 3eue,			swordsmen smite;
Helmes breke, & scheldes cleue.			helms are broken,
¶ Lordes & laddes lesen her lyues,			shields cloven
Echon other rendis & ryues;		16676	Many lose their lives.
A bitter bale haue thei be-gonne,			
Now this folk to-gedir is ronne.			
Ther were bowes al to-broken ¹ ,			
Stedis stiked & thorow-stoken,		16680	
Helmes holed, & heuedis houen,			
Knees & cropes with knyues clouen,			The several wounds are
Schonkes schyuered, schuldres schorne,			described.
Blodi burnes In bostis borne;		16684	
With ferli fare tho freykes ferde,			
Off suche an hepe neuere I herde.			
¶ Pirrus prikes aboute & praunses,			Pirrus rushes about,
Fro man to man aboute he launses		16688	
Al his strengthe for to assay,			
He dud gret harm on hem that day;			and does much harm that day.
His fader Armes that day he bare.			
Off Palamides so was he ware		16692	He meets Palamides (i.e. Polidomas).

¹ MS. *alto broken*.

A-3eyn the Gryffons fyghtyng faste, [lf. 246, bk.] 16693
 Grues & Gregais doun he caste.

Pirrus attacks ¶ He turned his stede to him sone,
 Polidomas. He thocht on him to wyne his schone: 16696

He rode to him with so gret haste
 That al his spere In-sunder braste,
 That he fel doun upon the grounde
 And hadde a wel greuous wounde. 16700

Polidomas is
 unhorsed and
 wounded
 severely.

His gode sword sone he drow,
 He wol him take if he mow,
 Or of his hand ther be sclayn ;
 Ther-to putte he al his mayn. 16704

Philomene, on ¶ But that be-held kyng Philomene,
 seeing Pirrus He saw the fyght hem be-twene ;
 about to kill He saw the knyzt Palamydes¹
 Polidomas,

In gret perel of Pirrus was, 16708

For that newe knyzt Pirrus
 Was with him ful noyus,
 For he thocht him so mate & make,
 That he scholde sle him or take. 16712

comes to his
 rescue

But Philomene hit myght not thole :
 To Pirrus turned he his fole,
 And led with him al his meyne—

with 2,300
 men.

Two thousandes knyztēs & hundres thre,— 16716

And put Pirrus fro his euel wille,
 That he ne scholde his falawe spille
 Ne that tyme him not dere,

For no-thyng that he myght swere. 16720

Pirrus is very
 angry with
 Philomene,

Pirrus for-sothe hadde gret dispit
 That he fro him scholde be quyt,
 With Philomene was he wrothe :

and attacks
 him.

He leues that other and to him gothe, 16724
 With tene of herte kepte he that kyng,
 And toke him thanne In suche a swyng

¹ e seems to be altered to a.

That he bar him tayl ouer top,	[lf. 247.]	16727	Pirrus unhorses Philomene,
That he lay ther as a sop.		16728	
¶ Then myzt men here a wondir cry			
Off alle his men stode him by,			
For Pirrus wolde her lord haue,			and tries to take him
And thei wolde him fayn saue :		16732	prisoner.
Thei wol ther her lyues stende,			
But thei may here lord defende ;			
Thei put hem certes In gret perel			Philomene's
To saue her lord In that torpel.		16736	men try to deliver their
But al was not that thei coude do,			lord,
For thei no-wyse myght come him to,			but in vain.
For Murundones were so wode			
That thei her strengthe styffly with-stode.		16740	
P Alidomas come thanne rennande,			Polidomas then comes to his rescue,
And al his ost with wepen in hande,			
To socoure & helpe kyng Philomene,			
As he did him In his gret tene ;		16744	
But he myght not ffor that he couthe,			but in vain.
For al that he was knyzt In his 3outhes,			
He myght not saue him fro her handis,			
That thei ne him toke & putte In bandis		16748	The Myrmidons would have captured Philomene,
To lede him to Pirrus tent.			
But of her purpos were thei rent,			
For that louely lady fre			had not
Qwit him out of here pouste.		16752	Penthesilea turned up.
¶ The stour was fel & strong,			
The hilles of here strokes rong :			
Pantasalye come thedur than			Penthesilea arrives,
With many hardy kene womman,		16756	
A sterne stede the quene be-strode,			
Among the Gregays that lady rode ;			
Sche sclow & felde many & fele,—			and slays and wounds many
The sothe to say and not to hele.		16760	Greeks.

Hir armes were white as swannes flawe ; [lf. 247, bk.] 16761

The Grues hir dredde whan thei hir sawe,

For sche on hem gret Angur did

And sche to hem hir strengthe so kid. 16764

Ajax, onseeing ¶
Penthesilea
slay so many
Greeks,

Thelamanyus Ajax was war

That sche to grounde Gregais bar,

In his herte hadde he gret Ire :

attacks and
unhorses her ;

He toke a spere & rode to hire

16768

And bar that ladi fro hur stede,

Vn-warned or sche toke hede.

but she leaps
up,

But sche lepe vp as myghti quene,

Hardi & bold, doghti & kene,

16772

Opon hir feet with-oute dwellyng,

and swears to
take revenge :

And swor that he schold that ¹ fellyng

In that day wel sore a-bye :

Sche lete a stroke vpon him flye,

16776

she hurls Ajax ¶
down,

Sche 3aff him certis suche a pat

That down to grounde he fel flat ;

takes his
horse,

Sche toke hir hors & lepe vp tite—

Maugre hir foos that stode be-syde—

16780

rides among
the Greeks,

And rod hir thanne among the Grues

And mechel bale amonges hem breues,

Sche wrought hem wo In hir wode res,

and slays
many.

And many sche slees er sche hadde pes.

16784

PAntasalye hir stede by-strides,
Among Gregais & Grues rides ;

When she
hears of
Philomene's
capture,

Tydynges were that ladi tolde

That sir Pirrus, that neue knyzt bolde,

16788

Hadde Philomene, that kyng, tan

And swor that he ² scholde be his ban.

That bold mayden meved hir blod,

When sche tho tydandes vndirstode ;

16792

she swears
she'll free him.

¶ Sche voves to god & alle his halowes :

“ He scholde not lede him ouer the flawes

¹ MS. *bye that*.

² MS. *she*.

- To tent ne Paulyoun that he hadde." [lf. 248.] 16795
 Alle hir Maydenes than sche badde 16796 Penthesilea
 To folwe hir where sche ȝede, calls her
 And leue hir not for no nede. maidens
 together,
- ¶ With-oute mo wordes went sche forth, who at once
 With alle hir maydenes that mechel were worth, 16800 ride up
 To Pirrus & to his Murundones
 That with the help of her Gryffones
 Hadde taken that kyng Philomene. to Pirrus and
 his Myrmi-
 dons.
- Harde strokes gan sche hem lene, 16804 She wounds
 ¶ The Murundones sche sondres & schedes, and slays
 And fele of hem sche maymes & hedes ; many of them.
 Many a baly scho ther rittes
 And many a scheld sche al to-sclittes ¹ ; 16808
 Many a knyȝt les his entrayles.
 So harde the quene hem assayles.
- U**Hen Pirrus saw that mescheff—
 Sche felde his men at gret repreue, 16812
 How thei were hurt and euel dyght,
 Wounded euele and discomfyght
 With that quene Pantasalye,—
 Opon his men be-gan he crye 16816
 And sayde : ' men, for him ȝow boght !
 What do ȝe ? ne schame ȝe noght
 To dye so foule of feble thinges ?
 A few wommen to dethe ȝow brynges ? 16820
- ¶ But turnes aȝeyn & folowes me,
 And thei schal sone discomfit be !
 Ther schal but fewe—so mote I thryue !—
 Off hem passe away on lyue !' 16824
 He let thenne go kyng Philomene
 From him & hise qwite and clene
 With-oute ramsoun or any mede,
 For he myght him not thennes lede. 16828

¹ MS. *alto sclittes*.

as he cannot
 carry him off.

PAntasalye herde his speche, [lf. 248, bk.] 16829
On him sche thoght to take wreche :

Penthesilea
rides up to him
and says :

'I despise thee
and thy
words !

Sche drow toward him ner
And seyde to him, that he myght her : 16832

I do not fear
thee !
I despise thee
for thy father's
cowardice,
who slew
Hector,

' Off thi proude wordes ne of thi sawe
Ne of thi-selff I ȝeue not an hawe !
By him that made al mydelerde !
Off the am I not a-ferde, 16836

the most
worthy knyght
on earth !

Every man
ought to
avenge his
death on thee
and thine,

and even we,
the women,
have come to
avenge him.

I hope we shall
do so for thy
false father's
sake. May his
soul burn in
hell !'

Pirrus rides to
her to take
revenge ;

she rushes
towards him.

¶ In doghtinesse & In valoure,—
Off Chiualrie he was the floure,—
The worthi knyȝt Ector the gode !

Alle the men of gentil blode 16844

Aught to venge his deth by skylle
On the & alle that longeth the tillle !
And not only al gentil men,

But we that are here wymmen 16848

Are comen to venge with oure myght
The deth of that gentil knyght !

¶ For ȝit I hope that I & myne
Schal venge his dethe on the & thine, 16852

For that fals traytour coward, thi sire !
His soule mot brenne In helle fire !'

At hir wordes Pirrus not smyled,
When he herde him so reuyled : 16856

With-oute worde & mochel tene

Rode sir Pirrus to the quene,

To venge him if that he myght ;

And whan sche saw come that knyght, 16860

Sche slaked hir bridel & rayne

And ran to him with al hir mayne,

{ Sche kept }

¶ *Hic Pirrus pugnavit cum Pantasalie Regina.*

And¹ kept that knyght In hir rennyng. [lf. 249.] 16863

In his grete tene and herte-brennyng^a 16864

¶ Pirrus smot Pantasalye

Upon the scheld so an hye,

That al his spere In-sunder brast;

But sche was not down cast. 16868

But sche smot him wers than so, .

Sche brast hir spere on him In-two

And bare him ouer the sadel y-wis,

That he hadde leue the grounde to kys. 16872

But sicurli he ros vp sone,

To venge that schame that sche had done

Vn to him by-fore his folke,

For tene his herte began to bolke: 16876

¶ Stalworthe strokes sadde & sore

Pirrus strok at hir thore,

Thei made tho so gode pay

That al her harneis was of blod ray; 16880

Al on blod was her harneis.

But thenne come many proude Gregeis

And partid hem sone a-twynne,

And of her baret made hem blynne, 16884

And broght Pirrus a stede strong

And horsed him hem among.

Pirrus now & Pantasalie

Bene partid with gret envie; 16888

Pan[ta]salye hir men relies,

Philomene to hir he hyes

And thanked hir of his lyueraunce,

And prayes god: "3eue hir gode chaunce; 16892

For sicurly nadde sche bene,

His lyff hadde ben lorn clene."

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,

Come then down vnto that stour,

32 [j] 16896

¹ And, though the catch-word on lf. 248, bk. is *Sche*.

Pirrus fights with Penthesilea; he breaks his spear on her shield;

she unhorses him.

He rises up

and strikes her several times.

Then the Greeks come up and divide them.

Philomene thanks Penthesilea for saving his life.

Agamemnon,

Diomedes, the Duke of Athens, and all the Greeks arrive.	With Alle his men Diomedes ; So did the duk of Athenes, And alle thes other kynges euerychone With bowe, alblaster, and flone.	[lf. 249, bk.] 16897 16900
Penthesilea is angry with the Greeks. Philomene,	¶ The quene with hir men asamed, With the Gregeis was sche gramed, And the gode kyng Philomenys Relyed aȝeyn to hir al his ; And then come thedir a gode pas Kyng Remus, & Eueas, To socour hem with her meyne. Sicurly then myght men se	 16904 16908
Remus, and Eneas, come to help her.	A wonder stour a-ȝeyn be-gynne, To se who scholde the felde wyne.	
A fresh battle begins.	¶ When ayther of hem were so refresched, Echon on other dong & thresched, That thei fel down as water fro yse ; Many a worthi man of prise Be-twene hem tho her liff thei tynte, Off that assaut er thei wolde stynte.	 16912 16916
Many fall, many die.	Pirrus rode among the Troiens, He bete down of her Citesens And sclow right fele,—as Dares sais,— He halp wel that day Gregais.	 16920
Pirrus slays many Trojans,	P irrus rode to sir Glamicon ¹ , A knyght that was Antenor sone ¹ , Palidomas was his half-brother, On lyue that tyme hadde he non other,— Off Another moder born ; His lyff for-sothe has he lorn : For sir Pirrus In his wode layke, In his rydyng & In his rayke,	 16924 16928
rides up to Glamicon, a half-brother of Polidomas,	With his sword smot he so sore, That he among hem died thore.	
smites him, and kills him.		

¹ MS. . . . *ow* . . . *soth*; see note on p. 450.

¶ Hic Pirrus occidit Glamiconem.

¶ Pantasalye by-fore hir eyne	[lf. 250.]	16931	When
Saw Glamicoun die with pyne,		16932	Penthesilea
Sche saw him die bothe blak & blo ;			sees Glamicon
For him sche was In herte wo,			die,
And for-fouzten as sche was			she grows
Sche come fro hir meygne a-pas		16936	angry
And rod to him ouer-twert.			
And Pirrus it saw with Irus hert,			and attacks
And saw that quene to him ride			Pirrus again ;
As faste as sche myzt glide :		16940	
He cauhte a spere—I the be-hete—			Pirrus seizes
Strong & styff, that quene to mete ;			a spear,
¶ He stroke his stede & mette the quene,			and meets her ;
And so did sche him, & that was sene !		16944	
Ayther other so assayed,			both are
That neyther of other fayled ;			unhorsed,
Thei mette so that bothe zede doun			
Fro her hors opoun ¹ her croun.		16948	
¶ But sone & smert bothe vp ros,			but get up
And ayther of hem to hors gos,			again,
And lepe vp with mochel spede ;			
And eyther of hem to other zede,		16952	
And fauzt to-gedur harde & longe,			and fight
Til thei were partid with that thronge.			fiercely
Or elles longe or it hadde be nyght,			until they are
That on-hadde be foule discomfight.		16956	separated.
P olidomas when he herde say			
His brother had mad his endyng-day,			Polidomas, on
Wo was him whan he hit wiste :			hearing of his
Among the Gregais he him thruste,		16960	brother's
He sclow & faste leyde to grounde,			death,
He zaff the Gregais many a wounde,			
And sclow hem doun as he were wood ;			slays and
Thei lay & sprauled In her blood.			wounds many
	32 [ij]	16964	Greeks.

¹ MS. perhaps *opon*.

Penthesilea slays many.	And the quene Pantasalye—	[lf. 250, bk.]	16965
	Thorow hir many doth dye:		
	So thorow here bothe myght ¹		
The Greeks flee,	The Gregais were sone discomfight ²		16968
	And fledde away & lefft her place,		
the Trojans follow them.	And thei hem folwed a long pace.		
Only Dio- medes, Pirrus, and Thela- manius resist them.	¶ But Diomedes, and sir Pirrus, And the doghti Thelamenyus,		16972
	These thre thanne hur chase with-stode		
	And thei no further backward 3ode,		
	But turned a3eyn & lefft here fyght,		
Night ends the battle;	For it was ner-hond the nyght:		16976
	The sonne was went In-to the west,		
	Hit was ney set & gon to rest ³ ;		
	And thei departed with weri bones		
they go home,	And 3ede alle hom to her wones,—		16980
	¶ Some to tentis & some to toun,—		
doff their arms, sup, and go to bed.	Did of her Armes & set hem doun,		
	Ete & drank and 3ede to bedde,		
	Whan thei were alle wel y-fedde,—		16984
They rise again to fight till one wins.	And ros a-3eyn when thei myght se,		
	For thei wol not lete it so be,		
	Vn-to that on were vndirlyng,		
	And that other lord & ⁴ kyng.		16988
	N ight is went with his merke cloude,		
	The waites blew, the Cokkes croude,		
	The sonne is rysen & schynes bryght,		
They prepare for a new battle.	And thei are vppe & redi dyght		16992
	Vnto her note a3eyn to go,		
	Ther thei the nyght be-fore come fro.		
	Thei are horsed & Armed redi to fare,		
	Thei are a3eyn to-gedir thare,		16996
	Ther are thei to-gedir met;		
	Iff any lefft In other det,		

¹ MS. *myghtes*. ² MS. *discomfightes*.
the margin, but blotted and therefore indistinct.

³ Scribblings in
⁴ MS. *a*.

Thei thenke hit schal be wel quyt.	[lf. 251.]	16999	
Thei fare as thei ¹ were out of wyt,		17000	A fierce and dire battle.
¶ So betis & lais echon on other Stalworth strokes as a ffother, Ryues, & rendes, and doun beres, Woundes, & sleeves, & al to-teres,—		17004	
Fro morwe erly that thei hadde sonne Til it was nyght thei neuere blonne, And thus ferde thei with-uten les Many a day, er thei hadde pes.		17008	They fight from morning till night, many days.
¶ But by him that schope book & belle ! Alle here dedis may I not telle, How thei fauzt to-geder euery day ; Alle here dedis may I not say. For sicurly with-oute fayle— As was wreten of that batayle :—		17012	But I cannot relate all their deeds,
T Hei fauzt to-geder a ful fourre woke That thei neuere reste ne toke, Day by day to lande & forow ; And alle the fold ² thorow & thorow Lay sprad with dede bodies, As it hadde ben rattis or mys.		17016	for they fought fourfull weeks, without taking rest.
For sicurly by-twene hem was selayn With-Inne the dayes In that champayn		17020	
¶ —As Dares seis—thousandes ten Off men of Armes & doghti men, With-oute comune & other pedale,— That was wel mo with-oute fayle. And the quene Pantasalie Off hir Maydenes a gret partie Hadde tynt with-Inne a while & ³ lorn, That lay ther ded al to-schorn. Viij & xx ^{ti} dayes plener Held thei the fight al entier ⁴		17024	10,000 knights are slain, more common soldiers,
		17028	and a great many Amazons.
	32 [iij]	17032	

¹ thei twice in MS.

² MS. folk.

³ & is somewhat blotted.

⁴ MS. *entrer*.

¶ *Hic ceperunt pacem inter eos ad sepeliendum corpora mortuorum.*

Day by day vpon the wold, [lf. 251, bk.] 17033

That thei reste neuere—as I ȝow told—

When the
whole field

Til al that place & al that feld,

Ther the fyght [was] be-twene hem held, 17036

is covered
with corpses,

Was spred ful of dede bodies

As thei myght ligge y-wis.

the armies
agree on
another truce,

And than was take another trewes

Be-twix the Troyens & the Grwes, 17040

That thei myȝt make clene the feld;

to bury their
dead.

That ligge so ded vndir her scheld,

That thei with hem efft were not let,

When thei were efft-sones y-met. 17044

The truce is
taken;
the last one,**T**He trewes ar take & almost past,

And sicurly these arn the last

That euere schal Troyens or Grues take;

For now schal thei an ende make;

for the next
battle will end
the war,

The next batayle schal be her ende;

For than schal Troye to schame wende,

And so schal alle the riche Troyens,

as the Trojans
will lose their
'maintainer.'

For thei schal lese that hem mayntens. 17052

¶ Schal neuere the kyng ne non of hise

For al his noble & his vpprise

A-ȝeyn Gregeis mayntene more stoure,

For now lesen thei her mayntenoure 17056

All their goods
and houses
will be burnt,
and they will
all die;

And alle the gode that thei owe,

And here houses brende on a lowe;

And thei schal go to dethe vile,

Euerychon with-Inne a while. 17060

but by false
treason only!
God curse
them!

¶ But that schal be by fals tresoun;

God ȝeue hem his malesoun

That¹ the tresoun schope & wrought

And that hit so aboute broght!

17064

Antenor and
Eneas are the
traitors.

That was Antenor & Eueas—

God ȝeue hem an euel gras!

¹ MS. *And*.

Come thei neuere In heuene riche, [lf. 252.] 17067

That thei wolde so her lord be-swyke 17068

And al that gentil nacioun !

Schal be put In-to dampnacioun !

TErme is went out of the trewe,

And that may men of Troye rewe : 17072

For if thei wiste what wolde be-tyde,

Thei wolde not out of Troye ride.

But now ben thei of Troye out-gon,

Wel on horse is euerychone ; 17076

¶ In-to the feld are thei alle went,

With scharp sword & bowe bent

For to schete & smyte In haste ;

And thei of Grece ben comyng faste. 17080

Ful wel are thei now batayled,

And echon other faste assayled

With swordes & speres scharpe ;

Off alle her dedis may I not carpe. 17084

¶ But Pirrus saw Pantasaly ;

Be-twene hem two was gret envy :

He rode to hir, & sche to him,

Ayther was on other brym ; 17088

Pirrus smot that ladi so,

That he to-barst his spere In-two

And thrilled thorow-out hir scheld.

But that quene hir sadel held

That sche fel not with his smytyng, 17092

But sche smot him with-oute flytyng

And 3aff him on vn-to his mede,

That hir spere In-sunder 3ede ; 17096

But he fel not ther-with to grounde,

But sche 3aff him an hidous wounde

That of hir spere a gret parti

Lefft stone-stille In his bodi.

32 [iiij] 17100

The truce
ends ;

if the Trojans
knew what
was coming
they would
not ride out.

But they go
into the field.

The battle
begins.

Pirrus and
Penthesilea
meet ;

Pirrus breaks
his spear,

but cannot
unhorse the
queen ;
she smites
him,

breaks her
spear too,

but wounds
Pirrus
severely ;
the spear-head
sticks in his
body.

¶ *Hic Pirrus occidit Pantasaliā Reginā.*

Pirrus is smeten & euel dyght, [lf. 252, bk.] 17101
 His blod ran out with mochel myght;

The Greeks
 fear for
 Pirrus,

they can't pull
 the spear out
 of his wound.

They attack
 the Trojans.

For him was made a gret cry
 Off alle the Grues that were him by; 17104

For thei were alle In mochel doute
 How the spere-hed scholde gon oute
 With-oute lesyng of his lyff.

Then be-gan a delful stryff 17108
 To hem of Troye ther thei stode:
 For alle the Grues were ney wode
 That sche smot him so greuously;
 Thei cried on hir dispitously, 17112

¶ Thei vowed to god thei scholde hir slo.

Many Greeks
 charge the
 queen;

they break her
 helmet,

and wound
 her in the
 head.

Pirrus,

Many a Grewe & Gregais tho
 ȝede aboute that douȝti quene
 And did hir mochel wo & tene, 17116

Thei brak hir helm & hir hauberk
 And made al blod hir white scherk,
 Thei brast on-sonder many a mayle,
 The stalworthe lace of hir ventayle, 17120

Sicurly In-to her hare
 Thei maken hir hed naked & bare.

¶ When Pirrus saw hir hed al naked,
 In his body thoow he were staked 17124

not caring for
 life or death,

With his spere-hede, to hir he soght
 As he of his lyff not roght;
 Off lyff ne deth ȝaff he no tale,
 But that he myȝt brewe hir bale 17128

smites her left
 arm off with a
 heavy blow.

When he saw hir In suche a poynt:
 He smot hir euene In the Ioynt
 Be-twene the sholder & the scheld,
 That hir left arme fflow In the feld, 17132

Penthesilea
 dies,

And sche fel ded & stille lay
 Among hir horses as clot of¹ clay;

¹ M s. In.

And Pirrus In his greunaunce	[lf. 253.]	17135	
Toke on hir a foule vengauce,		17136	
For he lefft not of hir a spot			
That he ne hit hewe as flesch to pot.			Pirrus cuts her
And he him-self wex than so wan			body into
For blod that out of his wounde ran,		17140	pieces,
That he amonges hem fel ther doun			and then falls
Fro his hors In a dede swoun ;			down in a dead
¶ But his gode men ¹ lyff[t] him on loffte			swoon ;
And on his scheld laide him soffte		17144	
And bare him hom to his tentis,			he is carried
And did of alle his garnementis			to his tent,
And laide him faire vpon his bed,			and put to bed.
For he was feble and al by-bled.		17148	
P Antasalie is ded & sclayn,			Penthesilea
And thei of Grece are ther-of ffayn ;			being dead,
But hir maydenes haue sorwe y-now,			her girls
Many a Grewe that tyme thei selow.		17152	
Thei were so for the quene en-yred,			
To dye ther thei desired :			
Troyens thanne & tho wymmen			
Sclow two thousand doghti men.		17156	slay 2,000
¶ But what myght that a-vayle,			Greeks.
Whil ther were ȝit with-oute fayle			But what can
Thre hundrid thousand of Gregais knyghtes,			that avail ?
Off bold men & stronge In fyghtes,		17160	
And of sqwyers gret multitude ?			
And ȝaff thanne strokes wel vnrude,			
And sclow the Troyens as thei were wode,			The Greeks
That men myght haue bathed In here blode :		17164	kill
¶ Dares seith "thei sclow that tyde			
Ten thousand men of Troians ² syde."			10,000
Wherfore alle that myght fle			Trojans ; the
Fled away to hir Cite		17168	others flee
			towards Troy.

¹ MS. *godemen*.

² *Trojans* by another hand on erasure.

The Trojans
shut and bolt
the gates.

And spered the 3ates wel and faste [lf. 253, bk.] 17169

With many a spire that wel wolde laste,

With lokke & keye, haspe & pyn;

And held hem alle the toun with-In,

17172

For of the Gregais hadde thei suche doute

That thei wolde no more passe oute:

¶ The Troyens wol no more out-wende,

For now is broght the fight to ende;

17176

Thei 3eue no tent to no-thing elles—

Non that In the toun dwelles—

They only
watch their
walls;

But her walles for to wayte,

That thei with-oute with no dissaye,

17180

With no qwayntise¹, ne with no wile

By day ne ny3t hem t[h]o by-gyle.

For thei are sicur y-now & traist,

That thei ne thar no-thing be a-baist;

17184

For thei wot wel thei are so hye,

That no-thing In erthe but foule that flye

May come hem to, for out thei do ey3t,

But if it were with tresoun or sle3t.

17188

THe waytes is set, the toun kept,

That thei wele & sicurly slept.

The Greeks
surround the
city,

But thei of Grece haue hem be-cast

With the sege wele & faste

17192

On euery a side ouer-al aboute,

That thei may not for hem come oute.

But ther-of haue thei no drede,

But if thei haue of vitayles nede;

17196

but the
Trojans are
not afraid, as
they are safe
so long as they
have food.

¶ For thei may leue & wele fare

With-Inne the toun for euer-mare,

But it be so that hem fayle

Corn, or wyn, or other vytayle.

17200

The Troyens make gret del echone,

Gret mornyng, & mochel mone;

¹ MS. *qwayntise*.

Alle that enere to Troye out long	[lf. 254.]	17203	All the Trojans bewail
Maken gret dele and sorwe strong,—		17204	Penthesilea's death;
¶ Kyng & knyzt,—whan thei hem thenche			
Off that worthi doughti wenche,			
That noble quene Pantasalie,			
That hem defended so nobly.		17208	
The sorwe is gret that thei alle make			they are sorry that
For hir dethe & for hir sake,			they cannot
That thei may not hir bodi haue—			get her corpse.
As hem wel auȝt—In erthe to graue.		17212	
¶ The Gregais wol not hir bodi grauen,			The Greeks will not bury it;
But let hit ligge to roke & rauē;			
But sir Pirrus with that seyde: ‘nay!			but Pirrus pleads
Hit is no skyl’—he sayde—‘parfay!		17216	
That so douȝti a body as sche			
A-bouen erthe vn-grauen be,			
Ne be with best ne foule y-schent!			for entombing it.
But fair be layd In monument!’		17220	
¶ But Diomedes verament			Diomedes opposes him.
With-sayde sir Pirrus Iugement,			
He seyde for-sothe “that hir bodi			
To ligge In erthe is not worthi.”		17224	
But ther-to come it at the laste			
That In a lake that quene was caste,			They cast the queen into a lake.
For thei seyde “thei wolde hir not brynge			
To sepulchre ne to bureyng.”		17228	
P Antasalye liggis In a pole;			
The Troyens make moche dole ¹ ,			The Trojans bewail her;
Thei make sorwe that sche is ded;			
For now are thei with-uten red,		17232	as they are now helpless.
Thei haue no hope to no ² socour;			
With-Inne the toun make thei soiour,			
For thei se wel: hem is no bote			
A-ȝeyn Gregays more to mote.		17236	

¹ MS. *dele*, but the first *e* seems to be corrected to *o*.

² MS. *to no so*.

Anchises,	Anchises, that waried wyght,	[lf. 254, bk.]	17237
	That Ancien ¹ schrewe, that olde knyght,—		
Eneas,	And his sone, fals Eueas,—		
Antenor,	And Antenor—thes thre, alas !—		17240
and Polidomas	And his sone Palidamas—		
plot to save their own lives and goods and wives,	These foure be-gan the compas :		
	How thei myght best saue her lyues		
	And alle her godis & here wyues :		17244
	¶ Thei toke amonges hem many consayle,		
	What myght best to hem a-vayle ?		
	But at the laste, thus thei ent,		
	That thei were alle at this assent :		17248
	“That if thei were dryuen ther-to		
	That thei myght no more do,		
and to betray king Priamus and his folk.	Thei scholde the kyng & his be-swyke,		
	To saue hem foure and that hem lyke,		17252
	Alle here kynrede & here frende,—		
	And Priamus & his to schende.”		
They will advise him	¶ So sayde thei be-twene hem thore :		
	To consayle the kyng that it gode wore		17256
to make peace with the Greeks,	A fynal pees of Grues to craue,		
	For so myght he his lyff saue ;		
	And that he wolde take a-zeyn		
and give Eleyne back to Menelaus.	To Menelaus the quene Eleyn,		17260
	And make amendes of that Paris		
	Hadde done to hem & heris amys,		
	And do restore that he & hise		
	Hadde born fro hem In any wyse.		17264
But which of the Greeks will assent to this ?	¶ But who myght leue that any lord		
	Off hem of Grece that wold acord ?		
	To graunte the pees to hem so sone		
	Afftir the harm that thei hadde done,		17268
	And greued hem sore & offte anoyed,		
	And so fele lordes of hem destroyed ;		

¹ MS. *Amicien*; cf. l. 17838.

¶ Qualiter Priamus & omnes alij. Troiani decepti fuerunt.

And thei haue hope the toun to wynne, [lf. 255.] 17271

And alle the godis that ben ther-Inne; 17272

For In the toun so bold none was,

With-oute the gates that durst pas.

But sicurly ther myght men se

That it myzt not but tresoun be, 17276

Openly & discouert,

And it was tresoun riȝt apert.

But thei myght speke of a pees,

Thei myght not elles speke with Gregais, 17280

For to telle hem of here wille,

How the toun wolde thei tresoun & spille.

THese traytours that this toun wol traye,

Thei are went her erande to saye 17284

To the kyng In the sale :

Boldely thei telle bothe her tale

Be-fore the kyng & lordes fele ;

But her tresoun thei wol slely hele,

Thei wil not telle what thei thenke— 17288

The deuyl hem mot In helle senke !

¶ When Priamus saw of pees thei touched,

Off here wordes no gode he souched : 17292

Him thoght it was no gode tokenyng

That thei of pes made procuryng

Afftir the harm that he hadde tan

Off hem that were his sones ban,

Him thoght it souned to no gode 17296

That thei of pees hadde turned her mode ;

¶ He saw right wele here two assent,

To traye the toun that thei haue ment, 17300

And not-for-thi he held him stille

And lete him speke & say here wille,

For he wolde not lette hem perceyue

That he saw thei wolde him disceyue. 17304

The plot can
be carried out
only by
treason.

The traitors
go to Priamus

and tell him
their plan,

but dissem-
ble their
treason.

Though
Priamus
suspects it,

he keeps silent,
and lets them
speak.

¶ *Hic Antenor & Eueas loquitur de pace In decepcione Regis.*

He spak to hem & seide: 'lordynges! [lf. 255, bk.] 17305

Priamus will
deliberate with
his coun-
cillors.

I wil a-vise me of thes thynges;

I wol not ȝeue her-of Iugement

With-oute consayl & avisement.' 17308

Eneas scorn-
fully

¶ Fals Eueas scornfulli be-gan

Vn-to the kyng speke than,

advises him to
give in to their
proposal.

He seyde: 'and thow wol consayle take,

I rede that thow oures not for-sake. 17312

If the hit like, the ne thar non other;

Iff thow dost not, thow may take other.'

Priamus says
that

¶ The kyng answered with wordes meke:

'Lordynges!'—he sais—'I ȝow be-seke 17316

That with my wordes ȝe wrathe ȝow not!

For ȝe wot wele—by him vs bouȝt!—

That I haue done ȝoure consayl here,

In al my lyff I wayved hit neuere. 17320

And ȝe say now: "I holde it gode."

perhaps
another plan
will be better
for both of
them.

But if it were I vndirstode

A-nother were more vn-to oure prow,

Me thenke it scholde not greue ȝow 17324

Thoow I lefft ȝoure & let it be,

And toke that wolde helpe ȝow & me.'

Antenor urges
that

ANtenor ros fro the des

And seide: 'sir kyng! to speke of pes 17328

It is not eucl—I vndirstonde,—

But good to ȝow and alle ȝoure londe;

For ȝe wot wel what noye & care

That ȝe & ȝoures now Inne are: 17332

'There are
50 kings before
the gates
resolved to
take the town
and burn it
and slay all.

¶ Be-fore ȝoure ȝatis ligge ffyfty kynges

That wil not parte for no thynges,

Til thei may this toun ouer-throwe

And alle the houses sette on a lowe, 17336

And sle, sir kyng, ȝow & ȝoure

And vs also and alle oure.

Ne 3e may not with-stonde her myzt, [lf. 256.]	17339	You are not able to with-
Ne 3e dar not with hem fyzt,	17340	stand, or fight them;
And 3e ar now of nom-power,		
Ne vs comes no help fer ne ner.		there is no hope of help.
¶ For-whi I say : better hit is		
Off two harmes to chose the les :	17344	
Better is vs & 3ow also		Therefore try to make peace,
That 3e sende the Gregais to,		
To loke if thei wil graunt 3ow grith		
Off a ffynal pes, lyff and lyth ;—	17348	
And 3eue a-3eyn Eleyne, the quene,		restore Eleyne,
For wham fele lordis haue ded bene ;—		
And alle the godis a-3eyn restore—		and all the goods Paris stole in Thessaly.'
And, if thei wil, 3et somdel more,—	17352	
That Paris In his robbery		
Toke fro hem In Thesaly.'		
A Mphimacus to speke hadde haste,		Amphimacus, a bastard son of Priamus,
On of the kynges sones a-baste ;	17356	
He ros vp thanne with teneful herte		
And seide to him wordes smerte,		answers :
Herynge alle that ¹ set on benche :		
' Thi wyles ben wicked, so ben thi wrenche !'	17360	' Wicked is thy plan,
He seide : ' gode men ² , opon my treuthe!		
Thow art fals, and that is reuthe !		thou art a traitor !
Thi herte is turned, & so it semes,		
That thi kyng & vs thus demes !	17364	
In the for-sothe is now no trayst,		
When thow these wordes vn-to vs sayst !		
¶ For thi kyng scholde thow suffre mescheff,		Thou oughtest to die for thy king before he is harmed,
Er thow saw him falle In any repreff,	17368	
And thow now procurest him vylonye !		
Erst scholdestow with him die !		
Wele may men se : thi herte is chaunged !		
For we are not 3it so mys-kannged,	17372	But we are not yet so weakened,

¹ that twice in MS.

² MS. *godemen*.

that 30,000 men cannot die before that.' That er schal twenti thousand men [lf. 256, bk.] 17373
 Die ther-to and thousandes ten.'
 Ful wylusly he him with-sayde,
 For he was no-thing with him payde. 17376

Eneas answers : ¶ But Eueas thanne his wordes pesed,
 With faire wordes his herte he sased ;
 He ¹ seyde vnto him at the laste :
 ' The Gregeis haue vs vmbe-caste, 17380
 That we dar no more fyght with hem,
 Ne open oure 3ates for drede of hem ;
 A-nother way—if we be sly—
 By-houes vs seke to haue vs by, 17384
 And sicurly it is non other
 Then bye the pes, my leue brother !'
FOr alle the good of hethen Spayne
 Myght the kyng him [not] refrayne, 17388
 He was so ful of care & wo ;
 Vnto the traytours seide he tho :
 ' Certes '—he seyde—' 3e are to blame !
 3e were worthi to suffre schame ! 17392
 In 3oure herte how myght 3e ffynde
 A-3eyn me now to be vnkynde ?
 In my gret elde to waxe vn-trewe
 That euere 3it haue ben me drewe ? 17396

¶ And nother of 3ow may certes say
 That I did neuere be nyght ne day
 Any-thing a-3eyn Gregays
 In tyme of werre ne of pays 17400
 That harmed hem an beryng-tayle,
 That it ne was by 3oure consayle.
 And thow, Eueas, was cheff consaylour
 To Paris, my sone, In his labour 17400
 To rawische Heleyne & lede hir away ;
 Thow may not say ther-of " nay " : { Ne hadde }

Priamus
says to the
traitors :
' You are to
blame.
Shame upon
you ! How can
you be so un-
kind to me ?

I never did
anything
against the
Greeks

without your
counsel.
Thou, Eneas,
wast the chief
adviser for
Paris to steal
Eleyne.

- Ne hadde, Eueas, thi conseyl bene, [lf. 257.] 17407
 Eleyne ne hadde this toun sene. 17408
- And now afftir my sones ded
 I se ȝow two at otheres red
 To consail me, to lese my name
 And falle for euere In foule schame, 17412
 That I scholde now me meke
 The Gregais mercy to be-seke
 That haue alle my sones sclayn
 And done me wo & mechel payn;
 And ȝit scholde I hem merci crye
 And pes & loue of hem bye¹?
- ¶ Hit were a schame to alle my kynde
 That I scholde me to hem bynde,— 17420
 So haue I of my bodi hele!
 This consayl is nother good ne lele,
 But waried worthe the tonge it tolde!
 For I drede we ben alle solde, 17424
 For we ben lorn maugre oure tethe,
 Ryght noght it is—& that we sethe.’
- ¶ Eueas thanne was wonder wrothe,
 He ros vp & thenne gothe;
 He was Angred with that sawe,
 Off his kyng stode him none awe.
 Wordes fele of gret outrage,—
 Herande alle the baronage,— 17432
S Pake he thanne vn-to the kyng,
 That were veleyns wordes & vn-sittyng.
 He gos hamward vnto his halle
 With-oute leue of hem alle, 17436
 He wolde no leue at hem nym.
 But Antenor ȝede home with hym;
 Thei are bothe hom to-gedur went.
 By him that made bothe Twede & Trent! 33 [j] 17440

And now both
of you advise
me to lose my
reputation,

to appeal for
mercy to those
Greeks who
slew my sons!

Your counsel
is not loyal!
Cursed be the
tongue which
gave it!
I fear we are
sold and lost!

Eneas, very
angry,

speaks villain-
ous words
against the
king,

and leaves the
hall with
Antenor.

¹ Order in MS., 17418, 17417.

¶ *Hic Priamus flebat.*

Iff the kyng hadde wist here consayl, [lf. 257, bk.] 17441
It hadde ben to hem to wrother-hayl!

Priamus
weeps,

P Ryamus ryses and sore wepis
That al his brest the water wetis, 17444

as he sees that
his death is
near.

For he parseyued apertly
That his deth for-sothe is ney;
The kynges herte ful sore tendres.

He sends for
Amphimacus,

The kyng thanne sone sendes 17448

and says :

Afftir his soone Amphimacus,

And seis ful rewfully to him thus,

Sore wepyng and bitterly :

‘I am thi fader, sone, witterly; 17452

‘We are both
one flesh and
blood,

We are bothe of on blod & flesche,

Holde we to-gedur for hard or nesche!

let us with-
stand the two
traitors
together!

¶ Lete vs with-stonde whil that we may

The two traitoures, sone, I the pray! 17456

I se thei haue to-gedir spoken

That thei myzt on vs be wroken;

They hope the
Greeks will
slay me, and
then have
this rich town.
I should like
to prevent
this : to-
morrow be
armed with
some friends,

Thei thenke the Grues schal sle me

And to haue this riche Cite. 17460

I wolde fayn do bote ther-In,

Iff that I myght with any gyn :

¶ To-morwe next I wol thow be

With priue folk of oure meygne 17464

Armed wele, when 3e haue dyne;

That no man wite of 3oure couyne,

Vn-til we haue al fully ent

Oure consayl & oure parlement. 17468

and when
the traitors
ride home,

And whan it is comen to euen-tyde

That thei bothe schal hamwardis ride,

I wol that thow & thine out-wende

cut them both
down!’
Amphimacus
agrees.

And bothe the traytours al to-rende. 17472

¶ Amphimacus seide : “it scholde be done,

By him that made bothe sonne & mone!”

- But al this myght not hem a-vayle: [lf. 258.] 17475
 I wot neuere how that here consayle 17476 I don't know
 Was told [anon] to Eueas, how Eneas
 That he scholde dye for his trespas heard that he
 That he hadde wratthed that day the kyng should die.
 And Antenor with his spekyng. 17480
- E**neas¹ thanne was wroth y-now: He is very
 To alle his goddis he made a vow angry and
 That he wolde on him be wreke, vows to be
 Iff that he my3t go or speke. 17484 avenged.
 He sente as sone his messenger He sends for
 Afftir Antenor, his comper; Antenor,
 And he come sone at his sonde
 And him al redi ther he fonde. 17488
 Eneas² told him tydande and tells him
 Off the kyng & his couenande, the news.
 And "how he wolde sle hem bothe,
 So was he to hem wrothe." 17492
- ¶ Thes two to-gedir swere:
 "That thei scholde fight to-geder there,
 The toun to traye and tho ther-In,
 And do sle hem & alle her kyn; 17496
 Thei schal not lette for leue ne lothe."
 And ther-to haue thei sworn her othe:—
 'And if so to-morwe³ it⁴ be-tide
 þat⁵ he wol vs at home abide, 17500
 We schal come on suche parayle
 That if he thenke vs assayle,
 ¶ Off his purpos schal he be rent:
 He schal not do as he hath ment. 17504
 I 3eue right not of alle his tene,
 Not the value of a bene;
 For I wot wele: we schal be war
 Off him, er we come thar.' 33 [ij] 17508

¹ N altered from U by another hand.

² n by another hand on

erasure. ³ to by another hand on erasure.

⁴ it inserted by another hand over line.

⁵ And crossed out at this place in the MS.,

þ⁶ inserted by another hand in the margin.

- E**Rly on morwe whan it was tyme— [lf. 258, bk.] 17509
 I trowe a litel afftir the Prime—
 Priamus kyng sent his message
 To alle the lordes of his vilage, 17512
 To Antenor & Eueas,
 And bad hem come an hasti pas
 To Ylion vn-to that kyng,
 That thei ne made no dwellyng; 17516
 ¶ And thei bad hem aȝeyn gone,
 For thei wolde come a-none.
 Thei armed hem at alle rightes
 And toke with hem noble knyghtes, 17520
 And come for-sothe to the palais,
 Armed wel In her harneis.
 The kyng of hem was sore affrayed,
 For he saw thanne he was be-wrayed; 17524
 The kyng thanne to his sone gos
 And biddis him lette of his purpos,
 He seyde: ‘sone, leue this thyng!
 We ben be-wreyed—by heuene kyng!’ 17528
 ¶ When these lordes were comen alle,
 Thei sette hem doun In that halle,
 And thei be-gan to-geder trete.
 Eueas wolde his wil not lete, 17532
 He stode vp thanne & boldely spak
 To hem of Troye, & bad hem mak
 Be-twene hem of Grece—if thei moste¹—
 A fynal pes, what-so it coste;— 17536
 ¶ ‘But ȝe done, ȝe bene alle lorn
 For defaute of wyn & corn;
 ȝoure vitayles may not longe laste
 That ne som-tyme thei wil be paste, 17540
 Then schal ȝe be wel eucl at ayse²
 And dye afftir that gret myssayse.

¹ e inserted later, but by the same hand.

² MS. *atayse*.

- ¶ Therefore lettes for no man [lf. 259.] 17543 'Therefore try
To make a pees—if 3e can,— 17544 to have peace.'
- And come at one sone with the Grues!'
But Priamus that sayng refuces, Priamus
He him with-sais In fair manere; refuses,
But ther was non that wold him here, 17548 but all want
Thei seyde echon: "thei vnderstode peace.
The pees ffor hem was fair & gode
At suche a plyght as thei were at."
And thus sayde alle that ther sat; 17552
- ¶ Saue Priamus with-seide it ay, Priamus alone
For he was ferd thei wolde him tray. dissents, as he
But Eueas In his wickednesse fears betrayal.
Seide to him In gret felnesse: 17556 But Eneas
'Wherto, sir kyng, makestow it so? says:
Wenes thow oure wille for-do
By thi Powere & thi maystrie?
Wil thow, nele thow—the pees schal be!' 17560
- P**riamus tho held him stille, Priamus says:
For he most nede suffre her wille;
He seyde: 'lordynges, now 3e it say
That it is gode the Grues to pray 17564
That thei wol graunte vs, for of oure,
A fynal pees to here honoure,—
Sithen 3e it say, I wol also
A3eyn my wille—so haue I ro! 17568
For I am ferd hit schal vs rewe
A pees to praye of any Grewe!'
The Troyens then Antenor chese
To do her erande to gete hem pese, 17572
Off a fynal pes if thei myght spede
For siluer, gold, or any mede.
Thei 3ede with braunches of Olyue-tre
Upon the walles, that thei my3t se, 33 [iij] 17576

The Trojans go
upon the walls
with olive-
branches.

¶ *Hic miserunt nuncios ad Grecos.*

	In tokene of pees & saue condit.	[lf. 259, bk.]	17577
The Greeks make the same sign.	Whan thei of Grece hadde sen that sight, The same tokene made thei a-ȝeyn.		
Antenor is let down from the wall,	The Troyens ther-of were ful fayn, Thei lete Antenor a-non doun		17580
	By the wal out of the toun; And whan he was on grounde set,		
and goes to the Greek camp.	He ȝede to Grues with-oute let.		17584
He tells Agamemnon his message.	Whan he was comen to here hales, Her Emperour told he his tales :		
	"How he was comen fro her kyng To make by-twene hem sauȝtlyng."		17588
	¶ The Emperour sente afftir other kynges, To here the sothe of these tydynges ;		
	When thei were alle to-gedere thore, He saide "that thre men, if it wore,		17592
	That wolde be trewe & trusti frende, To brynge this thyng to an ende."		
The Greek lords choose three men as negotiators.	Thei chose thre men tho for hem alle : "That what-so-euere scholde ther-of be-falle,		17596
	Thei scholde holde her ordinaunce With tresoun or with disceyuaunce "		
They swear	¶ And ther made ¹ thei alle her othes By boke & belle & holy clothes		17600
	That longed to her sacrament : "Thei scholde holde her surment."		
to hold all that is agreed on. The 'King of Grete,'	T hat one of hem was kyng of Grete, The Gregais all by him wel lete ;		17604
Diomedes,	That other was Diomedes,		
and Ulixes are chosen.	The thridde of hem was Vlixes. These thre the Gregais for hem-toke		
	That what-soeuere thei wolde loke, Thei wolde holde ferme & stable		17608
	With-oute dissayte or any fable.		

¹ *made* twice in MS., the second one crossed out.

¶ *Consilium inter Antenorem. & Reges Grecorum.*

- ¶ Thei asked him: "what was the thynges [lf. 260.] 17611 They ask for
That he to hem tydandes brynges?" 17612 his message.
- He seyde: 'lordynges, I wol 3ow telle:
My thynges that I wol 3ow of melle,
I wolde that no man here but I
And 3e thre kynges witterly 17616 Antenor says:
That chosen were of euery lord, 'What I tell
To loke if we foure may a-cord. you must be
kept secret
between us;
- ¶ For if I tolde hit al on hye for if not,
That men myzt here it openlye, 17620
Hit myzt be wist In other place,
And I be schent ther-by by cace I might be
And lese my trauayle & lese my way harmed.
And gete me harm ther-by parfay. 17624
I wol therfore that 3e thre Therefore re-
Come here by-syde and speke with me, tire with me.'
That this thing may be priuay,
Iff that it be vnto 3oure pay.' 17628
- T**Hese thre kynges And Antenore They retire.
Fro the ffolk, thei 3ede a-fore;
Antenor thanne, that lyther schrewe,
Be-gan his falshede to hem schewe: 17632 Antenor tells
He tolde hem of his tresoun them
That he wolde do In schort sesoun,
"How he wolde by-traye the toun
And putte it al In her bandoun. . . . 17636 how he
Thus mechel to say to this couenande, will betray
That thei alle thre holde vp her hande the city;
And swere by him In heuene was:
'Thei scholde saue him & Eueas, 17640 and bids them
And alle her godis & her houses, hold up their
Here kynrede & al here spouses, hands, and
And her frendes that thei wolde chese swear that
That thei of¹ heres scholde not lese.'" 33 [iiij] 17644 they will spare
him and
Eneas, and all
their kindred
and property.

¹ of inserted over line.

- The Greek kings are glad of the news,
 ¶ The sothe to say the kynges were glad, [lf. 260, bk.] 17645
 Whan thei of him this tydandes had
 That thei the toun so sone myght wyne
 And haue the godis that were ther-Inne, 17648
 Kyng, & quene, and al his fe.
 and swear The kynges swore all thre
 By him that made bothe erthe & heuene :
 to spare them. "Theischoldehem saue, thoow ther were suche seuene"; 17652
 And ther-to her trewthes thei plyght.
 Antenor promises And he hem treuly be-hight
 That he wolde couenande holde
 to betray Troy, To be-traye Troye, that Cite bolde, 17656
 if they keep it secret. For-whi that thei [hit] holde priue,
 That non it wiste but thei & he.
 ¶ Now hath this traytour be-trayed Troye,—
 These kynges maken moche Ioye,— 17660
 For him & Eueas it is solde.
 God wolde it were the burgeis tolde !
 To hide his treason, For he wolde his tresoun hide :
 Antenor asks that Taltibeus shall go with him to the Trojans, so that they may believe him the better. He had a kyng scholde with him ride 17664
 In-to the toun out of the feld,
 Taltibeus, a kyng of eld ;
 And that thei myght credence of him 3eue
 And the more him leue. 17668
 ¶ He asked eke for curtesye
 3eue him the quene Pantasalye,
 That thei myght that cors entere.
 But that with-sayde alle that were there, 17672
 For thei hir hated In certayn ;
 For afftir thei graunted [hit] with¹ payn.
 ¶ He toke his leue & went his way,
 And Taltibyus with him parfay ; 17676
 And thei of Troye opened the 3atis,
 And thei rode In ful faire al-gatis

¹ MS. *with him.*

- And sente the kyng word of her come, [lf. 261.] 17679
 And rod forth vn-to him home. 17680
- T**He morwe afftir the kyng did sende Next morning
 Afftir his burgeis gode & hende, Priamus con-
 Alle that euere were In the toun. vokes a par-
 When thei were come, thei sete down; 17684 liament.
 He bad Antenor by his Omage : He asks
 " How he hadde sped In his message, Antenor how
 That he scholde ther sey¹ In presence he sped,
 And In here alther Audience." 17688
- ¶ The fals traytour—the deuel him cheke !— This false
 To hem gan he scelye speke, traitor speaks
 He schewed to hem but flaterye, artfully.
 For he wolde hele his traytourie, 17692 To conceal his
 But tolde a prologe mochel & long ; treachery, he
 He seide : ' gode men, the Grues are strong, makes a long
 Off gret power and wasselage, prologue : 'The
 Off curtesie & gret parage 17696 Greeks are
 Off kynges & lordes & of her men lege, strong enough
 Longe y-now to holde the sege, to keep up the
 Hardy y-now to fyght & bekir, siege much
 Knyghtes trewe & wondir sekir. 17700 longer ;
- ¶ By-holdes now a-boute & loke : they never
 Thei breke neuere trewes that euere thei toke ; broke a truce.
 And we are so dryuen to noght, We are almost
 Al to wrecches we are broght, 17704 undone,
 To care & wo & mochel sorwe, and are full of
 Night & day, euen & morwe. sorrow.
 Wherfore, gode men, hit were wisdam So it is best for
 That 3e consayl amonges 3ow nam : us 17708
 By what way that 3oure wayment
 Might come to ende & best be ent ? to end the war ;
- ¶ But therto certis schal 3e not come but this will
 With-oute tresor a gret somme : cost us much. 17712

¹ *sey* inserted by another hand over line.

- All ought to
bring a large
sum to buy
peace.
- I rede euery man bothe more & lesse [lf. 261, bk.] 17713
That is of myzt and of richesse,
And specially vnto oure kyng,
That he be helpande vn-to this thyng; 17716
For we no-wyse In pes may be
With-oute tresor gret quantite.
For better is vs oure gode for-go
Thanne euere to leue In noye & wo! 17720
Lo! how slely he hem blente
With his sleyght & his Argument!
- He adds: ¶ Then did the traytour more quayntise,
For he wolde In no wyse 17724
His ffals tresoun that thei perceyue,
And for he wolde hem clene disceyue;
He sayde also In that throwe:
'The Gregais wil may I not knowe; 17728
I rede that Eueas with me wende
To brynge this thyng better to ende.'
- 'Send Eneas
with me to the
Greeks to
know their
will.'
- ¶ The Troyens alle his sawe alowed,
Thei seyde: "he scholde be wele aprowed 17732
By Eueas¹—so haue thei reste!;—
That he with þede that was beste."
Wherfore thei Iugged euerychone
That thei two to Grues scholde gone. 17736
- The Trojans
consent.
- T**Hei haue now done her parlement,
And alle the lordes ben² hom went,
Priamus, the Troyane kyng,
In-to his Chambre goth wepyng, 17740
He scrat his hede & tare his heer,
Out of his eyen fel many a teer;
He saw wele here sotilnesse,
Here ffalshede, & her lithernesse, 17744
He cursed that tyme that he was born,
So doghty sones as he hadde lorn!
- The parlia-
ment ends.
- Priamus
weeps,
- as he sees
their falseness.

¹ *u* might be *n*; cf. note to l. 17489.² *ben* inserted over line
by the same hand, *hom* crossed out before it, and repeated behind it.

- “ And now to leue of her batayle, [lf. 262.] 17747 Priamus
Most he zeue al his catayle 17748 laments that
That he hadde geten by olde dayes ! he must give
And ende his lyff In gret affrayes ” ;— his all for
‘ Wolde god I were now certayn peace,
To haue my lyff & be not sclayn ! 17752 and is not sure
zet wolde I thanne haue some Loye. that he can
But er y trowe the toun of Troye save his life.
Schal be by-traied & go to pyne,
And I schal dye & alle myne.’ 17756
- A** Ntenor and fals Eueas ¹— Antenor and
Se thei neuere god In the fas !— Eneas
Thei are bothe went to hem of Grece, go to the
To saue her bodyes & here fece, 17760 Greeks,
And priueli to traye the toun,
To brenne Ylioun & caste it down.
When thei hadde spoken a ful gode while and treat with
How thei myght Troyens best by-gyle, 17764 them.
¶ The Gregais bad “ that Vlixes
And his felawe Diomedes
With Antenor and his comperes
To Troye scholde wende alle In-feres, 17768
To wite of hem what thei wolde zeue
That thei scholde hem no lenger greue,
And for to telle hem what thei craue
Iff thei scholde hem let pes haue.” 17772
Thei zede alle forth here way snel
To the toun with-oute dwel ;
¶ To Priamus when thei were comen,
He did his men as sone somen 17776
Bidde his lordis & his burgeis,
To-morwe to come to his paleis.
When thei were comen & al down ² set
And thei were alle to-gedir y-met, 17780

¹ u might be n ; cf. note to 17489.

² MS. *aldoun*.

In the Trojan
parliament
Ulixes de-
mands,

Vlixes stode & tolde his erande: [lf. 262, bk.] 17781

‘This thyng may not be wernade;

Iff ȝe wil haue the sauȝtlyng,

ȝe most graunte her askyng.’ 17784

¶ He saide: ‘the Grues asken thynges two:

That on is that ȝe most do

Out of this toun & this Ile

Amphimacus vntil exile, 17788

That he come neuere a-ȝeyn on lyue’;—

And this the Troyens graunte blyue;—

¶ ‘That other is that ȝe do fet—

For to ȝeue hem to here profet— 17792

Off gold & corn so gret porcioun

Vnto here a[l]ther reffeccioun,

That euery a man haue so gode store

To haue y-now for euere more.’ 17796

and (2) that
they give
enough gold
and corn for
every Greek.

While he
speaks
a terrible
noise is heard
in the hall.

GRet meruayle among hem alle

In his spekyng fel In that halle:

A wonder noyse amonges hem thore

Was tho y-herd of hem that wore. 17800

They wonder
what it can be.

What that myȝt be thei were ameruayled;

The kyngés wende men hadde hem assayled;

Some men wende the noyce thei herde

Hadde ben the kynges childres so ferde 17804

For her brother Amphimacus,

For her¹ fadir Priamus

And for her¹ brother schulde be exiled,

With Antenor that so was be-gyled. 17808

¶ Eche man loked what hit was,

Nobody knows

But ther was non In al that plas

Ne in that hye Cite

That coude wete what it myȝt be, 17812

whence it
comes.

Ne whethen that it come, ne how.

Eueryche a lord hamward hem drow,

¹ MS. *his*.

- ¶ **Hic Antenor narrauit Regibus Grecorum de reliqu[i]o Palladij.**
 And ent here consayl tho alle sone, [lf. 263.] 17815 The parlia-
 And went home when thei hadde done. 17816 ment ends.
- A**Ntenor him hamward spedde,
 The kynges two with him ledde
 In-to a wondir priue place,
 Ther thei to speke hadde good space. 17820
 Antenor re-
 tires with the
 Greek kings
 to a privy
 place.
- ¶ To Antenor seyde Vlixes
 That sat by him vpon the des :
 'I haue meruayle whi thow delayes
 These thynges for vs so many dayes, 17824
 That thow ne brynges hit to no purpos.
 Loke that thow vs no-thing glos
 And brynge vs slely In a bek,
 For thow brynges hit to non affek.' 17828
 Ulixes
 blames
 him for
 delaying the
 treason so
 long.
- ¶ Antenor swor & sayde "nay,
 Bothe he & Eueas nyzt and day,
 So helpe him god"—'we were ther-about';—
 "But on¹ thing broght hem In doute";— 17832
 'I wol þow telle, what thing hit is
 That bryngis vs In gret gastnes :
- ¶ The sothe is this : that kyng Ylus,—
 As oure bokes telles vs,— 17836
 A worthi knyzt, a kyng Troyen,
 Off long tyme and Ancien²,
 That Ilyon did sette & dyght—
 And Ilyon afftir him hit hight,— — 17840
 With-Inne this toun this kyng did make
 For her goddis Pallus sake
 A riche temple, fair & long,
 Brod & wide & wonder strong. 17844
 King Ilus
 of Troy,
 who founded
 Ilion,
 had a rich
 temple built
 for the goddess
 Pallas in this
 town.
- ¶ When it was made al, aboute the roue
 That scholde be set the temple aboue
 A wonder thing out of the sky
 Off goddis grace fel fro an hy, 17848
 When it was
 ready,
 a wondrous
 thing fell from
 the sky,

¹ MS. no.

² MS. *Amycien*; cf. l. 17238.

- close to the
high altar,
and stuck
there so fast
that only the
priests could
get it out.
It is of wood,
but nobody
knows of what
kind.
So long as it
is there, no
one can take
the town by
treason.
It is called
"Palladin"
after the god-
dess Pallas.
This is what
delays us!'
Diomedes
answers:
'As this is so,
it is nonsense
to waste our
time.'
Antenor says:
- That did the harde wow cleue¹ & bende [lf. 263, bk.] 17849
 Ryght at the hye-auter ende;
 And In the wow him-selff hit sette,
 As faste as hit were 3ette 17852
 With sement or with any glewe,
 That no man may hit thenne remewe²
 Saue the prestes that hit kepe,
 Be thei wakyng or a-slepe,— 17856
 And thei hit kepe & al day³ se.
 Men say that hit is most of tre,
 ¶ But "what tre" can no man knowe
 Off alle the kernes⁴ that it owe, 17860
 Ne what forme, ne what hewe;
 But hit is thyng of suche vertue:
 The while hit is the toun with-Inne,
 May non the toun with tresoun wyne. 17864
 ¶ Palladin that thing called is
 Afftir Pallas—the sothe hit is;—
 Fro hir It come also, I wene.
 Now haue I told 3ow al be dene— 17868
 So helpe me god & my long way!
 That maketh al oure let & oure delay.'
- D**iomedes thanne answered:
 'Sithen we ther-with so moche are dered⁵ 17872
 That hit one the toun may saue,
 That we ne may by no way haue
 For no thyng that may be-falle,
 The while hit is with-Inne the walle— 17876
 ¶ Then thenkes me, sir, witterly,
 That we do alle a gret foly
 That we do noght with-oute fayle,
 But lese oure speche & oure trauayle.' 17880
 Antenor seyde: 'by heuene kyng!
 Iff 3e haue wonder of oure taryng,

¹ MS. *clene*.² The second *e* altered to *o* in MS.³ MS. *alday*.⁴ MS. *kerues*.⁵ MS. *dared*.

This is the cause & the resoun	[lf. 264.]	17883	'This is the
And alle the verray enchesoun,		17884	only reason of
That ȝe & we are thus delayed.			our delay.
But al this while haue I assayed,			But mean-
And offte haue I be-soght the prest			while I have
That kepis this thyng & hit is next,		17888	prevailed on
And haue by-het him gret tresour			the priest
To haue certis for his labour—			
¶ And so haue I the prest be-soght,			
That In certayn haue I him broght		17892	
That he som nyght schal go with me			to go with me
For gret tresor & mychel fe,			some night;
And then schal I sende to ȝow			then I shall
And ende this thing to ȝoure prow.'		17896	send for you.'
And thanne thei partid & toke her leue;			They start;
That god him ȝeue an euel preue!			
N ow haue thei lefft alle her tales,			the Greek
And the kynges gon to her sales.		17900	kings return
And Antenor anon he wente			to their camp,
To Priamus that he hadde blente;			Antenor
He bad him anon sende vp & doun			bids Priamus
To alle the burgeis of the toun		17904	convoke the
That were with-Inne the Cite ȝatis,			citizens.
That thei scholde come to him al-gatis.			
¶ And whan thei herde of this tydandes,			
Is non that lenger sittis ne standes,		17908	They come
That thei ne ȝede alle or rode			
To his Palais with-oute abode.			to his palace.
When thei were confen & set on rowe,			
Echon by other—as hem owe,—		17912	
Antenor ros & seyde: 'lordyngis!			Antenor says:
I wol telle ȝow of oure spekyngis,			'I'll tell you
What the Grues & I haue spokyn,			of my negotia-
What thei wol haue, or elles be wroken.		17916	tions with the
			Greeks.

The Greeks demand 1,000,000 pounds of gold,	This is the somme that Gregays aske, [lf. 264, bk.] 17917 That thei wole haue vnto her taske : Ten hundrid thousand pound of golde ;—
	Ther is no man is maked of molde 17920 That may ther-of vs alegge, For thei wol not ther-of abregge ;—
as much silver,	And as moche of siluer bryghte ¹
and 100 loads of wheat.	3e mot hem 3eue with-oute respite ; 17924 An hundrid charge also of whete. And tho bad thei me with hem trete,
Therefore, if you like life better than death,	¶ For sicurly thei wol no lasse. Therefore, gode men ² , if [be] 3oure ese 17928 To haue the lyff & fle the ded, Than is this forsothe my red :
you'd better raise the money by a tax.'	That 3e 3eue hem this two her wage And let go caste a taylage 17932 A-mong the riche & the pore,— To pese her wratthe for euere more,—
	And gadir hit faste on gret hepis, For thei wol haue shippes 3epis.' 17936
The tax is laid, and the sum provided.	N ow is the taylage cast & layde, That somme was sone y-puruayde, The while it was In gaderyng.
Antenor bribes the priest,	Antenor, that lyther thyng, 17940 Spake to the prest of the lawe That what with 3efftis & with awe,
	What for drede, what for mede, That he the prest so ouer-3ede, 17944 That he bad him at euen come, And he scholde haue Palladone.
and gets the relic from him.	¶ Antenor come thenne on a nyght, And that prest, that wicked wyght, 17948 3aff him that relike that was so riche,— In al Assye was ther non liche ;

{ And he sende }

¹ e added afterwards.

² MS. *godemen*.

And he sende it to Vlixes,	[lf. 265.]	17951	Antenor sends the relic to Ulixes and Diomedes.
And to his felawe Diomedes.		17952	The Trojans collect the gold and corn, and put them in the temple of Minerva.
The Troyens gadered the gold & corn			
Erly at euen and on morn;			
Thei leyde that good & that fee			
In the temple of Menerue.		17956	When they sacrifice to their gods,
¶ Then seyde the riche Citesenes			
And alle these other pore Troyenes,			
That thei wolde make a sacrifice			
To her godis of gret aprice,		17960	and thank them that the war is ended,
To thanke hem of grace that thei sende			
That her batayle is thus at ende.			
T Hei broght tho many boles & bores,			and when the bulls and boars are brought to the altar, two miracles occur:
With lowyng & with loude rores;		17964	
But ther be-tydde tho two miracles			
That were to hem gret obstacles:			
When be-fore the Auteres were layd the bestis,—			
As was that tyme that lawe hestis—		17968	
That were doun come thedir, & renne			
To sette In fir, and do hit brenne,			
Thei did brynge the kiddis drye—			
For hit scholde brenne clere & hye,—		17972	
And colis also In bollis & wyndel:			
Thei myght no fir make ther-on kyndel,			The altar fire
For noght that thei coude blowe			
Not ones sette hit on a lowe.		17976	
¶ The Troyens were tho vn-blythe,			
Thei tende hire fir more than ten sithe,			is ten times lighted,
But it ȝede out by on & on,			and ten times goes out.
That sacrifice myght thei make non.		17980	
¶ That other wonder, gode men, y-wis			
That hem be-fel that tyme, was this:			
Ther come fleynge that tyme an Erne			Then a big eagle flies to the temple,
Vn-to the temple, fleande sterne,	34 [j]	17984	

and bears away
the entrails
from the altar
to the Greek
ships.

All the Trojans
are much
afraid at these
tokens.

The Greeks
make a brazen
horse,

holding 1,000
knights inside.

The allies of
Priamus are
angry with his
treaty,

and depart.

Philomene
takes back only
250 knights
out of 2,000 he
had brought;

he carries with
him the corpse
of Penthesilea.

And al the entrayle, as hit lay [lf. 265, bk.] 17985

Off her bestis, bare he hit a-way;

Be-twene here clauwes sche hem kyppis,

And beres hem to the Gregais schippis. 17988

Alle the Troyens that ther wore,

Off this two thinges abaist hem sore,

For thei se by here tokenynges bothe

That here godis with hem were wrothe; 17992

But whi it was, wiste thei neuere,

But alle ther-of affrayed were.

THe Gregais were slely by-thoght,
A wonder werk hadde thei wrought:

17996

Thei did make an hors of bras,

Suche a-nother neuere sene was;

A thousand knyghtes myght ther-Inne;

Ther-on was many a selcouthe gynne: 18000

Dores brode that opened wyde,

A thousand men ther myght a-byde,

But no man was of eye so bryght

That myght with-oute of hem se sight. 18004

¶ The kynges alle that comen wore

To Priamus to socoure thore,

When hit was done hem to vndirstonde

That Priamus so foule a couenande 18008

Hadde mad to Grues to ben at one,

Thei toke her leue at him echone,

To wende hom to her contrese,

And lefte him ther, & hem of Grece. 18012

¶ Kyng Philomene had two thousand knyghtes

That come with him, thei worthi wyghtes

Ledde hem azeyn to his lande

But two hundrid & ffyfti of hem lyuande; 18016

He ledde with him Pantasalye,

The worthi body of that ladye,

¶ Hic rogauit ad pacem & concordiam.

- And foure hundrid of damyseles [lf. 266.] 18019
 That lyued afftir that turpeles, 18020
 Vn-to the land of Amazone,
 To berye hir ther sche bar croune.
H It was a day, that lyther fende,
 Antenor, wolde his tresoun ende, 18024
 Whan Palladin was y-stolne ;
 And 3it was hit fro Troyens holne ;
 And thei of Grece her hors hadde ent.
 To sette a day was here entent, 18028
 That Priamus & his Troyanes,
 Alle the Grues & the Danes,
 With-oute the toun, opoun the wolde,
 Be-twene hem that loueday schal holde. 18032
 ¶ Priamus is comen oute,
 And mechel folk him aboute ;
 And thei of Grece sicurly,
 Lordes & kynges ther redi. 18036
 Thei did the relikes brynge,
 Her messe-bok that thei on synge,
 Here saynteuarius¹ with al her gere,
 That bothe the parties on scholde swere. 18040
 ¶ Diomedes was ffurst that swore,
 And made his othe vpon the flore ;
 He swor by al here sayntwaries,
 And by him that al this world gyes, 18044
 Off heuene & erthe al-myghti god :
 That he scholde neuere, for euene ne od,
 Breke the couenandes that he made
 With Antenor, so worth he glade. 18048
 ¶ And so swor alle these other kynges
 That were of Grece gret lordynges.
 Off thai that toun afftir did for-lorn,
 3it thei seyde thei were not for-sworn, 34 [ij] 18052

They intend
to bury the
queen in her
own land.

Antenor is
about to fulfil
his treason :
the Palladium
is stolen,
though the
Trojans do not
know it.

The Greeks
and the Tro-
jans arrange
a love-day.

Priamus comes
out of the town
with many
people.

They bring
thesanctuaries
to swear on.

Diomedes
swears first,

never to break
his covenant
with Antenor,

and so do all
the other
Greek lords.

Though they
destroyed the
town after-
wards, they
said they were
not forsworn,

¹ MS. sayntenarius.

because both
swore to betray
it without
mercy.

For thei swore bothe to traye the toun [lf. 266, bk.] 18053

With-oute mercy or any pardoun.

But Priamus & alle hyes

Made her othe on an-other wyes: 18056

Priamus and
his Trojans
swear to
keep the peace
truly.

¶ Thei swor to holde the pees treuly,

With-oute desert, parfitly;

They were
beguiled,

Thei were ther-with foule by-gyled

as they did not
know the
Greeks'
falseness.

And afftirward foule dispoyled, 18060

For thei wiste not of here fallas;

Therefore here lyff thei lore, alas!

Priamus de-
livers Eleyne
to the Greeks,

WHan thei hadde sworn & mad surte,

Kyng Priamus with herte fre 18064

Made men go afftir quene Helayne;

and asks them

And he 3aff hem that lady a3eyne,

And prayed hem for his loue sake:

not to harm her

That sche of hem non harm scholde take, 18068

Vilony, ne no maugre,

for her stay in
Troy.

For that sche was In that contre;

And thei seyde "nay" with ficul thoght.

They tell
Priamus

But Priamus thei hadde be-soght: 18072

"That he wol graunte hem alle a bone,

That for here loue it myght be done."

that they have
had a horse
made for the
goddess Pallas,
because they
stole the Pal-
ladium,

¶ Thei saide: "thei hadde an hors done make

For her godes Pallas sake, 18076

For that thei stale out of here chirche

•Palladine¹, whan it was derke;"—

and they fear
her vengeance.

‘And we are ferd alle for hir vengauce;

Hit is therfore oure ordinaunce, 18080

They mean to
put that brazen
horse in her
churchyard.

In hir cherche-3erd to do hit sette

An hors of bras that we haue gette

In hir honour—we telle it 3ow—

For that is, sir, oure alther a-vow. 18084

They ask leave
to do so.

¶ We praye 3ow therefore: werne vs not

That it may now to hir be brought.’

¹ Or *Palladium*? MS. . . . *in* or . . . *in*.

Priamus stode as he were dased,	[lf. 267.]	18087	Priamus is amazed
He was for meruayle al a-mased,		18088	
When he herde the Gregays say			when he hears that the Greeks have stolen that relic.
That thei that relike hadde away ;			
He hadde meruayle how hit myght be,			
Who hadde done him that blynde bounte ?		18092	
But sicurly the blame was layde			
On Vlixes, for it was seyde			They say :
“ That he stale hit with Nigramancye,			‘ Ulixes stole it with necromancy.’
Fo[r] he was connyng of gret fayrye.”		18096	
P riamus stode as stille as ston,			Priamus stands stone-still, and cannot speak.
Word to hem spake he non,			
He Answered not to here askyng,			
Better ne wors, ne non skynnes thyng.		18100	
But Antenor & Eueas			But Antenor and Eneas say :
That bothe were ther In that plas,			
Thei seide : “ It was wel to do,			‘ It is a very fair present for our town.’
Thei did the toun a worschepe tho,		18104	
It was a presaut fair & hende			
Vn-to the toun with-uten ende.”			
¶ Priamus graunt hem tho her wille,			Thus Priamus grants the request.
For he saw nede he moste ther-tille.		18108	
The Gregeis thanne, bothe gret & smale			The Greeks,
And alle that dwelled In tent & hale,			
ȝede with gret processioun			in a great procession,
And with mochel deuoc[i]oun		18112	
This brasen hors for to hale			drag the horse towards Troy.
Ouer doune & ouer dale ;			
Thei drow hit ouer leye & falowe,			
To offer hit to that carful halowe.		18116	
¶ When thei were comen to Troye ȝate,			At the gate they see it is too large to be brought in.
Tho wolde it not In ther-ate :			
Hit was so brod, gret, and hye,			
It myght not In ther sicurly.	34 [ij]	18120	

	Tho most thei the walles breke,	[lf. 267, bk.]	18121
	Iff that hors scholde ther-In reke;		
Part of the wall is broken down to let the horse in.	Thei breke ther-of a gret pece		
	Off brede, of heyghte, that thei of Grece		18124
	That her hors thei myght In-drawe;		
The Trojans, on seeing this, help, laugh, and sing. They did wrong;	The Troyens lowe, whan thei it sawe.		
	¶ Thei halpe hit In with mochel sang,		
	Sicurly tho did thei wrang		18128
	To make ther-fore loye & play,		
they ought rather to have said 'Alas!'	Hem ought better sey: "waylaway!		
	That euere it come with-Inne the diches!"		
	But euery a Troyen now it lykes,		18132
	But hit schal turne to mochel care		
	To alle the Troyens that ther ware.		
The horse is now in the town.	T He hors is now with-Inne the toun.		
	Ther was a knyght that het Symoun		18136
	That thei of Grece hadde put ther-In,		
Simon	A worthi knyzt of gentil kyn;		
and 1,000 knights are hidden in it; they have orders to creep out of it,	A thousand knyghtes were put with him ¹		
	And was charged on lyff and lym		18140
	That thei scholde holde hem stille & coy,		
	That thei perceyued not of Troy;		
	Til hit be wele with-Inne the nyght,		
when the Trojans sleep,	That thei of Troye to bedde be dyght.		18144
	¶ Thei bad thanne his dores vn-do		
	And come than out, & his also,		
	And of stre gete him a wase		
and to give a sign to the Greeks by a torch.	And make on the walles ther-of a blase,		18148
	That thei myght wele & worldly kenne		
	By that fir that so scholde brenne,		
	Whan thei scholde come In that euenyng,		
	And knowe also by that tokenyng,		18152
	When thei of Troye were alle on slepe		
	That thei zaff to hem no kepe,		

¹ The order in MS. is 18139, 18138.

¶ *Hic Greci receperunt pecuniam.*

That thei myght sle hem In her bed, [lf. 268.] 18155

That thei no wise fro hem fled. 18156.

¶ The Gregeis asked thanne her fret, The Greeks ask for the 'fret.'

The somme of corn that hem was het,

The somme of siluer & of gold

That thei of hem haue schold ; 18160

Priamus badde ¹ tho his meygne

Priamus orders it to be given them.

That it scholde quyk delyuered be.

The Gregais toke that riche tresore

The Greeks carry it out of the town

And drowe it alle with-oute dore 18164

Off the temple of Menerue,

And by her men sende hom that fe

Vn-to her tentis & Pauylons,

to their tents

To dele amonges the riche Gryffons ; 18168

The corn bare thei vnto the see

and ships.

And charged ther-with alle her nauee.

And when thei hadde al this ent,

To Priamus thei message sent

18172 Then they send a message to Priamus that they will sail home.

And seyde " that thei wolde hamward wende

Out of his lond vnto here frende " ;

He bad hem " go In godis name

He bids them 'go in God's name.'

And god schilde hem fro schame !" 18176

THei losed bothe Anker & cordes, ¶ *Hic Greci vadunt* They weigh anchor,

And drow vp tentis of kynges & lordes, *ad Mare.*

Thei gone to schippes & to bote

That longe hadde stonden ther In flote ; 18180

Thei drow here sayles that alle myght se

and prepare to depart.

That were In Troye, that riche Cite.

Thei were wel fayn when thei saw go

The Trojans are glad,

That hadde done hem so mochel wo, 18184

Thei wende thei hadde ben al quyt ;

and hope to be 'quit' now.

But hem scholde falle gret wo 3it,

For thei schal dye In gret affray,

Twenti thousand, er hit be day. 34 iiij 18188

¹ MS. *hadde*.

¶ **Hic Greci exierunt de Caballo & occiderunt Troianos.**Priamus re-
turns to Iliou.
The Greeks
sail to Thene-
don,

¶ Pryamus wendes to Ilioun, [lf. 268, bk.] 18189

And Gregais sayles to Thenedoun;

The wynd is swyfft, the schippis dryued,

At Thenadoun were thei aryued; 18192

Er the sonne was go to reste,

Thei hadde souped of the beste,

With mochel murthe, play, & Ioye,

For thei were siker tho of Troye. 18196

In the night
the Trojans go
to bed quite
secure.**H** It is forth nyghtes, the sterres ben rysen,

The sely caytyues Troyens not wysen,

Thei 3ede to slepe alle In bedde,

Off no-thing were thei a-dredde; 18200

Thei wende thei hadde ben saue & sure,

With-oute dissait or foule aventure.

The Greek
knights hidden
in the horse

¶ The knyghtes that were In that hors stopped,

Thei were nother mased ne mopped; 18204

When Troyens were In bed on selepe,

Out of the hors echon thei crepe,

Thei gete than a gret wase,

Opon the walles thei made a blase: 18208

Alle the Gregeis tho come to toun

And ther thei hadde the wal cast doun

That day be-fore, a wel gret gappe,

Thei come alle In to gret vn-happe. 18212

These enter
through the
gap in the wall,

¶ Thei brast vp dores with Iren y-bounde,

Thei sclow al that thei ther founde,

Man & womman & also childe,

Stoute & sterne, meke and mylde, 18216

Wiff & mayden, 3ong & old;

On lyue wolde thei non hold.

Thei hadde no mercy ne no pite

Off 3onge¹ children, ne ladijs fre; 18220and loot every-
thing they
find.

Thei robbed & rafft alle that thei founde,

To lede with hem In-to her londe.

¹ MS. 3ouge.

Mochel blod that nyght thei schedde, [lf. 269.]	18223	
It was no wonder of thei dredde,	18224	
To crye mercy was hem no bote,		The Trojans cry for mercy, but it does not avail them.
Thoow thei fellen vnto here fote ;		
The cry was gret & fer herd		
Off hem that thus to dethe ferd.	18228	
P Ryamus herde In-to his toure		Priamus, on hearing the shrieks,
That delful noyse & clamoure,		
He was sori & eke a-baist,		
He wiste wele thanne he was be-traist	18232	
With Antenor and Eueas ;		
Gret was the sorwe that he thanne mas :		
Out of his bed anon he ros		
And to his temple faste he gos	18236	goes to the temple of Apollo,
By-fore his god Appolynes,		
The dir he dight him faste y-wys ;		
By-fore his god vpon the grees		
He sette him doun on ¹ his knees,	18240	and kneels down to await his death.
His deth bodily to a-byde ;		
For he ne myght him fro hem hide,		
For he was man with-oute drede—		
In eche a romaunce as I rede.—	18244	
¶ Temple & chirche, boure and halle,		
The Gregeis dispoyled and robbed alle ;		The Greeks rob the temples and churches ;
The riche vessel of gold y-wrought,		
Off siluer also, for-ȝate thei noght.	18248	
Prest, ne clerk, ne sextayn		all the priests are killed ;
Leffte the Gregais non vn-sclayn ;		
Twenti thosand Citeseyns,		20,000 citizens
Off knyghtes & lordis, gode Troiens,	18252	are slain before daybreak.
Were sclayn ther, er day spronge,		
With hidous cry & sorwe stronge.		
¶ The kynges doghter, wise Cassandre,		
Sche nyst In erthe whedir to wandre,	18256	

¹ *on* inserted over line.

Cassandra flees to the temple of Minerva.	But at the laste alone fled sche In-to the temple of Menerue, And seide wel ofte: 'alas, alas! That euere that fight be-gonne was!'	[lf. 269, bk.] 18257 18260
Hector'swidow, ¶ Andromede,	Ector wyff, dame Andromede, Sche ran faste fro strete to strete	
with her two children,	With hir two children In hir armes; For drede of here gret harmes	18264
when she sees Cassandra,	Sche nyste In erthe whedir to fare, But as scho ran, so was sche ware Where Cassandre be-fore hir 3ede In-to the temple with gode spede,	18268
follows her into the tem- ple.	And sche afftir hir gan go In-to the temple with mechel wo. Mechel was the sorwe thei two made, Ther was no thyng that hem myght glade.	18272
By daybreak	T Oward the day faste it drawes, The nyght is gon, the day dawes; Antenor and Eueas—	
Antenor and Eneas lead	In helle thei wone with Sathanas!—	18276
Pirrus and his troops to the king's palace.	Thai ledde tho sir Pirrus To the Castel of Priamus. Whan Pirrus with the Gregais Was y-comen to that Palais,	18280
They break in,	Thei brast vp dores with gret engyn, And afftirward thei wente In.	
slay all there- in,	¶ Alle that thei fond down thei sclow With-oute mercy, with sorwe y-now;	18284
especially the women,	Many a curtais ladi swete In that Palais to dethe thai bete That comen were of hye lynage, Off kynges blod In mariage;	18288
and loot all the treasure.	Thei lefft nother lowe ne hye. Thei robbed al his tresor that thei sye;	

¶ *Hic ffugarunt bona palacii Regis.*

- | | | | |
|---|-------------|-------|--|
| Thei smot alle that for-set, | [lf. 270.] | 18291 | |
| Halle, & boure, & hye toret. | | 18292 | |
| ¶ Pirrus soght afftir the kyng, | | | Pirrus looks for the king, |
| Fro hous to hous, In his byggyng; | | | |
| And afftir that to the temple he ran, | | | |
| And ther fond he that carful man : | | 18296 | finds him in the temple, |
| Pirrus tho was glad y-now, | | | |
| His swerd sone out he drow | | | |
| And al to-hewe him euery bone, | ¶ Rex occi- | | slays him, |
| Ryght be-fore the auter-stone, | ditur. | | |
| That al the Auter was al by-bled | | 18301 | and bespatters the altar with his blood. |
| With his blod that ther was sched. | | | |
| H Ectuba, that louely quene, | | | Hectuba and Pollexena |
| And hir doghter Pollexene, | | 18304 | |
| Thei were so frayed & ferd, | ¶ Regina | | are afraid, and flee; |
| That thei ran out of that 3erd; | ¶ ffugit. | | |
| Thei were aferd the Gregais to mete, | | | |
| Thei ran aboute fro strete to strete. | | 18308 | |
| As thei ran, wiste thei not whedir, | | | |
| Thei mette Eueas bothe to-gedir : | | | they meet Eneas. |
| ¶ When Hectuba on him hath sight, | | | When Hectuba sees him, she reproaches him for having betrayed his lord. |
| Sche myssayde him anon right, | | 18312 | |
| Off tresoun sche him sone vmbraide : | | | |
| ' Fals traytour !'—to him sche sayde,— | | | |
| ' How myght thou, for soule synne, | | | |
| So ffals a tresoun to be-gynne ? | | 18316 | |
| How myght thou In thi fals herte fynde, | | | |
| Fals traytour, to be so vnkynde | | | |
| To do thi lord suche schenschip, | | | |
| That hadde done alle thi worschip ? | | 18320 | |
| ¶ He 3aff the his doghter to wyue | | | ' He gave thee his daughter,' she says, ' he worshipped and loved thee, and relied upon thee ; |
| Be-ffore alle men that were on lyue, | | | |
| He worschepid the & loued the ay, | | | |
| In the was al his trust & ffay, | | 18324 | |

540 *Hectuba & Pollexena saved; Andromede & Cassandra captured.*

and thou slewest him for his goodness.	And thow hast made him slayn & hise [lf. 270, bk.]	18325
How couldst thou do so?	For his godenesse & ffraunchise!	
	How myght thow, man, this tresoun thenke,	
	For ferd In helle leste thow synke?	18328
But since thou didst so, have mercy on me,	But sithen thow hast done ¹ al this wrake,	
	Do on me mercy for goddis sake,	
	That thow myght take sum merite:	
and save us	Saue vs two to-day fro dispite	18332
from all Greeks!	Fro alle Gregais on godis name,	
	That thei do vs two no schame!	
Eneas pities them,	¶ Eueas hadde of hir pite,	
	He seyde: 'comes bothe & folewes me!'	18336
and brings them to an old waste place.	He ledde hem to an old place,	
	An old tour that for-saken was	
	Off long tyme, that hadde ben wast;	
	He hyed hem with mechel hast	18340
	For drede lest thei were y-wraied,	
	And lefft hem there sore affrayed.	
	¶ As thei the toun thus a-boght soght,	
Ajax, in the temple of Minerva,	Ajax Thelamenyus was broght	18344
	In-to the temple of Menerue,	
	With many Gregais comen is he:	
finds Hector's wife and Cas- sandra,	Ther fond he sitte Ector wyff	
	That was ful sori of hir lyff,	18348
	And wise Cassandre that mochel was worth;	
and leads them off.	He broght hem bothe to-gedir forth,	
	The ladyes bothe with him he ledde	
	Ful sore wepyng & sore a-dredde.	18352
	K yng Priamus is ded & slayn,	
	Lord & lady, knyght & swayn,	
	And al that euere In Ilyon was,	
	By these fals traytours compas,	18356
	By Antenor and Eueas;	
	In helle mot be her wonyng-plas!	

¹ MS. *dow*.

¶ *Hic villa Troiani destruitur.*

- ¶ When thei had sclayn al that ther wore, [lf. 271.] 18359 When all the
 3it wolde thei do malice more : 18360 Trojans are
 Thei caste al doun thes worthi wones, slain,
 Led & tyle, sclat & stones, the Greeks
 Halles, Chamberes, & toures, destroy all the
 Vowes, walles, & alle her boures ; 18364 houses,
 The glorious halle so richely dyght halls,
 Thei threwe it doun In gret dispit ; and walls ;
- ¶ The Pilers pight with marbil gray pull down the
 Thei pulled doun & caste a-way, 18368 marble pillars,
 Thei caste doun chambres hye & base.
 Tho by-gan many a blase
 To sette fir on that Cite, and burn the
 That many a myle men myght hit se. 18372 whole town.
 The toures brennen, the reke vp ros,
 The toun of tounes to noght gos ;
 The sparkes sprongen In-to the aire,
 Thei brenned the schireues & the mayre 18376
 And eche a lordes richē tenement,
 Til al the toun was lorn & brent ;
- ¶ Alle saue the traytours mansions
 And alle her kynnes possessions 18380
 That the toun so foule be-swyked,—
 For on her houses thei hadde stiked
 Certayn signes that wele were knowen ;
 Thei were not therfore ouer-thrownen, 18384
 As couenand was be-twixen hem ent,
 Therfore her houses was not brent.
- T**Roye is doune & ouer-thrownen,
 Tour & bour, walle & wowen ; 18388
 Thei are alle dede & foule schent,
 And the toun is doune & brent.
- ¶ Agamenoun ¹ did do then crye,
 That euery a kyng scholde hem hye 18392
 Agamemnon
 conuokes a
 parliament,

¹ MS. . . . on.

¶ *Hic partita sunt bona inter Reges.*

The Greeks are
to bring into
the temple of
Minerva
all they looted;

In-to the temple of Menerue, [lf. 271, bk.] 18393

And euery a lord with his meyne;

And brynge with hem al that thei wan

With-Inne the toun of any man, 18396

To dele as best wolde by-falle

In comune sight be-fore hem alle.

And thei did alle as he hem bad,

Thei broght with hem that thei had; 18400

they divide
the spoil 'by
good reason.'

And so was hit deled verament

By gode resoun & Iugement

To euery a lord & knyght

Afttir his state & his myght. 18404

Agamemnon
asks to have
Cassandra for
all his trouble.

A Gamenoun, here Emperour,

By-soght hem, for his labour ¶ *Hic Agamenon*

For to geue him to his mede, *petit Cassandram pro labore suo*¹.

For al his trauayle & his dele, 18408

The kynges doghter, Cassandre the wyse,

That sche myght be on of hise.

No man can
tell what goods
fell to every
lord;

¶ The tonge of no man may telle,

What godis to euery lord felle; 18412

For sicur ther ne was no kyng,

they get-as
much gold
and precious
stones

That he ne hadde as moche thing

Off riche gold & precious stones

To lede with hem to her wones, 18416

as they desire.

As thei wolde desire & haue

Or with her tonge on any wyse craue;

And so haddé dukes & eke knyghtes,

Sqwyeres, zemen, & other wyghtes. 18420

Their ships
are not able
to carry all
the treasures;
they leave yet
more.

¶ Here schippes myght not lede her tresour

That euery man hadde for his labour,

And 3it thei lefft mochel more,

Gold, & siluer, & other tresore, 18424

That no man wolde hond ther-on set,

Ne here schippes no more ffret,

¹ On the left side in MS.

For thei hadde filled bothe schip & barge [lf. 272.] 18427

Al the while thei durst hem charge. 18428

ANtenor & Eueas

Be-soght the lordes of her grace :

“To graunte Heleyne hir lyff

And Andromede, Ectoris wyff, 18432

For thei hadde ben al-ways

To hem bothe hende & curteys ; ”

‘ And whan Paris hadde Achilles sclayn

And let him ligge so foule be-sclayn 18436

In-myddes the strete to rauen & rokes,—

Scholde haue to-drawn him *with* her crokes,—

¶ These two ffor him thei be-soght

That he myght to burieles be broght. 18440

Wherfore it is worthi,

That 3e here lyues to hem graunty.’

The kynges it graunt by comune assent,

And seyde it was gode Iugement. 18444

Heleyne¹ & Andromede

Bede tho alle those lordes swete

Off here *mercy* and thaire good wille,

That thei wolde not hir children spille. 18448

¶ The kynges hadde of hem gret ruthe,

Thei swor alle by her treuthe

That thei scholde *hem* non harm do ;

And thus saued thei the childryn two : 18452

And sithen was on a kyng In Grece,

Off riche londes & riche fece,

Off alle the londes kyng Pirrus

And of the londes of kyng Pelleus. 18456

¶ Thei ordeyned a-monges *hem* as blyue,

That alle that were lefft on lyue

Off ladyes, comen of genterye,

With-oute schame or vylonye 18460

Antenor and Eneas plead for the lives of Eleyne and Andromede,

as they saved the corpse of Achilles from being cast to the rooks (cp. l. 15417 sqq.).

Their request is granted.

Eleyne and Andromede plead for their children ;

the kings agree

to spare both.

One of them was afterwards king of the lands of Pirrus and Pelleus.

They ordain, moreover, that all gentlewomen yet living

¹ MS. *Helenus*.

- are to be set at liberty. Scholde go & come & no-thing lese, [lf. 272, bk.] 18461
Or dwelle ther stille, whether thei wolde chese.
- They resolve to return home; but their departure is delayed by a great tempest, ¶ Thei ordeyned also thei wolde hom wende, 18464
Euery man vnto his frende.
But that myght not that tyme be
For gret tempest on the see;
Thei dwelled so ther alle to-gedir
A ful Monethe for that euel wedir, 18468
Thei were echon ther-of euel tened,
Thei asked Calcas: "what it be-mened
That thei no wyse the see myght pas
In-to here londes, as here wille was?" 18472
- They ask Calchas what it means. ¶ That gret Clerk Calcas tho seyde:
'For thei of helle are with þow euel payde;
It is the wodenesse'—he sayde—'of helle
That makes vs here so longe dwelle, 18476
For þe forsothe haue venged noght
Achilles deth, as þe wel oght;
þit haue þe lefft on lyue & vn-tane
Sche that was Achilles bane,— 18480
And yff þe wol passe of londe,
Off hir þe mot make him offrande
For sicur: but sche to dethe gange,
þe may dwelle here wel lange.' 18484
- because the death of Achilles is not yet avenged;
Pirrus was of this an-yred,
Afftir Pollexene he enspired
And asked what was of hir be-tyd;
He seide for-sothe that sche was hid, 18488
For sche was nowher ded ne tane,
And al men wiste, that sche was wane;
And al that ost seyde sicurly,
That sche was lyuande witterly. 18492
- you must sacrifice his murderess, or you'll have to dwell here long.' Pirrussearches for Pollexena;
The kings send ¶ The kynges alle were wroth ther-fore
for Antenor. And sent afftir sir Antenore,

And asked

And asked at him : " where sche was done ? "	[lf. 273.]	Antenor is asked
Thei bad " that he scholde telle sone,	18496	
Where thei hadde hid Dame Pollexene		where Pollexena and Hectuba are hidden.
And Hectuba, the qwene ? "		
¶ He swor by god & by his face :		
" That he ne wiste where sche wace ;	18500	He swears he does not know ;
He wyst neuere, where thei were be-comen		
Sithen the tyme that thei were y-nomen."		
But thei bare him stiffly an hande,		but they think he does.
That he wiste where thei were dwellande.	18504	
A Ntenor was sore a-greued		Antenor is angry at this ;
That the Gregais him not leued,		
He sette his wit and al his tent		he makes searches
To wete than where the ladies lent.	18508	
So longe he soght fro day to day,		for several days,
Strete by strete, & way be way,		
And sente a-boute oueral his sonde,		
That at the laste thei hem fonde :	18512	and at last finds the ladies under an old tower.
Bothe were In a depe bour,		
That was vnder an old tour.		
¶ When he of hir hadde a sight,		
He drow out thanne that worthi wyght,	18516	He drags Pollexena out, and sends her to Agamemnon.
And to Agamenoun ¹ with hir he wente		
And made to him of hir a presente ;		He sends her to Pirrus,
And he sent hir to sir Pirrus,		
That of hir comyng was Ioyus.	18520	
¶ Pollexene is taken & founden,		
As a theff thei haue hir bounden :		
Pirrus bad " sche scholde be sent		who orders her to be taken to his father's monument, and slain there.
To his ffadres monument,	18524	
For he wolde that sche scholde haue		
Hir deth vpon his fader graue."		
Thei ledde hir forth by the hand		
To hir deth, wel sore wepand.	35 [j] 18528	

¹ The MS. has *oñ* very distinctly here, not *on*.

The kings of Greece ¶ The kynges of Grece herd say [lf. 273, bk.] 18529

“That thei hadde take that worthi may
Thorow Calcas the prestes rede,
And that thei haue hir to the dede”; 18532

come to see Pollexena. The kynges ran hir to se,
And alle that other comunalte.

They pity her, ¶ When thei saw hir, thei seyde: “alas!
That suche a ladi as sche was 18536

Off schap, of hede, & of bewte,
Scholde so vile ther ded be
With-oute desert or any gilt,
That suche a bodi scholde be spilt.” 18540

Many a lord & many a kyng
Wepe wel so[re] for that swetyng.

BE-fore that tombe that mayden stondes¹,
Wryngyng bother hir white hondes¹, 18544
Wel reufully that lady gretis,

That al hir brest that water wetis.

and says: ‘You slay me wrongfully!’ Sche seide: ‘lordynges, by god al-mycht!
3e do me secle with mochel vn-right! 18548

for I am guiltless of Achilles's death. For—by that god that maked pes!—
Off that knyghtes deth am I giltles;

For I was neuere occasioun
Off his dethe ne enchesoun, 18552

Ne neuere 3it was at that assent
That he that tyme to dethe went;

¶ But Angured me sore of his schedyng,—
So helpe me god at myn endyng! 18556

But I don't fear death, Not-for-thi the² deth I ne drede,
Thus carefully, so Crist me spede!

for I would rather die here a virgin, For me is leuere In my contre
Be sclayn In my virginite, 18560

than go with you ¶an³ go with 3ow In-to 3oure landis

¹ The abbreviations here are not *p*, but *u*.
crossed out here, and *the* inserted over line.
another hand to the left, *And* being crossed out.

² In the MS. *to* is
³ *pan* inserted by

¶ *Hic Pirrus Interfecit Pollexenam.*

And be ther defouled & for-layn	[lf. 274.]	18563	and be the
With þow that haue my fader sclayn.		18564	concubine of
Lette come the deth when þe wille,			my father's
For I am redi now ther-tille!			murderers.
¶ Pirrus thanne his sward out-drow			I am ready for
And that ladi sone he sclow,		18568	death!'
And hewe to gobetis al hir flesch,			Pirrus slays
And with hir blod the tombe wesch.			her,
When Hectuba, that gentil quene,			cuts her to
Saw ded hir doghter Pollexene,		18572	pieces, and
And saw hir spraulen In hir blode,			washes the
¶ The quene for-sothe wex ner wode,			tomb with her
And felde men with stones & smot,			blood.
And as an hound hem gnou & bot,		18576	Hectuba, on
And tare here clothes & on hem spit,—			seeing her
So was sche wode & out of wit.			daughter dead,
When thei saw hir for wode so wilde,			goes mad,
Thei did lede hir to an Ilde	¶ <i>Hic Regina</i>	18580	stones and
With-oute the toun—het Aulidis,—	<i>mortua est.</i>		bites men.
And stoned hir to dethe y-wis.			
¶ And made ther a tombe fair & hye,			She is brought
And leyde ther-Inne that quenes bodye;		18584	to the island
That standes þit vnto this day,			Aulidis, and
As sais tho men that wenden that way;			there stoned
And beres that stede þit the name,			to death.
That thei for hir þaff the name.		18588	They make a
T He quene is ded by these traytours fals ¹ ,			tomb for her,
And Pollexene, hir doghter, als,			which is still
And alle hir sones that oght were worth			to be seen.
Are sclayn & dede & passed forth;		18592	
And Priamus, hir lord, the kyng,			The queen and
Is ded also, & his hous gyng;			her daughter
He is ded and his kynred,			Pollexena are
And alle his frendis & his manred;	35 [ij]	18596	killed by these
			false traitors,
			so are all her
			sons,
			and Priamus,
			her husband,
			and his whole
			house,
			and all his
			friends and
			men,

¹ MS. has a small cross at this place; cf. note on p. 548.

except the two traitors and their folk.	Is non on lyue lyuande ffre	[lf. 274, bk.]	18597
	Saue thes traytours & her meyne.		
But afterwards ¶ they are exiled for their false- ness,	¶ And 3it afftirward hit schop so		
	That the traytours bothe two		18600
	For here falsnesse were afftir demed		
	To be exiled & afftir flemed—		
with all their kindred.	With al here kyn & here lynage—		
	For her wickednesse & her outrage ;		18604
	Afftir the Gregais were I-went,		
	Wel foule were thei afftir schent.		
They help the Greeks as long as they are there, destroying the town, and annoying its people. Now the Greeks are bold and vic- torious.	¶ But al the while that thei were thare, Thei did the Cite moche care		18608
	And halp the Gregeis to distroye		
	And alle the folk foule annoye.		
	N ow ben the Grues wonder bolde		
	And bene alle lordes,—as I 3ow tolde ;—		18612
	And al this is at here wille		
	That thei wolde haue, bothe loude & stille.		
Agamemnon orders them	Agamenoun let crye		
	¶ Thorow alle that companye,		18616
	In tour & toun, by way & strete :		
	“That no man scholde for no man lete,		
to be ready next morning for departure.	That thei alle at morwe be tyme,		
	Be-twix sonne risyng & the prime,		18620
	Were al redi at here naue		
	To passe forth ouer the see,		
	With alle her godis & her thing		
	That thei wole to schipe bryng ¹ .”		18624
When the sun rises, they sail off.	¶ The nyght was gon, the sonne a-ros,		
	Fro the lond the schippes gos ;		
	With alle her meyne that with hem was		
	To schipe thei wente a gode pas,		18628
	And drow vp sayl to the top ;		
	And sayled homward alle on a throp,		

¹ The MS. has another small cross at this place ; cf. note on p. 547.

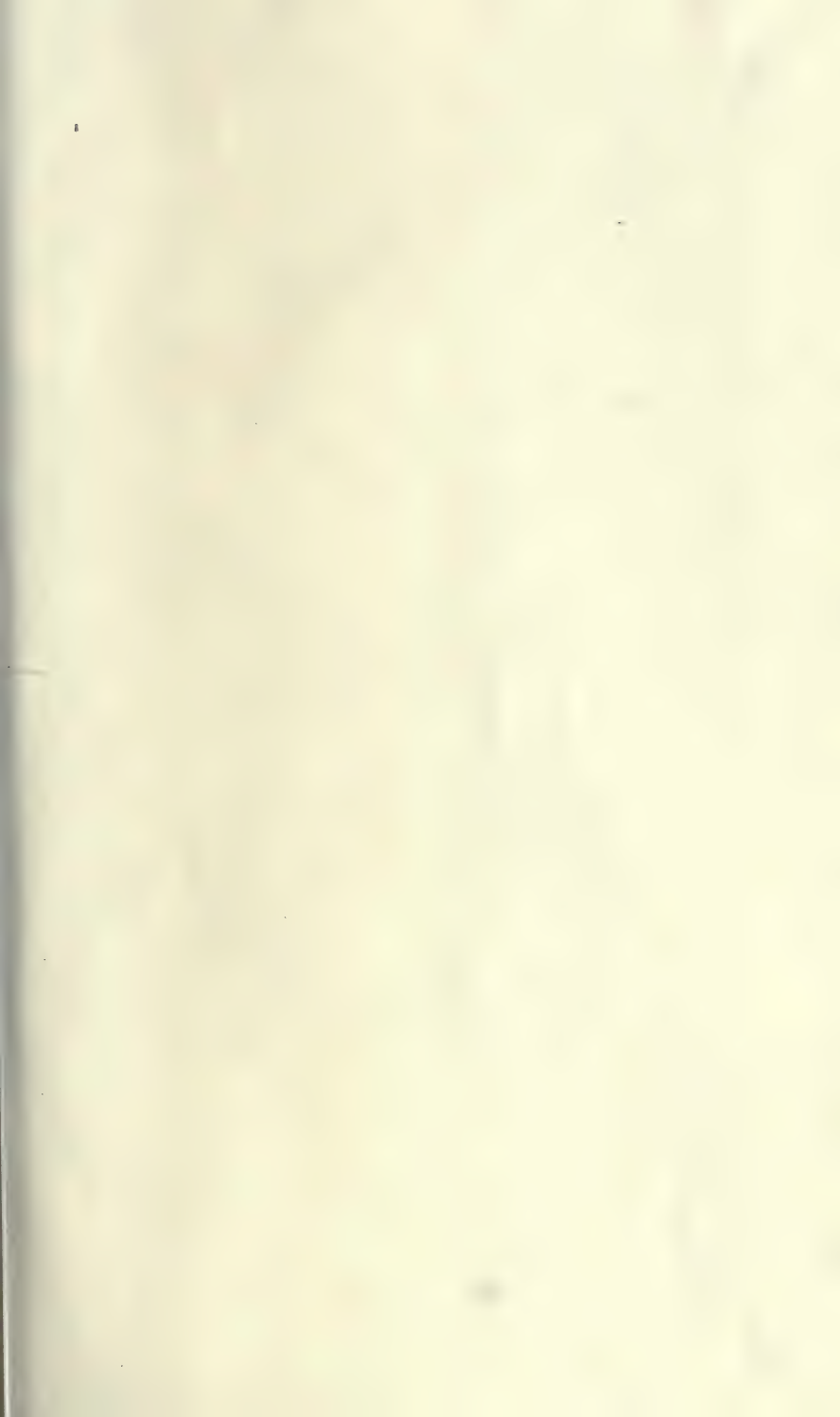
Euery lord to his contre,	[lf. 275.]	18631	Every lord
With Ioye & blysse & mechel gle,		18632	returns home,
And tresour I-now ¹ for euere-mo :			full of joy,
Kyngis & knyghtes, & sqwyers also,			and with
And alle other hadde gret store,			treasures
Gold & siluer for euere-more.		18636	of gold and
¶ And thus was Troye dryuen doun			silver.
And y-lore thorow strong tresoun,			Thus Troy was
And alle the gode lordis dede,—			destroyed by
As In this romaunce men may rede ;		18640	treason,
And thus the Grues were conquerours			and all the
And wel riche with here tresoures,			good lords are
And hadde y-now for euere-more			dead,—as you
Alle that at that batayle wore.			may read in
			this Romance.
¶ And thus endis this strong batayle		18644	
That was of Troye saunfayle,			• Thus ends the
That dured ten ȝere euery day,—			ten years' Tro-
As the romaunce ther-of doth say,—			jan war,
O ff Troye batayle, that fair cyte.		18648	as this
Now god that died vpon the tre,			Romance tells
That schede ther his swete blode			it soothly.
Opon that blisful croys, that rode,			Now God who
For synful mannes saluacioun,		18652	died at the
Graunt vs alle his benysoun,			cross,
Gode lyff and gode endyng,			give his bless-
A gode soule to heuene bryng,		18656	ing to us all,
And graunte vs of his swete grace			
Ther-In to haue a swete place !			
¶ And he that this romaunce wrought & made,			and especially
Lord In heuene, thow him glade,		18660	to him who
And gode lyff In erthe to lede,			made this
And heuene blysse vnto his mede ;			Romance!
And graunte hit mot so be !			
Sayeth alle Amen, for charite ! ²	35 [iij]	18664	

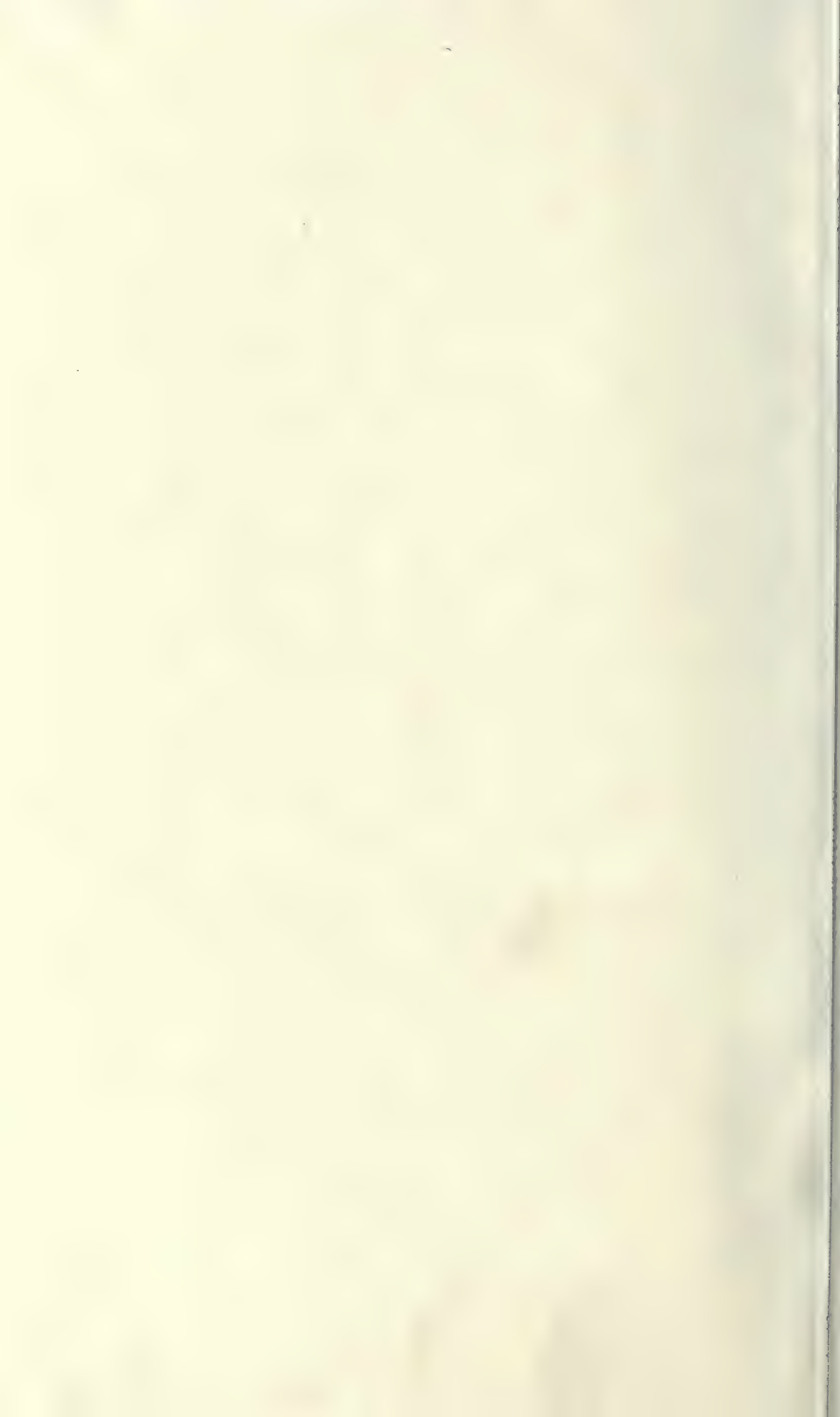
¹ MS. *I. now.* ² On lf. 275, bk. is written by the same hand the rubric: *Hic Bellum de Troye finit Et Greci transferunt versus Patriam suam.* Some scribbling follows. See description of MS. in the Introduction.

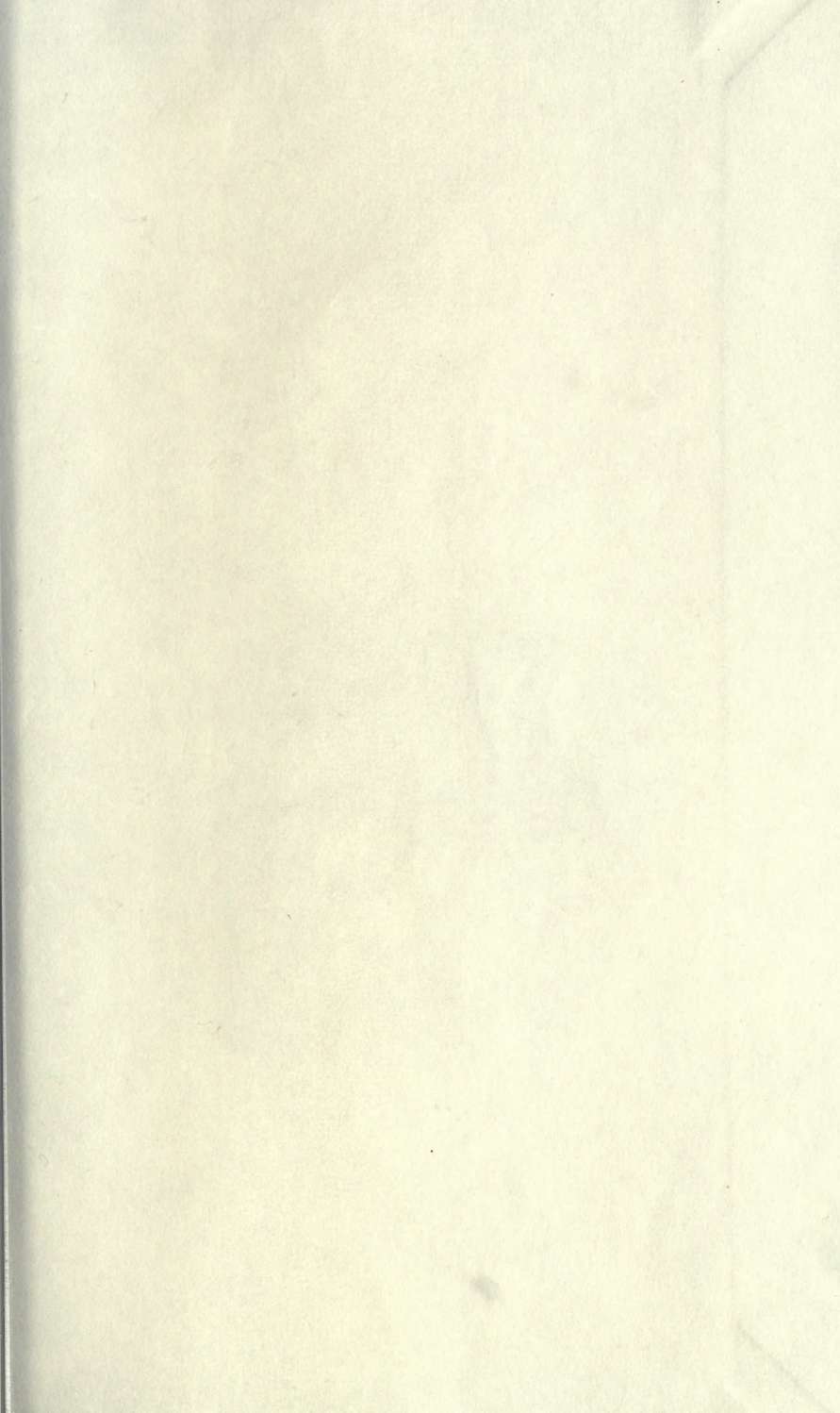
LIST OF CORRECTIONS.

- P. 92, l. 3122. *Delete full stop at end of line*
 P. 135, l. 4551. *Delete [did]*
 P. 141, l. 4763. *Read , instead of ;*
 l. 4764. *Read : instead of ,*
 P. 159, l. 5368. *Put a comma at end of line*
 l. 5381. *Delete full stop at end of line*
 P. 161, l. 5456. *Put a hyphen between euere and more*
 P. 163, l. 5507. *Put a comma after Philon*
 P. 171, l. 5804. *Put , instead of ;*
 l. 5805. *Put ; instead of ,*
 P. 191, l. 6474. *Delete the inverted comma*
 P. 203, l. 6877. *Read lyther hynes for lytherlynes*
 P. 294, l. 9992. *Read turne for urne*
 P. 301, l. 10202. *Read Ne for No*
 P. 340, l. 11544. *Put a hyphen between be and sped*

NOTES.







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